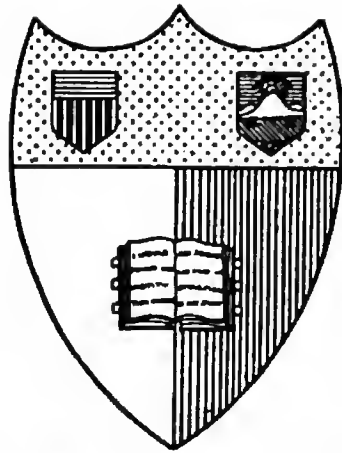


*The
Notebooks
of a
Spinster Lady*





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**THE
NOTEBOOKS OF A SPINSTER LADY**

The Notebooks of a Spinster Lady

1878—1903



Cassell and Company, Ltd
London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne
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THE NOTEBOOKS OF A SPINSTER LADY

CHAPTER I

BERNADOTTES, BONAPARTÈS, AND MR. GLADSTONE
(1878)

King Oscar of Sweden and his Queen—The Prince Imperial dodges his Admirers—Monsieur Meurice—Luncheon with Napoleon III and his Empress—A Lesson from the Looking-glass—Queen Victoria and the Empress—The Marchese's Mongrel—Sir William Harcourt relieves his Feelings—Gladstone's Exuberance in Conversation—A Picture by Turner—Hudson the Railway King—An Encounter with a Dean.

IN a number of small notebooks, labelled "Memorabilia," the Diarist, a spinster lady, wrote down from time to time anecdotes, incidents and conversations that amused or were of interest to her. The entries cover the years 1878 to 1903. They are various in quality, from mere jokes that caught the author's fancy, often more than sufficiently circulated already, and ghost-stories of no particular authority, to discussions of serious import and curious facts and anecdotes about distinguished men that deserve to be remembered. The notebooks contain much light, good-natured gossip, like most gossip not always reliable, but the blame must fall on her informants, and not on the Diarist, if what she has recorded is at times inaccurate. Her memory was retentive; the entries were made when their matter—the incidents or conversation—was fresh in her recollection. She records faithfully what she has heard or seen.

While there are passages in the notebooks that I have summarised or abbreviated, I have not tampered with their wording. The style of their author is, like her handwriting, clear, vigorous and picturesque, a style that conveys her impressions freely and naturally to the reader.

My task as editor has been in the main confined to the exclusion of entries that may now seem too trivial or too intimate to be repeated in print. The years and dates of entries have been followed, except that occasional scattered paragraphs have been re-arranged in accordance with their subject, or with the persons to whom they refer.

The earliest notebook preserved belongs to the year 1878, and the first entry that it contains is as follows:

August 8th, Christiania.—We reached Christiania after a wonderful drive of 333 miles; on our way back from Trondhjem by the valley of the Romsdal, etc., in company with Mr. Augustus Hare.¹ At Christiania he found a telegram inviting him to dine and sleep at Okerad (about three hours distant by steamer), where two wealthy merchants had lent their country houses to King Oscar II of Sweden and his Queen.

Mr. Hare gave me many details of his visit upon his return. The life was very simple, the meals frugal—their Majesties lunching off little more than a small cup of bouillon each; but attended, even here in the country, by a staff of officials—chamberlains, equerries and the like—unequalled in number by that of any other European Court. There were never less than twenty officials present at every meal, and the Queen, who was only recovering from a long and serious illness, told Mr. Hare that the drawback in her position she most felt was the impossibility of being alone.

Mr. Hare had much private conversation with both the King and Queen, and was struck not only by their ability, but by the noble and Christian character of both—of the Queen especially. She seemed to live only for her husband, her children and her country. She spoke much of the Prince Royal, who was to spend the following year in travel, beginning with a winter in Rome, where Mr. Hare willingly undertook to show him all he could.

The Queen described her journey to Trondhjem to be

¹ The reader will find, under their names in the Index, brief particulars of the persons mentioned in the text.

crowned, the King adding various particulars. The Queen drove herself the whole way in a carriage, only a little Norse boy sitting behind after the fashion of the country.

At every little station the women came round her: "Are you the Mother of the people?" said they. At one place they desired the Countess Rosen to ask her to get on to the roof of the house, that they might see her better. One woman patted her familiarly on the shoulder: "You look good," she said, "but that's not enough. You must *be* good as well." At the little country towns where there was a church the King and Queen attended the service together, and the curé of the place preached to them and told them their duty. "And," added the King quite seriously, "we were so much obliged to them."

Contrasting his position with that of the Emperor of Germany (who had lately escaped assassination), the King said: "I cannot be sufficiently thankful to Providence that my lot should have fallen to me in this quiet corner of the world, where I may truly say that my reign is one of Love and not of Fear."

The four young princes appeared at intervals throughout the day, and seemed devoted to their mother, kissing her on every possible opportunity, no matter how many people were present. They were full of spirits, rushing about with the Prince Imperial—Napoleon III's son—who was there on a visit, singing and shouting and playing all sorts of tricks.

The following day, August 9th, Mr. Hare returned to Christiania on board the King's steamer, which was to convey the Prince Imperial in time to catch the mid-day train to Copenhagen, the King and Swedish princes accompanying him. He was very boyish for his age, shouting, singing, playing pranks like a mad thing all the time. The King, however, thought him very intelligent, and complained laughingly: "He has a terrible thirst for information. His questions are most alarming! What do you think he asked me just now? How long it took a vessel to get up steam. I hadn't an idea. Thought it

might probably be ten minutes. I find it does actually take an hour and a quarter. But it would be very improving—one would have to rub up one's knowledge if one were long in his society."

Presently the Prince came up, saying he must and would have a bathe, and began then and there to take off his clothes. The poor King, somewhat disconcerted, suggested his performing this latter operation below; but the advice was disregarded, and in another moment the Prince was stripped and careering about the deck in a state of nature. Almost before the vessel could be stopped he had plunged over the side. Then the Prince Royal and some of the equerries undressed also, until there were some half-dozen of them in the water, swimming like dolphins round the ship.

We had arranged to meet Mr. Hare at the station on his return from Okerad, but were not aware that the Royal party were coming too, and were therefore surprised, when the first royal carriage drew up, to see the King get out leading by the hand the Prince Imperial. The latter, short and slight, looked like a little boy by the side of the King, who is the beau-ideal of a monarch, tall and strong and stately, like one of his native pines.

We were presented to him by Mr. Hare, and he spoke to us very charmingly, asking us about our travels, etc. He spoke excellent English, without the slightest accent. It was proposed that we should share the royal carriage, which was to convey the Prince Imperial and his suite back to Helsingfors, but this honour we declined.

It was an amusing journey, a specimen of the penalty the great ones of earth have to pay for their positions, for at every station crowds were assembled to see the Prince Imperial pass. Even at midnight and at earliest dawn we were awakened by the shouts of "Hoch!" that greeted his arrival. At the first station at which we got out at first I thought it rather ill-natured that the green blinds of the royal carriage should be so closely drawn. But I sympathised when I saw how a stern-looking lady had planted

herself in front of the crowd with two little girls, receiving from their hands two knobby and most repellent-looking bouquets, then forcibly hurling these one after the other through the window. With her binocle firmly on her nose she stood awaiting the result. We were hardly surprised that the Prince declined to be drawn.

His efforts to escape observation were not always effectual. On the next occasion I am afraid our curtsies betrayed him. A little figure in grey, with travelling cap and dusty eyelashes, came flying along the platform alone, while the crowd—who did not recognise their victim in that guise—still surged and struggled around his carriage. We had not met him before and, as he knew who we were and civilly stopped to shake hands, some such recognition was unavoidable. From that moment, however, the royal hunt began; pursued into the refreshment room and back, he was soon driven to take refuge behind the green silk blinds.

Towards the end of the journey he moved into a second-class compartment, whence we saw his head and body leaning out of the window as he watched with amusement the efforts of the mob to get near the royal carriage, where, I imagine, an equerry was posted to represent him.

I was the more interested in seeing and hearing something of the Prince Imperial from the fact that I had on my finger a ring—one of three onyx and diamond studs given by his father to mine. It was when Louis Napoleon was an exile, and living with Queen Hortense in a poor lodging in Holles Street, that my father received these studs.

In less than twelve months from the date of this journey the Prince Imperial had volunteered for service with the British Expeditionary Force in Zululand, and there had met his death.

Of the Prince Imperial's father, the author of these notebooks seems but once to have caught a glimpse; but the extract that chronicles her seeing Louis Napoleon supplies good reason for regretting that the author started

her notebooks only in the year 1878, or that the earlier volumes have not been preserved :

Looking over old letters I find an extract from a Paris letter of mine, dated 1852, that gives a little sketch of Monsieur Meurice (of Meurice's Hotel), while a later letter reminds me of the one sight I had of Louis Napoleon : "Monsieur Meurice is quite a character. He doesn't even let his rooms in the common way. We chose delightful rooms, told him how many we wanted, and asked the price. ' Mais, Madame, c'est selon. Madame a été ici autrefois ? ' ' Oui, Monsieur.' ' Et Madame reviendra encore sans doute ? ' ' Sans doute, Monsieur.' ' Bien, Madame, *en ce cas là*, je vous les louerai pour,' etc., etc. When we accepted his terms he laid his hand upon his heart, bowed very low and said, ' Alors, Madame, je suis charmé.'

"While standing in the court this morning waiting for our fiacre we were surprised to see the substantial figure of Ernest de Bunsen, who, greeting us affectionately, told us his object in coming to Paris was to join a deputation to the President, but had not yet discovered where he was to be found. He inquired anxiously whether I had seen him; but I had not, so was unable to give him any information."

In fact, I never did see Louis Napoleon but once in all my life. He was on horseback, in the Bois de Boulogne, I think. Some one said as he passed : "There goes the Emperor !" and I turned to look. But I have only a vision of something grey, both face and hair, the head larger and the limbs smaller than I had imagined.

I have been reading Zola's *La Débâcle*, and have talked a good deal about the Emperor and Empress of the French—whether they were really attached to each other, etc. My father was staying at Biarritz when Louis Napoleon and the Empress were there, and having known the Emperor well in former days determined to leave his card. "There are a good many ugly rumours going about as to their having quarrelled," said my father, "and I want

to see for myself whether they are true." Within half an hour came an invitation from the Emperor begging him to join them at lunch. My father went, and found them quite alone with the Prince Imperial. My father was placed between them; and not only did Louis Napoleon constantly address the Empress, but afterwards, while he was chatting with the child, the Empress talked of him a great deal to my father. She said, "He spoils his son," but spoke about him with so much interest and affection that my father came away firmly convinced that there was no truth in the supposed quarrel, but that she was really much attached to the Emperor.

This is not the view that Zola takes.

I am reminded of a story I heard many years ago of a quarrel between them in the early days of their marriage. The Empress, at one of the parties at the Tuileries, had been talking very imprudently, and when the guests had departed the Emperor took her by the hand and, leading her up to one of the looking-glasses, said to her :

"Madame, savez vous en quoi ce miroir ne vous ressemble pas ? "

"Non, Monsieur."

"Il réfléchit, et vous ne réfléchissez pas."

But the Empress's retort was quick :

"Et vous, Monsieur, savez vous en quoi ce miroir ne vous ressemble pas ? "

"Non."

"Il est poli, *et vous ne l'êtes pas.*"

Lady Halifax told me that Chevalier Negri had given her an amusing account of a similar little scene at the Tuileries. She also described a State Ball in London on the occasion of a visit by the Emperor and Empress of the French to England, and the gracious behaviour of Queen Victoria, who stood a little behind the Empress so that the guests might appear to curtsy to *her*. "But," continued Lady Halifax, "handsome as the Empress was, I could not help noticing that our Queen looked by far the more royal of the two. I never saw anyone to compare

with her in grace and dignity of manner. I remember when she made an effort to appear at the Duke of Edinburgh's marriage, after leading so secluded a life that several of the Diplomatic ladies had not even seen her. They were all immensely struck by the extremely graceful way in which—no way assisted by her personal appearance—she walked and moved and did her various civilities."

Among other old letters I find one from my mother in the year 1848 describing a visit to the Place de la Bastille: "The site," she wrote, "of the famous prison is marked by a pillar surmounted by a Statue of Victory put up to commemorate the accession of Louis Philippe; and now the houses all round the square are full of holes, some tumbling down, others being repaired, but all injured by the fire of the people who have driven him away. So much for human glory and human consistency."

I interpolate here an amusing anecdote, given in another of the notebooks, that refers to the same year of revolutions:

My brother says he remembers well the excitement that the Revolution of 1848 created in England. He was at Cambridge then, and Llewelyn Davies (not usually an excitable man) burst into his room almost crying with excitement as he brought the news. Vernon Harcourt (afterwards Sir William) was also greatly moved—"as, indeed, were we all," said my brother. "Harcourt rushed out and bought a little bust of Lamartine, who was the idol of the moment. Harcourt crowned it with bays; but Lamartine's prestige only lasted for two days. He made one or two grandiloquent speeches, but there was no 'staying' stuff in him, and he was quickly ousted by Lamoricière, who commanded in the attack on the barricades, and quelled the tumults. Ten days later I gave a supper party in my rooms, and Harcourt was one of the guests. Before we sat down he stole for a moment out of the room, and when we took our places, and the soup tureen was uncovered, behold—there was the bust of

Lamartine! So disgusted was Harcourt with the incapacity of his fallen idol, that he had popped him into the soup as a slight relief to his feelings."

With the name referred to a few paragraphs back of Chevalier Negri and that of his wife, the Marchese Negri, the author associates a dog-story that has as yet, I believe, escaped the vigilance of the *Spectator*, and may, therefore, merit mention here :

While the Chevalier Negri was sitting one evening in a café at Nice a poor little half-starved mongrel came into the café, and the Marquis, moved with compassion, took it home to his wife. The Marchese kept the dog after her husband's death, which occurred shortly afterwards, and made it an especial companion for his sake. When the Marchese herself came to die, the dog was left to the care of some French ladies, and accompanied them to her funeral. Two years later these ladies went once more to see the place where their friend was buried, taking the dog with them as before. Since the day of the funeral he had never been to the cemetery, but now he made his way straight to where his mistress lay, and fell to all appearance lifeless on her grave. The ladies had the poor little beast carried home, gave him a warm bath and other restoratives, and after a time he recovered. The incident was so curious that they were tempted to test it once more ; but on reaching the gate of the cemetery the dog was seized with such a violent shivering fit, and showed such signs of distress, that they had no heart to pursue the experiment. He lived to a goodly age, and survived just long enough to be introduced to his mistress's English relations, accompanying his French patrons to England. The Marchese Negri's family, who were English, had heard of the dog's devotion, and called on purpose to see him. He died that afternoon.

September 6th, 1878. Penkridge Rectory.—Mr. Wilbraham told us of a deaf old lady, landing from abroad, who had secreted a number of musical boxes under her petticoats, vehemently assuring the Custom House officer

that she had "nothing of the sort," while one of the boxes (set in motion in the bustle of landing) was at the same moment playing a lively tune up her back. Mr. Wilbraham added how he had told this story to Mr. Gladstone, whose first remark was: "Oh, but that can't be true. I did away with the duty on musical boxes in the year," etc., etc. His first impulse was to consider the matter from a practical point of view. It was not till after a moment's reflection that he began to laugh, and added: "But it is a good *story*."

I remember my own rather comical experience of Gladstone's eager concentration on the subject under discussion when he was dining at my father's house in London. Some literary topic came up and I, being his neighbour, hazarded some trifling remark. "Yes," said Mr. Gladstone, with the utmost seriousness, "there is a good deal of truth in what you say; but you must remember that Plato is of another opinion, where he observes," etc., etc., "and though it is true that Aristotle appears to think," etc., etc., "and even Horace in his fourth Ode remarks," so and so, "yet Homer," etc., etc. The quotations were given at length in the original Greek and Latin with prodigious memory—his eager interest in the discussion making him quite oblivious to the position, that his remarks were addressed to a young lady totally unacquainted with the dead languages, and therefore incapable of appreciating the force of his eloquence. At last, however, he caught the expression of surprise and amusement that was growing every instant on my face, for he stopped as suddenly as he had begun, and with a little laugh continued: "Well, even Shakespeare, you know, says," etc., etc, and so kindly brought his argument down to more modern times.

The Diarist heard from Canon Knox-Little other illustrations of this well-known feature of Mr. Gladstone's conversation:

"I used to adore Gladstone," said the Canon, "and have never forgotten what he said to me as a young man: 'When you take up a subject, go at it as if it were the only

subject worth considering in all the world ! ' The advice has always been of use to me, but with Gladstone's earnestness there is a curious sense of want of proportion. I remember," continued the Canon, "starting him off once on the subject of Dante, simply to avoid getting on to the question of Home Rule. There was no stopping him. Herbert Gladstone with the greatest difficulty got him to leave the dining-room, but he talked all the way to the drawing-room, and continued there standing talking, till Mrs. Gladstone, in her funny way, ran up sharply behind him a large armchair into which he fell—as he could not avoid doing—still talking Dante with an unflagging interest from which nothing could turn him.

"Another time it was at breakfast," said the Canon. "A small ladybird had alighted on my fork. 'A ladybird ! ' said Mr. Gladstone, seeing me look down upon it for a moment. 'Do you know anything about the habits of ladybirds? Ah ! *most* curious and interesting ! ' Then off he went on a long story about ladybirds, and then how a large swarm of them had flown over from France, and had alighted on the walls of Walmer Castle so fatigued that it was impossible to arouse them, etc., etc., until Mrs. Gladstone interposed with, 'Now, William, come ! eat your breakfast.' Then with a nod at me : 'Do make him eat his breakfast ! ' "

There followed the question whether Mr. Gladstone had any sense of humour. "Well ! I have often heard him laugh," said the Canon ; "but in that also he wanted the sense of proportion." "Yes," said Lady Edward Cavendish, "I have seen him sit and laugh day after day in the gallery at Chatsworth at the antics of a black dancing doll which was had out to amuse the children. He was so delighted that he bought several of these dancing niggers, and sent them to various people. Amongst others, he sent one to Lord Granville just prior to a Cabinet Council that was to be held. Lord Granville was ill of gout at his house. You may imagine his astonishment. 'What is the *meaning* of the Chatsworth Sambo ? ' he asked me afterwards.

‘ Has it some political allusion or special significance which I do not understand ? ’ But there was nothing of the sort. Mr. Gladstone had seen it at Chatsworth and been tickled by its antics—that was all. There was nothing witty or humorous about it in any way—just the ordinary children’s toy.”

On another occasion, while staying in Warwickshire, the following notes are given :

Looking over a book much marked by Mr. Gladstone, Lady Frederick Cavendish explained some of the meanings of the less obvious marks. Thus, where Mr. Gladstone sees objection to a passage he is apt to mark it with a “Ma”—the Italian “But.”

“It is astonishing how slow is his sense of humour sometimes,” said Lady Frederick. “I remember telling him once of some absurd political speech wherein he was spoken of with ludicrous exaggeration and ill-manners as ‘the foul fiend.’ I thought he would be rather amused. Not at all! He looked quite pained, and set himself seriously to examine how he could have deserved such an epithet.”

I quote this next entry in full :

September 10th, 1878.—Went to stay at Stanmore Park, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard—he, a banker at Bridgnorth, a wonderfully active, hale old man of eighty, and she not only very ladylike and charmingly dressed, but also very cultivated and agreeable, which makes more disconcerting the fact that neither of them can manage the letter “h.” They are both so kindly, courteous and hospitable, that it gave me quite a little pang when she said : “My ‘usband will be so ‘appy to see you ! ” etc.

Her brother, the Reverend Osborne Gordon, was there, a clever, original sort of man. He told us a curious story of Turner’s picture, “The Wreck of a Slaver,” which Ruskin had sold to an American for £2,000. Some years later Mr. Gordon heard that the same picture had been sold at Christie’s for £600. He asked Ruskin whether

this second picture could be a replica, but Ruskin said: "No. Turner had never repeated it." On examination, it proved to be nothing more than a very excellent copy. The picture represents slaves being thrown overboard. The Yankee purchaser had counted upon the strong feelings against slavery that then existed in America, and had covered the price he paid by exhibiting "The Wreck of a Slaver" at a half-dollar or twenty-five cents a head, and then proceeded to have a copy made, which was sold as the original. In this instance a guarantee had been given and the money had to be refunded; but Mr. Gordon suggested that on the death of Ruskin copies of Turners would not seldom be palmed off as originals.

Talking of frauds, and then on speculation generally, the conversation turned on Hudson, "the railway king," whom my father and mother had known as a petty tradesman—at York, I think it was—measuring out tapes and ribbons across the counter. When Mr. Gordon knew him he was rolling in wealth, and his three sons at Oxford kept hunters and were riding in pink all over the country; the eldest son's tutor received a salary of £500 a year. Mr. Gordon did not often dine with Hudson, as his great dinner parties were given on Sundays—although he assured Mr. Gordon that all through his life he had never missed going to church twice on a Sunday. After his ruin he retired to Yorkshire for a while, and I understood that some sort of subscription was got up for him. But, when he returned to London in reduced circumstances, what gave him most pride and delight was the fact of his being reinstated as chairman of some house committee at the Carlton Club.

Mr. Gordon said most of the stories about Mrs. Hudson were pure inventions. She looked more like a French woman than anything else, and her remarks were often shrewd and original. He cited one he remembered. When speaking of a certain person, and the difficulty of obtaining any *hold* upon him, she observed: "All I can say is—he is just like a pat of butter on a hot plate."

Apropos of railways and the conveniences for modern travel, the Bishop of Gibraltar told me how he could remember the prejudice against railways being so strong that a certain Sir John Somebody employed a hundred ruffians, prize-fighters and the like, night and day, to keep the railway surveyors off his land. At Bromsgrove, when the Midland Railway was being planned, there was violent opposition to the line coming anywhere near the town. The tradespeople feared it would take away their custom, and they succeeded in obtaining, as a concession, that the station should not be within one mile of the town. Other towns followed their example; so on the Midland line several stations are inconveniently placed. It was originally intended that Oxford should be a great railway centre, but the Dons opposed it.

The mention of Oxford brought recollections of old times—Dean Gaisford of Christchurch. "He was a Dean indeed! A tremendous fellow. If he was not pleased with you he would turn his back on you and go and kick against the wainscot. There was a dent in the woodwork where he used to kick. I had a funny little encounter with him in my undergraduate days," said the Bishop. "At the end of the term you had to present three epistles, so-called, to the Dean before leaving. They had to be handed in the morning of leaving, after Chapel. Now, as my Coach left at 8 a.m., before morning Chapel was over, I decided upon presenting my epistles after evening Chapel, and intercepted the Dean accordingly. 'To-morrow morning, sir, after Chapel,' said he, waving me away. 'But, if you please, sir, the Coach goes *before* morning Chapel.' 'Go by rail, sir.' 'But, if you please, Mr. Dean, there is *no* rail to Warwickshire.' The Dean gave an unintelligible grunt, but he took the epistles, muttering, '*Presumptuous* young fellow!' as he turned away. However, he made me a tutor ultimately, so I suppose my presumption was condoned."

CHAPTER II

CLERICS IN CONGRESS; THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK (1878—*continued*)

A Church Congress—Lord Halifax opens a Debate—Bishop Wilberforce as Confessor—A Bishop's One Penitent—Espionage under Napoleon III—A Major has a Shock—A Visit to Castle Howard—A Dead Man keeps an Appointment—Tips and "Vails"—The Massacre of Greeks at Chios—Mrs. Ralli's Recollections of her Childhood—The Flight and Escape of her Family.

THE text of these notebooks conveys an impression that what interested their author were the character and achievements of men and women, rather than their secular opinions or spiritual struggles. Her own views seem to have been more a matter of temperament, of chance and upbringing, than of conscious debate—a work-a-day practical code based upon compromise, well suited to maintain the prevailing social and religious systems which she was quite content to accept as adequate. She was not niggardly with her sympathy for individual misfortune; her purse and energy were applied generously to relieve suffering; against individual wrong her indignation was readily excited. But to "movements" she was indifferent. Least of all, it is evident, did her intellect regard with favour the High Church movement, although many of her most valued friends were counted among its adherents. She shared the spirited dislike of a vigorous, independent personality to any muzzling of individual opinion by authority, to any secrecy or mystery except when suitably enshrined in the plot of a novel or ghost story. Had she been bred in the Catholic Church of Rome she might have remained in it, but she certainly would not have conceded to the Pope a better right to pronounce an opinion than her own right to pronounce a different one. At any rate, subtleties did not trouble her. She regarded the English Church as a Protestant institution; its members entitled to accept such of its dogmas as pleased them, and to protest against any of its dogmas or rites as were displeasing to them.

Towards the end of September, 1878, the Diarist paid

a visit to Temple Newsam, the Yorkshire residence of Lord Halifax's sister, Mrs. Meynell-Ingram, whose husband had died in 1871. There is the following account of a Church Congress, which she attended chiefly to hear a speech from Lord Halifax—Mr. Charles Wood as he was then, before he succeeded to the title—the sincere and chivalrous champion of High Church views :

September, 1878.—I went over on two succeeding days to Sheffield to attend the Church Congress with Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Grey, etc. Our principal object was to hear Mr. Charles Wood on the subject of "The just limits of comprehensiveness in the Church of England." His speech was delivered in the most spirited manner (although I could not altogether agree with him) and was interrupted by frequent bursts of applause from his High Church following. Mr. Llewelyn Davies, who succeeded him, may have spoken sensibly, but his delivery was so dreary that few people had the patience to listen to him. The Archbishop of York (Thomson) made a grand-looking President, and led the final hymn with the full strength of his rich, powerful voice; but the High Church party complained of unfairness, in that he very plainly showed his bias towards the other side.

The next day we went to hear Miss Whately, who was advertised to speak upon "Woman's Work in the Church"—the first time a woman would have addressed a Congress. But possibly her courage failed her; at all events, when her turn came, the Archbishop announced that she had left the country some days ago, and that her paper would be read by the Secretary. Very dull and disappointing it was. And very dull the debate that followed, until Mr. Beardmore Compton of All Saints, Margaret Street, introduced the topic of Sisterhoods and Confession. Then the passions of the audience were aroused, and the Low Church party began to cry out. But their indignant protests were as nothing compared with the angry shouts and interruptions of the Ritualists, when a certain Reverend Mr. Weldon with a loud voice and sarcastic manner, rose

to reply, and started to turn the habits of some of the sisterhoods—the folding of hands, the “custody of the eyelids”—into ridicule. The Archbishop called the interrupters to order in vain—“Pray don’t be so sensitive!” said he. It was altogether a discreditable scene—that immense hall, crowded with clergy yelling and insulting one another. Each speaker was allowed only a quarter of an hour, and at last the bell sounded and Mr. Weldon’s time was up; the Ritualists forced him to resume his seat without an instant’s delay, although Mr. Compton had been granted five minutes’ grace, and although Mr. Weldon’s speech had been stopped by their tumult. Some quiet sensible remarks from Edward Hoare seemed for a moment to pour oil on the troubled waters; but the storm broke out again when Mr. Charles Gray (son of the Bishop of Capetown) rose to address the assembly. He said that “He well knew that the Archbishop considered him a black sheep,” and judging from the excited character of his speech, one could easily believe him to be a very troublesome member of the flock. When he had finished, the Archbishop rose and said, “He was not conscious of ever having given it as his opinion that Mr. Gray was a black sheep.” He then sat down, but rose again the next minute and added with a kindly smile, “I think, after the speech we have just heard, you will all agree with me that in no sense of the word can Mr. Gray be called a sheep!” On the whole I think the Archbishop filled the part of President well, behaving with tact and good temper, but on this occasion he was evidently much relieved (as were many of us also!) when the hour struck for bringing the meeting to a close.

A few days after this, when sitting out in the garden at Temple Newsam with Lady Halifax, I described the scene to her, and I had occasion once more to admire the kindly wisdom and charitable good sense that characterise all her opinions. She spoke with immense affection and admiration of her son—his chivalry, enthusiasm, and singlemindedness—but admitted that she could not share

his views fully on the subject of ritual—vestments, confession, etc. “The late Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce),” she said, “is cited as being an advocate for Confession. Yet I had a conversation once with him on the subject, when he told me that he never favoured it. On one occasion a man was so urgent in begging him to hear his Confession that the Bishop at last consented to do so. But when, a year later, the same person again applied to him—‘No,’ said the Bishop, ‘I heard your Confession once, acting contrary to my own judgment, and will not hear you again.’ Long afterwards the Bishop received a letter from his would be penitent saying: ‘You have rendered me two very important services in the course of my life—first when you consented to hear my Confession, and secondly when you declined to do so. I am grateful to you for both.’”

Speaking some weeks later with Mrs. Hankey and Miss Norman on the same subject, Mrs. Hankey said that her mother, who had been bred a Roman Catholic, had a horror of the evils arising from the use of the Confessional. She had become a Protestant, but had none of the bigotry of some converts, had a tenderness for the old form of religion, and a respect for what was good in it. She and her husband were residing in America at the time of the French Revolution, and gave shelter to many Roman Catholic priests, who were afraid to return to France. Mrs. Hankey’s father would say to his wife: “Well, my dear, don’t you wish to confess to Father So-and-so?” and Mrs. Hankey remembers the way her mother would lift up her hands in protest.

Miss Norman illustrated the bad effect produced by the habit of constant Confession by a school of girls with which she was acquainted. Scarcely one in a hundred of them treated the matter as anything serious. She asked a girl whether she did not find it difficult to think of things to confess. “Oh, not at all,” replied the girl. “The priest goes through a long list of péchés, and then I say—‘O, oui, mon père; j’ai fait tout ça!’”

Another story bearing on the same subject was told me by a lady who said she could vouch for its truth; that the Roman Catholic bishop was a connection of her own. At a country-house party the conversation at luncheon turned upon Confession. "A difficulty," said one of the company, "would be to know how to treat the penitent afterwards—especially women penitents. Don't you find that awkward?" he said, addressing the Bishop. "I never had but one woman penitent and it was over twenty years ago—a woman who was unfaithful to her husband," replied the Bishop; "and the whole thing was so utterly distasteful to me that I would have nothing more to do with her, and I have never heard a Confession since!" The luncheon was followed in the afternoon by a large garden party. Among the ladies brought to the party by the owner of a neighbouring country-place was a remarkably handsome lady—no longer young, but so exquisitely dressed that general attention was attracted to her as she was brought up to be introduced to the hostess. This ceremony over, the fair stranger cast her eyes around, and suddenly she perceived the Bishop, and advanced to him with outstretched hand. "Why," cried she, "what an unexpected pleasure to see you here! It must be twenty-five years since we have met—that time—you remember?—when I came to you, well, to make my Confession." And a hush fell upon the assembly. The Bishop's one penitent had found him at last!

During the same visit, under date October 6th, there is this entry:

Lady Mildred Hope gave us some curious details of her visit to Paris during the time of Louis Napoleon, showing the system of police espionage under his reign. She went with her husband, charged with important papers affecting a lady who was a daughter of a French General, who had much influence with the Emperor. They went to one of the chief hotels, I think the Louvre. During the first evening Lady Mildred noticed a man walking up and down in the

street, seeming to keep an eye on their windows. They had a suite of rooms connecting with one another. Before going to bed they locked the outer doors, and at Lady Mildred's suggestion left most of the papers in the sitting-room, but the really important ones placed under their pillow. In the night she awoke to hear someone turning over the papers in the adjoining room; but the noise Mr. Hope made, as he got up to see what was happening, disturbed the interrupters; but he found the outer doors, which he had locked, open. The next day Lady Cowley¹ called, and Lady Mildred went out to speak to her in her carriage. She noticed the same man who had watched their windows the evening before. Lady Cowley saw the direction of her glance, and said directly: "That man is a police spy." The Emperor had paid spies even in the ranks of the English police.

Lady Mildred also related a comical story, declaring it to be a true one, about three young officers stationed in India, who used to amuse themselves by gymnastics; amongst other feats they practised standing on their heads. Sitting outside barracks late one evening they saw the regimental Major approach. The spirit of mischief inspired them. In a moment the three young men were upside down, and, as the Major passed, still legs upwards they saluted him with the utmost gravity. The Major paused, stared, and stared again; said nothing, however, but slowly entered the barracks.

Having had their laugh the lads began to feel very uncomfortable as to the consequences of their joke, and feared that they might find themselves in a serious scrape. On the whole they decided that the only thing was to take the bull by the horns, and apologise to the Major. One was deputed to make their apology. Next morning he sought an interview with the Major, and began lamely to explain—"an overflow of spirits, no want of respect. . . . had been practising standing on their heads, etc." "My dear fellow," said the Major, shaking him heartily by both

¹ Earl Cowley was British Ambassador at Paris, 1852-67 (*see* Index).

hands, "say no more. You have taken a weight off my mind. I was dining out last night—we were late—perhaps I did take an extra glass of champagne, but I pride myself upon being a sober man. Yet, upon my word, when I got back to barracks, and was saluted by *three* officers, *all* standing on their heads! Upon my word . . . I really . . . I . . . well! I didn't know what to think!"

October 7th, 1878.—Left Temple Newsam for London, but was persuaded by Mr. Francis Grey to go by Castle Howard with a party going to lunch there. The last time I had been there was as a little girl, when staying there with my mother, and I had a dim recollection of the central hall, with its painted dome, and the little gallery where I stood with my nurse "to see the ladies go in to dinner." I was rather touched by the kindness with which I was welcomed by Lord and Lady Lanerton and Lady Taunton for my family's sake. Lady Mildred and Mr. Hope were of the party, and discussion turned on precious stones, Mr. Grey asking Mr. Hope what had become of the ring his relation Lord Decies always wore. Mr. Hope replied that he believed it had been buried with him. He always wished to lose it, but could never succeed in doing so. Once he did honestly forget it, and left it behind when travelling, but it was found and sent on after him. I was curious, and asked the history of the ring, and Mr. Hope said he had often heard Lord Decies give this account of it. The ring was an iron ring, representing a death's head and cross bones, and was given Lord Decies by Mr. Lionel Ashley (uncle to the present Lionel Ashley) on a certain occasion when they met abroad. Mr. Ashley was so depressed and looking so ill that Lord Decies exclaimed: "What is the matter with you? I am sure something must have happened to worry you." Finally, Mr. Ashley confessed that he had out of curiosity visited a certain fortune-teller in Italy, and that she had foretold that both he and his two brothers would die within the year. The visit had made a powerful impression upon him at the time, and he added, "Six months have gone by; my two brothers are

already dead, and in six months more I know I shall have to follow them." Lord Decies tried to reason and then to laugh him out of this persuasion. "Come," he said, "this is real folly! The year won't expire until"—and he named the day. "I shall be back in Paris then. You shall come and dine with me that very day. Now then, give me your promise."

Six months later Lord Decies was sitting in his library at Paris one evening when Lionel Ashley entered the room. What passed at the interview Lord Decies would never exactly tell. He was a man of rather Voltairian principles, of anything but a romantic or visionary turn of mind, and generally at this point turned the story into a jest. But this much he told, that when Mr. Ashley went out he called for his French servant and said to him, "Qui a fait entrer Mr. Ashley dans ma chambre?" "Mais, mon Dieu, personne! Monsieur Ashley est mort ce matin!" was the servant's reply.

A visit to Shipbourne Grange—the home in Kent of Mr. Thomson Hankey, banker and member of Parliament—during the same month, October, 1878, supplies a few servant anecdotes:

Found Colonel Jervoise, Miss Norman, etc., staying here. Mrs. Hankey mentioned a servant, saying, "He never spoke without oaths and imprecations coming out of his mouth." Colonel Jervoise capped the story with one about Lord Valentia, who was given to strong language. A beggar coming to the door, Lord Valentia's daughter said to the servant, "Oh, do send him away. My father will so swear at him if he sees him." "Beg pardon," said the servant, "but my lord 'ave seed 'im and damned 'im already."

Mrs. Hankey related how Mr. Edward Thornton went to call upon an American gentleman. "Is Mr. So-and-so at home? Does he live here?" he inquired of the servant. "Wal, I guess he *rooms* here," was the response, "but he *meals* over the way."

A gentleman giving his servant warning, the man de-

manded the reason of his dismissal. "Well," said his master, "I will give you the same reason that you would give me in a similar case: I wish to better myself."

Speaking of the change of manners since the days of our youth, Mr. Hankey mentioned how serious was the tax formerly of giving tips or "vails" (as they were called) to servants. He remembered the old original Mr. Gurney going to call at a nobleman's house. When he went away the butler handed him his hat, the groom of the chambers his stick and received each a shilling or two. Whereupon the footman advanced to hand him his gloves. "No, thank you, my man," said old Sam, "my gloves are not worth a shilling. You may keep them yourself."

Friday, October 18th, 1878. Farnborough Park.—Staying with Mrs. Thomas Ralli. I had a long drive with Mrs. Ralli this morning during which she gave me many interesting particulars of her early life and recollections, especially of the terrible massacre of the Greeks at Chios about the year 1821. The island was inhabited largely by merchants, a thriving and eminently peaceable community. They paid tribute to the Turk, and there was a Turkish fort; but practically they governed themselves. The head of each family was bound to see that none of his relations were in want, and their code of honour was high. They married among themselves, being betrothed by their parents in early youth. The older folk lived on the island, while it was the custom to send forth the young men of each family to carry on their merchants' business in different parts of the world. They were expected to marry before leaving home. While they were away the wives remained with their husbands' parents; the husband returning and settling in Chios when his work was over, besides coming home from time to time.

Thus, Mr. Ralli's father, Mr. Argenti, was married as a young man and lived with his wife for something over a year. Forty days after their first child was born he was sent off to attend to the business of the house at Marseilles, and there he was living at the time of the massacre. The

inhabitants of Chios took no part in the Greek Revolution. So little were they inclined to share in the insurrectionary movement that was agitating the other islands of the Archipelago that they were stigmatised as "cowards." Yet it was upon this peaceful and law-abiding community that the vengeance of the Turk chiefly fell, and this for two good reasons—they were wealthy, and they were defenceless.

First, the elderly men, the heads of each family, were carried off to the Turkish fort as hostages—so it was said. There, however, they were all hanged—old Mr. Argenti, Mrs. Ralli's grandfather, among the rest. The younger men being occupied in different parts of the world, there remained only the women and children, and then it was that the pillage and slaughter, and worse than slaughter, began.

Mrs. Thomas Ralli (then little Marie Argenti—a child of four years old) remembered well the flight from home when the news came that the Turkish soldiery were upon them. The first thing was, if possible, to get the younger women out of the way. The ladies were advised to leave their dresses behind, lest they should betray their rank in life, and to muffle themselves in cloaks until they could procure some better disguise. Little Marie was stripped, and her first recollection is running naked between her mother and aunt, each having hold of one hand, and trying to stifle the cries she could not wholly restrain as her bare feet were cut by the sharp stones.

Her next recollection was that of being in hiding with several ladies in a hut or small house, when the door was flung open, and the soldiers appeared. They tore from her ears a pair of pearl ear-rings that had been overlooked in the hurried flight. She saw her aged grandmother, Madame Argenti, beaten by a soldier with the flat of his sword, in an attempt to extort money that she was supposed to have concealed. Madame Argelez, a very beautiful young woman, just recovered from her first confinement—a sister to Mr. Thomas Ralli—was seized by three Turks,

who fortunately disputed as to her possession. Mrs. Ralli, relating these incidents to me, said: "I can see the scene even now—the three Turks standing in the light of the open door, disputing violently, and Madame Argelez by them with her baby in her arms. Suddenly, with a swift, silent movement, she laid the child on the floor at my grandmother's feet, and saying, as she pointed to it, 'I am about to escape,' she glided unobserved from the room. I wish I could remember half of her wonderful adventures. I know she got on to the flat roof of the building, but somehow scalded her leg terribly in the attempt. Lame and disabled she dragged herself from one roof to another, until at last she came to an open skylight, and beneath it was a ladder. She lay listening, fearing to descend lest more Turkish soldiers might be below; but all was quiet, and the place appearing to be a sort of stable, she ventured down the ladder, withdrawing it after her, so as to cut off pursuit in that direction should her flight by the roof be discovered. The noise she made, however, attracted the notice of an old peasant woman and her husband who lived in the adjoining dwelling; within a few minutes the old woman entered with a light, which instantly Madame Argelez blew out. Then falling on her knees before the old woman, she cried: 'For God's sake protect me! I am a Christian; the soldiers are after me; but I am hurt and can go no farther.' The brave, kind old couple befriended her. After some days of concealment she escaped in disguise, mounted upon an ass that the old man led, and was thus enabled to join the band of fugitives who, now to the number of some hundreds, had taken refuge on the heights.

"These details," continued Mrs. Ralli, "of course, I was told long afterwards. I was too young at the time for me to be able to give from my own recollections any connected narrative of our flight. But various scenes stand out like pictures in my memory. My own next remembrance is of being with a great number of people on a high mountain, but for how many days I do not know. We suffered

greatly from thirst. There was a well, but no means of getting at the water, and the people made a rope by tying rags and pocket-handkerchiefs together, and, letting it down into the well, quenched their thirst by squeezing the dripping rags into their mouths."

Meantime the husbands and brothers of these poor fugitives had heard rumours of the dreadful events at Chios, and returned from various quarters of the world to try to protect their families. Finding their homes burnt, their fathers hanged, their wives and children killed, or in hiding, or carried off for slaves, they cruised round and round the island, touching here and there to offer rewards for the recovery of their relations, and hoping to assist those still in hiding to escape. One vessel was attracted by the signals of the party with whom the Argentis were concealed. But even when the vessel was anchored beneath the rock on which the fugitives had gathered, the descent was so steep and perilous that they could only attempt it at the risk of their lives. Mrs. Ralli still recalls the scene: "They all kneeled down, commending themselves to God, and then, one after another, slid down the rock. Once on the beach the boats could take on board a certain number only at a time. A contest of generosity ensued: the older women were for the young ones going first, that they at least might be out of the deadliest peril. The younger women would not hear of it, and at last old Madame Argenti stepped into the boat, followed by the older ladies. My mother put me into my grandmother's arms, and so we pushed off for the ship. The boats returned again and again; it was not until the last boatload was being taken on board that the Turkish soldiers appeared and fired over the brow of the hill."

Years later, when Mrs. Thomas Ralli was married and living with her husband at Marseilles, a number of Greeks met and drank tea, when the conversation turned on the old times at Chios. Each had some terrible story to tell. One lady had her two handsome boys cut down before her eyes. Another lady had cried out to her husband, as she was

being placed upon an ass to be led away as a slave. The Turks thereupon cut the husband's throat, and thrust his bleeding head upon her lap, for her to carry. Though years had passed since then, she fainted dead away at the mere recital of her story.

Another sister of Mr. Ralli's had a wonderful escape. Sold as a slave to a wealthy Turk at Smyrna, he desired to make her his wife. Bold as beautiful, however, she threatened to kill herself if he dared approach her, and he resolved to bide his time, confident that time would reconcile her to her fate. Meanwhile she adopted the ingenious expedient of writing her name on every piece of paper she could lay hands on—"Marie Ralli, daughter of——, sister to——, etc., living at——, etc." These slips of paper she constantly dropped from her window, and one of them was picked up by a passer-by and taken to the English Consul, who happened to be a Greek (a conjunction that sounds rather like an Irish bull). He communicated at once with Mr. Ralli, who, thus made aware of his sister's address, was enabled to purchase her freedom.

One of the Scaramangas, a pretty little boy, was carried off as a slave. As the Turks are generally fond of children he was treated kindly. At times he was given small presents of money, which he used to bury in a hole in the garden. The little fellow would kneel down and say: "God! this is for the poor, if only I may get back to my people." He also was found, and his freedom purchased by Mr. Ralli; but his mother had gone mad through the loss of him.

CHAPTER III

THE MANNERS OF LORD BEACONSFIELD AND JOHN BROWN (1879)

Disraeli's Opinion of Diplomats—Sophia Queen of Holland and Lady Beaconsfield—Leopold King of the Belgians—The Habit of Swearing—A Novelist's Story of Highway Robbery—Unpremeditated Suicide—Pio Nono accepts an Offering—A Better World—Douglas Jerrold's Repartees—The Two J.B.s—Queen Victoria drives Faster—The Sicilian Brigand Leone.

THE notebooks contain several anecdotes about Gladstone, but few about his great rival Disraeli. Most of these, however, are worth transcribing. In the following entry, reproduced here in full, the Diarist, after repeating two anecdotes about Disraeli, describes among other things having met him some years before at a luncheon party :

Shipbourne, October, 1879.—Mrs. Hankey repeated to us some amusing anecdotes of Lord Beaconsfield told her by Lady Derby. About two years ago (Lord Derby then being Secretary for Foreign Affairs) they were staying at Woburn. Lord Beaconsfield had an animated discussion one evening with Lord Odo Russell and Lord Lyons, in which they both totally disagreed with him, on some point of policy, and spoke their views very plainly. After it was over he sauntered up to Lady Derby and casually remarked: "I've been picking the brains of our two Ambassadors, but don't find much in them."

Next morning he sent for Lady Derby to his sitting-room. "My dear friend," said he, "I have sent for you; I am in great despair. I didn't know who else to send for. I've lost my keys!" "What keys?" "The keys of my dispatch-box," said he, waving his hands up and down in an utterly helpless way. "But have you looked in your bedroom?" "If you will take the trouble to open the door you will see that it has been thoroughly searched." Lady

Derby did open the door, and beheld mattress, pillows, blankets all scattered on the floor, everything turned upside down in the wildest confusion. She could suggest nothing, but described his helpless dejection as very droll. Just as he was leaving for town the housekeeper came running after him. "Oh, my lord, here are your keys! They were hanging on the towel-horse."

Personally I have very seldom met Lord Beaconsfield in Society, but one occasion I remember at Lady Burdett Coutts', where I went to lunch with my father to meet the late Queen of Holland, Sophia. There was a large ottoman in the middle of the room, on which I had taken my seat. The Queen presently came and seated herself *dos-à-dos* on the other side. Various celebrities were brought up in turn to be presented, and several curious little conversations ensued, which I, from my coign of vantage, was enabled to overhear. Mr. Disraeli was presented, made his bow, and "hoped Her Majesty had enjoyed her visit to England? Had seen everything likely to interest her?"

"No," said the Queen promptly, "indeed I have not."

"Could he be of any service? What was it Her Majesty desired to see?"

"A yellow fog!" said she.

With a courtly bow Disraeli replied that "he would consider it a favour if Her Majesty would postpone that entertainment for two or three days, as it might interfere with the coming elections."

He then retired and Mrs. Lowe and Lady Beaconsfield were presented—one more fantastically attired than the other.

Lady Beaconsfield put much the same question to the Queen. "Had she seen all the sights of London—the new Foreign Office, India Office, etc.?" "No, she had not." "Would Her Majesty like to see these buildings (just completed)?" "Very much. What time would be most convenient?"

"Oh!" said Lady Beaconsfield with an affected little laugh, "any time your Majesty pleases. You know it

all belongs to me ! ” (Dizzy was Prime Minister at the time.)

The Queen of Holland was a clever woman—tall and of rather masculine appearance, and with a tremendously loud voice. She dined once or twice at my father's, and we had an evening party afterwards. On one occasion as the after-dinner guests began to arrive I left the Queen sitting by the fire, and went to the other end of the room to receive my company. Presently, when the room was already pretty full, I heard, above all the buzz of conversation, a voice shouting my name. It was the Queen who wanted some music. She had with her her chamberlain and lady-in-waiting, whom she might have sent to convey her wish less noisily. She spoke English perfectly, more easily than the King of the Belgians, another Royalty whom we used to entertain at dinner.

The King of the Belgians was very tall, intelligent and gentlemanlike, but much more afraid of hearing his own voice. He spoke English pretty well, but preferred French, and when he found I also spoke it easily would speak nothing else. At dinner he used me as his interpreter in rather an embarrassing manner; for he would say: “*Ayez la bonté de demander à Monsieur,*” etc., or “*Voulez-vous bien expliquer à Milord,*” etc., and he being too shy to catch the eye of the individual he wanted to address, I had to lean across the table and begin the conversation for him as best I could.

Mr. Hankey, talking of Lord Rosslyn, who was much given to swearing, said he once applied to Lord Beaconsfield for the post of Master of the Royal Buckhounds. “No, no! my dear fellow,” said Lord Beaconsfield, “that would never do. You are in the habit of using too strong language for *that*. The only thing to suit you would be an appointment as Lord Commissioner of the Church of Scotland.”

But strong language does not disqualify for the highest command of our army. Mr. Pigott once told me of an address by the Duke of Cambridge to a regiment he had

just been reviewing. Amongst other strictures it comprised a lecture "Against the use of bad language," which ended in this way : "Besides all these considerations that I have thought it right to put before you"—which had been written down for the Duke to speak,—"it is such a damned ungentlemanly habit ! "

November 6th, 1879. London.—Dining with the Yates Thompsons we met Mr. Payn, the novelist. Speaking of brigandage, with reference to our intended trip to Sicily, Mr. Payn said it was not so long since much the same sort of thing went on in the neighbourhood of London. When a boy of eight he remembered hearing of a certain farmer called Canon—a tall, very powerful fellow—driving home from Reading market across Maidenhead Thicket, when he was stopped and overpowered by several men with bludgeons, who robbed him of his money—some seventy pounds. They did him no further harm, but bade him drive home. They meanwhile remained on the spot to waylay the next homecomer from market. Farmer Canon drove off enraged and thirsting for revenge, when it struck him that, after all, he had a weapon in his cart,—a sickle that he had bought for a neighbour. He wheeled round, made a *détour* back into his former road, and again approached the Thicket from the direction of Reading. The robbers thought him a new victim, and—as before—started to stop him by stretching a rope across the road in front of his horse. But the farmer leapt from his cart, and, armed with the sickle, fell upon them with such fury that he killed one man, mortally wounded another, dispersed the rest, and regained his bag of gold. Mr. Payn remembered the cheers and acclamations with which the farmer was greeted at a gathering held to celebrate his triumph.

Some good American stories were told : A gentleman was riding through a forest when he heard a shot fired and at the same moment his hat dropped off. Dismounting to pick it up, he found that it was riddled by two bullets, and looking up he saw a man coming towards him through

the trees. "Was it you that fired?" asked the gentleman. "What did you do that for, may I ask?" "I guess, stranger, you were riding my mule," was the laconic reply. The mule had been bought at a fair, but apparently had been stolen from its owner, who had taken this somewhat original way of recovering his property.

The same gentleman, having arrived at one of the mining districts in the West, began to inquire after an acquaintance, one Matthew Larkin, whom he had formerly known. "Matthew Larkin?" said a burly miner who was standing by. "Oh, *he* committed suicide." "Suicide!" cried the gentleman. "Why he was the last man on earth to do such a thing—such a cheery, bright, genial sort of fellow!" "Wal, *he did*. He just committed suicide, you bet." "How did he do it?" "He called me a liar," was the cool response, and the miner walked slowly away.

At Boston they ask—"What do you think?" At New York—"What are you worth?" At Philadelphia—"Who was your grandfather?"

Mr. Payn, after speaking of Prince Leopold's pluck and endurance under illness and suffering, mentioned an amusing anecdote of Prince Leopold's visit to some town, where a silver snuff-box was presented to him on a magnificent salver. The Prince innocently took hold of the enormous silver salver, praised the beauty of its workmanship, and bending over it said: "I notice that you have put my initials on the snuff-box. . . . I shall certainly have them put, with the same charming device, on the salver as well." The salver had been simply hired for the occasion, and was worth at least six times the intended gift. But none of the deputation had the courage to tell Prince Leopold of his mistake.

This reminded me of a story that I heard in Rome of the late Pope Pio Nono. Crowds of ladies used to take their rosaries, necklaces and crosses to the Vatican to be blessed; others brought offerings. Lady Herbert it was said—being a fervid pervert or convert, whichever term one may prefer—brought a magnificent diamond necklace

to be blessed. The Pope with a gracious but somewhat mischievous smile took the necklace and quietly handed it to his almoner, who stood beside him with his bag. Then, dismissing Lady Herbert with a kindly gesture, he continued his task of benediction.

Mr. George Smith, formerly proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and now making no end of money by the sale of Apollinaris water, cited to me the following smart answer of Disraeli's when the Queen asked him one day (apropos of the newspaper Labouchere started in rivalry with Edmund Yates's paper) "What is *Truth*?" "Madam," said he instantly, "It is another and a better *World*."

"But Douglas Jerrold," said Mr. Smith, "was the supreme master of repartee. He was almost too quick. He seemed to shoot his answer at you before the words were well out of your mouth. 'Well, Mr. Jerrold,' I heard a man say one day with hesitation, 'I hardly know what I should propose. . . . I have nothing . . . well . . . definite. . . .' 'Might as well be *dumb* in it, eh?' retorted Jerrold like a flash of lightning, without allowing the unfortunate man time even to finish his sentence."

Another story Mr. Smith cited—"A man being in a dead faint and other restoratives having been tried in vain, the doctor proceeded to pour a jug of cold water on his head. Revived by the shock the patient opened his eyes, looked up at the doctor, and remarked, 'Very like coming back from Grave's-end by water!'"

The prompt retort of Disraeli when candidate for Taunton is also quoted here:

On the day of nomination the opposing candidate uttered a string of platitudes upon which he declared himself resolved to "stand." "And what do *you* stand upon?" cried a man in the crowd when it came to Disraeli's turn to speak. "Sir," was the immediate reply, "I stand upon my head!"

On another page the Diarist records a characteristic sarcasm of Lord Beaconsfield's, with a couple of stories

about John Brown, the favoured servant of Queen Victoria, whose assumption and impertinences were a constant source of amusement or annoyance :

Disraeli was asked once why he did not propose such and such a measure to the Queen. "Because," he said, "I must first be sure that it would have the approval of the two J.B.s." "The two J.B.s?" "Yes," he explained, "John Bull and John Brown."

Speaking of the insolence of John Brown, Canon Maccoll told me that on Sir Charles Phipps returning to Windsor one day a royal brougham was sent down to meet him, and John Brown came with it. When Sir Charles Phipps got in he found to his great disgust that instead of mounting to the box John Brown stepped inside, and, without so much as asking leave, lighted his pipe.

On another occasion the Queen was out driving, when John Brown called out rudely from the box to the officer commanding the escort: "Go quicker, sir!" The officer, not choosing to take his orders from a servant, paid no attention. Upon which the man called out to him, "Did ye hear what I said, sir? Go faster!" On this the officer reined back his horse, approached the door of the carriage, and said to the Queen: "Is it your Majesty's wish that we should quicken our pace? The escort are trotting as fast as the horses can go. If they put on more speed, they must break into a canter." The Queen gave a glance towards John Brown, and then said, "I think perhaps you had better go a *little* faster."

Palermo, December, 1879.—Visit from Mr. Rose, the English Vice-Consul. Talking of brigandage in Sicily, he gave us an account of the brigand Leone, by whom his brother had been captured four years ago. This brother was the owner of some sulphur mines not many miles from Palermo. Returning home one day he got out at the little station at the foot of the sulphur mountain. There was a carriage road up the mountain, but Mr. Rose and a fellow-passenger took a short cut for walkers. Presently they met two gentlemen who bowed, and passed on. Then

they met two more, who stopped them. "Are you Mr. Rose?" said one. Mr. Rose assented. "Then," said the man, taking off his hat, "I am Leone! Have the goodness to follow me." The two men, who had previously passed them, had stopped also and Mr. Rose found himself surrounded. Yet he could actually see the carriages toiling up the zigzags close by. He rushed wildly towards them, shouting "The brigands are here!" pursued by some shots from Leone's men. Then Leone came deliberately down the road, covering Mr. Rose with his gun. "Get back into your carriages," he cried to the frightened passengers; "I don't want any of you; I only want Mr. Rose." Although several of the passengers had arms, they slunk back into their vehicles, leaving Mr. Rose to his fate.

Not that his fate proved a severe one. The brigands treated him with civility the six weeks he was with them. They were constantly moving about, and the food was rough. But on a religious "festa" they had the cakes appropriate to the day, and once they apologised for not giving him champagne, but it "had been intercepted by the soldiers." To show how entirely the peasants were in league with them, Mr. Rose said that they were regularly supplied with newspapers and all the gossip of Palermo.

The chief difficulty was the conveyance of the ransom. The Italian Government declined to help in this, while the soldiers they despatched in pursuit of the band only made the matter more difficult. The money had to be sent in small sums by different messengers. Leone was strict in exacting punctuality at whatever rendezvous he appointed. On one occasion the appointment was for five a.m., and the messenger did not arrive until half past. Leone stood pointing to his watch. The messenger apologised, explaining that he had been out all night trying to dodge the soldiers. But so absolute was Leone's character that he declined to take the money. Although it was actually put down on the stone before him, he walked away. It had to be brought again by another messenger, and Mr. Rose was detained an extra week in consequence!

CHAPTER IV

LORD WOLSELEY AND SIR HARRY PARKES (1880)

Lord Wolseley describes his First Fight—The Qualifications of a General—Wolseley's Luck—The Youth of Archibald Forbes—From Prison to Platform—Whistler's Improvidence—Boiled Lobsters in Art—Mrs. Bishop the Traveller—Her Encounter with a Bear—Sir Harry Parkes tells the Story of his Captivity—He finds Treachery afoot at Peking—He and Mr. Loch are seized—Their Prison Experiences—Their Release.

London, July, 1880.—Met Sir Garnet Wolseley. After dinner he came up and took a chair near me and, in answer to some question of mine, entered on the following account of his early life, which I note down in his words, as near as I can recall them. He said: "I had always a passionate desire to go into the Army; but my father at first opposed it. He and my grandfather before him had both been soldiers, and he knew the evils and drawbacks of the profession. Then my thoughts took a religious turn, and I had an equally strong desire to go into the Church—intense zeal—an enemy to overcome—the longing to be a leader among men. It was the same spirit working in another form. But the desire passed, and I returned to my old love. I devoured every book on military science I could get hold of. Nothing was too deep, nothing too dry. I had a sister, a good deal older than me, who used to say, 'What is the use of your reading those books? You will lead an idle life, wear a red coat, and lounge about in the Park.' My actual experience proved in strange contrast to her contemptuous insinuations; for on the *very day* I got my commission I was sent off with my regiment to Burma, and for eight years after that date was constantly engaged in active service. I had not even

time to be drilled—was actually in battle before I had learned to slope my musket.”

I asked him how he felt the first time he was in action. “Well,” he said, “the first day I joined the forces in Burma I could see the fighting in front, but I myself was out of harm’s way. Next day I felt a strong desire to know what would be my feelings when exposed to fire—to test whether or not I was a coward. There was a little grove of trees near the river beneath us, where the enemy’s bullets were raining freely upon a party of our men engaged in making rafts to cross the stream. I walked down deliberately to the spot. The bullets were falling thick among the bullocks which had brought down the barrels for making the rafts, wounding several, and one mad with fright came plunging through the brushwood where I stood. I dodged to avoid it, and heard two men laugh who were at work close by. They called out to me—I was quite a youngster—‘Ah, sir, you’ll get accustomed to this sort of thing when you’ve been with us a little longer.’ They thought I was trying to dodge the bullets. I felt so furious at this imputation upon my courage that I could have killed the men. However, after that I had nineteen days in the thick of the fighting.” “And were you ever wounded?” “Yes, I was wounded badly in that campaign, but not till the last hour of the nineteenth day. We had attempted to take a fort in the morning by assault, but it had proved too strong. Our guns battered its defences all day, and towards the evening volunteers were called for for another assault. I offered myself, together with another young fellow of about my age. We were little more than boys, but the British soldier will always follow where his officer leads. It was a nasty place. We had to approach through a narrow ravine, the enemy’s guns pointing down the ravine. The only chance was to do it by a rush, and we went at it as hard as we could run. I and my young companion who were leading were both bowled over at the same moment—he, poor fellow, was killed, while I escaped with a severe wound in the thigh.”

"Did it hurt at the moment?" I asked. "No," said Sir Garnet, "I don't think it did; but you've no conception of the force of a blow like that. I was rolled over like a ninepin." "What happened then?" "Luckily the sergeant who followed us was a brave fellow. I called out to him, 'For God's sake lead the men on!' He did so, and in a few moments the fort was ours. But had he wavered it would have been all up with us."

Talking more generally of war, Sir Garnet Wolseley said that on a field of battle nothing was so infectious or so fatal as any sentiment of compassion; that a good general is obliged to steel his heart against any such feeling, or at least repress any expression of it. He said of himself that in private life he hated even seeing a cut finger, and would rather pay a thousand pounds than see a man flogged. "I always do make a point," he said, "after an action of going round and seeing every man in hospital, but I dread it more than the action itself. In the battle one forgets that they are *men*. One must see the horrors unmoved, and shattered trunks and mangled limbs—one must regard men as if they were so many puppets stuffed with sawdust. If a general gives way to his feelings, he gives his host away—it means their destruction."

Later there is one further brief reference to Lord Wolseley, under date 1882, which for convenience I insert here :

Hickleton.—About a fortnight after the great victory at Tel-el-Kebir, when Arabi and his forces were completely put to rout, we were walking in the grounds and discussing the career of Sir Garnet Wolseley—his good fortune, etc. Major Henry Wood said that as a young man Wolseley had studied engineering at Dublin; and during the Crimean War, although not attached to the Engineers, he offered to give them his assistance. It was a service of great danger. They messed together in little parties of five, and as one man was killed another took his place. Twice over, said Major Wood, every man in that mess was

killed except Sir Garnet Wolseley, who was badly wounded in the face and lost his right eye.

London, July, 1880.—Dining one day at Mr. Craufurd Grove's, my neighbour gave me the following account of Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous War Correspondent. He said: "My people used to live in Banffshire, in the next parish to where old Mr. Forbes was minister, so we knew the whole family well. Archie was a regular 'ne'er-do-weel'—always in scrapes, until his family gave him up as a bad job. He 'listed as a private, but did no better in the Army. His regiment was ordered out to Canada, and his first literary effort was an article—published I think in the *Cornhill*—on the military prison of Montreal, written from the prison where he was suffering for one of his misdemeanours. Next he returned to Edinburgh with a companion no better than himself. Old Mr. Forbes had died, and the two youths laid their heads together and concocted a scheme to get the funds they badly needed. The friend was to write to old Mrs. Forbes to tell her that Archie had just died, and to ask her to send money for his funeral, on which money they intended to enjoy themselves. But when old Mrs. Forbes received the news her heart was touched, and—thinking that perhaps she had been rather hard on poor Archie—she determined to go herself to Edinburgh to see that he was buried decently. When at last she knocked at the door of the lodging, where she supposed poor Archie's corpse to be lying, Archie himself opened it for her. His mother was justly furious, and again Archie found himself stranded without a shilling. Being now forced to live by his wits, and having a natural facility with his pen, he took to writing for his bread. When the Austro-German War broke out he went to London and offered himself as War Correspondent to several newspapers, but they would have nothing to say to him. At last he tried the editors of the *Daily News*. 'Well,' they said, 'here are some notes from the seat of war; see what kind of article you can make out of them.' His article was rapidly finished and

approved. He was then invited to write a second article on any subject that he might choose; and the result was so satisfactory that he was sent off at once as a War Correspondent for the *Daily News*. With responsibility came steadiness; and both then and in subsequent campaigns he gained golden opinions, and was admired for the courage and generosity with which he exposed himself to danger where he could succour the wounded."

I heard him, when he was at the height of his fame, give a lecture at the Army and Navy Institute—I think it was—near Charing Cross, to a crowded audience of veteran officers who hung with interest on his words. He was a fine, soldierly-looking fellow, and began by modestly saying how deeply touched he was that day at finding himself before so distinguished an audience, when he remembered that he had begun life as a private soldier. Then he added with a smile that the gallant general, who had now kindly consented to occupy the chair, had once referred to him in these words: "Give that man ten days' extra drill." It was a curious and striking scene.

September, 1880. Dolgelly.—Mr. Burt told us some stories of Whistler and of his improvidence—how he never paid even his rates until he was writted for them. Someone asked him what rates he had to pay on his house. "Rates?" said he. "Rates? Are those the things that come through the Queen's Bench?"

I related an anecdote about Whistler that I had heard from Mrs. Hankey. Whistler had asked some great lady and her friends to visit his studio. They arrived; were shown into a room destitute of furniture, with some rolls of canvas piled in the corner. Thus standing about they were kept waiting for the artist. When at last he arrived—"Well, Mr. Whistler," said the great lady good-humouredly, "you might have given us some chairs to sit upon!" "Dear me!" said he, "I am very sorry. These lawyers, you know! You can't tell when they'll come and seize your furniture, can you? So I sent it all away!" "Well, I hope you've kept your pictures, and that we may

see them," said the lady. "Here they are," replied Whistler; and he took hold of one of the rolls of canvas, undid it and flung it on the floor. It looked as if first a bucket of ink, and then a bucket of water, had been emptied over the canvas; except at its extreme lower edge, at the bottom of this inky sea, there wandered some queer creatures that looked like scarlet lobsters. "Lobsters!" said Whistler, as he saw the lady gaze towards these strange forms. "But surely," gasped the lady at last; "certainly I always fancied that lobsters were not red till they were boiled!" "Oh!" cried Whistler scornfully, "art does not trouble itself about such petty details."

*Lythe Hill, Haslemere.*¹ November 5th, 1880.—Sir Harry Parkes, Minister in Japan, told us some curious particulars about Miss Bird (Mrs. Bishop), the traveller, niece to Archbishop Sumner. She brought letters of recommendation to him in Japan. From having read her books of travel he expected to see a strong masculine sort of woman, and was much surprised when there entered a little fragile creature with a spinal complaint. He at once made up his mind that she was not fit to travel at all, and when she asked for information he pointed out to her on the maps only places easy of access. "Oh, but," she said, "these are places where everybody goes. I want to go where nobody goes!" And she went—quite alone with a Japanese servant who knew a little English. "It ought to have killed her," said Sir Harry Parkes; "but it didn't. However, I am bound to say, she came back looking very ill." Lady Parkes had provided her with many little comforts—medicines, beef-tea, and the like. But she threw them all overboard. "My luggage must not weigh over 200 lbs.," she obstinately insisted. And as her servant who weighed 127 lbs. was included in that amount, there were only 73 lbs. left for all she needed. "But she wrote," added Sir Harry, "the best book that's been

¹ Then the Surrey residence of James Stewart Hodgson, a partner in Barings, and his wife

written about Japan; and contrived to pick the brains of everybody she met."

"As to her age," asked Mrs. Hodgson, "is she nearer thirty or fifty?"

"Oh, well, if you allow me that margin," said Sir Harry Parkes, "I should say she was nearer fifty. As to manner—she speaks very well, but very slowly, and rather as if she were composing each sentence before she spoke it. I witnessed an amusing scene between her and a young gentleman who was swaggering about an adventure with a bear—how it had eaten his horse, and then attacked him. 'But I thought a bear was not a carnivorous animal!' said Miss Bird very simply. 'Oh, well,' said the young gentleman, after pausing to consider the meaning of the word carnivorous; 'but the horse had gone, so he must have eaten him!' 'But would he not have left the bones?' again quietly put in Miss Bird. 'I am interested, you know,' she added, 'because I tried to make a study of bears for some months in the Rocky Mountains. It is only when they are irritated they seem to attack people. Once my horse shied at a bear, and threw me out of my saddle. I fell right against the bush from which it walked out. My horse made off to the right, but the bear made off as quickly to the left, and I sprawled on the ground between them.' The young gentleman after that stopped relating his adventures to us."

The captivity of Sir Harry Parkes in the hands of the Chinese was once a story known to every boy, but later tragedies and adventures have overshadowed the memory of events so distant as those of the year 1860. Although the full tale may be sought in the *Life of Sir Harry Parkes*, many readers will be glad of the following brief and vivid account of his experiences as he himself related them to the Diarist:

On Sunday night Mrs. Hodgson persuaded Sir Harry Parkes to tell us the history of his captivity in Peking in the war that ended in 1860. He said: "The Chinese showing a desire to treat, I was sent by Lord Elgin to

meet three of their plenipotentiaries at Tungchou—about twelve miles from Peking—to arrange preliminaries. We talked over matters amicably; an agreement was outlined that seemed so satisfactory to Lord Elgin that I was sent the following day to complete arrangements. I wished again to go alone, but this second time I suffered myself to be over-persuaded; and Captain Brabazon and his friend, two Frenchmen, several newspaper correspondents and others, to the number of some twenty, accompanied me.

“This time I found the manner of the Chinese commissioners much changed. They made captious objections, and contrived so many delays that our conference, begun at noon, was not ended till after dark. I had still to send off a despatch to Lord Elgin, and another to my military chief, Sir Hope Grant. It was three in the morning before I had done writing. I was dead tired, but dared not lie down, lest I should go to sleep, and fail to be early on the spot where we had agreed the English troops were to take up their stand the next day, five miles distant from the city. So, by way of keeping myself awake, I rode out across the plain to inspect the place selected for our soldiers to encamp. I became aware through the darkness of large masses of troops moving towards that very spot. I became convinced that there was treachery afoot. I turned back, and as day began to dawn I perceived that the plain—where yesterday not a human being could be seen—was now alive with thousands of men all moving in the same direction.

“As I neared Tungchou I met Mr. Loch. I told him to ride with all speed to overtake, if possible, the orderly I had sent off with my despatches, at all events to see Sir Hope Grant, to tell him there was treachery. ‘Tell him,’ I said, ‘to pay no attention to my despatches, but to come prepared to fight.’ Meantime I hurried off to try to collect my party, for I was sure that our lives would be in danger, as soon as there was daylight enough for our enemies to see us. But my folk were dispersed—curio-hunting.

Nearly two hours were lost before I could get them together.

"Then it occurred to me Lord Elgin would expect me to discover if possible the causes of this sudden change of policy. I bethought myself of the three Commissioners. They were already on their way to Peking. I rode after them and overtook them; but in answer to my remonstrances they only laughed in my face. It was high time to be gone, for we had been riding through threatening crowds, who surrounded us with menacing words and gestures whenever we halted. Our safety lay in constantly shifting our ground before any individual member of the crowd had courage to begin an attack. We now started to make our way across the five-mile plain, and, as we set off, we were rejoined by Mr. Loch, who had volunteered to return at Sir Hope Grant's request to urge our immediate departure. He was unwilling to attack before he should be assured of our safety. Yet now the battle had begun. The Chinese, some 40,000 strong, at the sight of our 3,000, could not restrain their cavalry. So it happened that we became surrounded and were seized. In vain I remonstrated, explained we were messengers of peace, and demanded to be taken before their General. That much at last they conceded, and Loch and I were directed towards a clump of trees where General Sangkolinsin was stationed. On entering a grove of trees a group of men, pointing their rifles at us, forced us to dismount; we were stripped nearly naked, beaten, and thrown on our faces before the General. He rated us soundly, and desired us at once to 'stop the battle'—whereby we gathered that the Chinese, despite their numerical superiority, were getting the worst of it; and great was his disgust when I explained that I was but Lord Elgin's secretary, without power to stop the battle.

"We were thrown into a cart and driven to another part of the battlefield, where we were interrogated by another general, who ended by ordering that we should be at once beheaded. Our hands were seized, and bound tightly by

a cord behind our backs. We were forced upon our knees; Loch and I bade each other farewell—as the executioner stood by with uplifted sword. When, suddenly, there came a rush of flying men, sweeping everything before them. Again we were flung into the cart, went jolting and bumping across country, in great suffering so tightly bound were we, but thankful to have escaped for the time the death that had seemed imminent.

“Poor Brabazon and his friend had actually been beheaded. The rest of our little band of twenty, with scarce an exception, died.

“When we got upon the road leading to Peking it was so blocked with fugitives that our cart could move but slowly. We had had no food all day; the sun beat upon our half-naked bodies; we were devoured by a burning thirst, but implored in vain for water. Tighter and tighter they drew our bonds until our hands began to swell and turn black. The crowd of fugitives abused and ill-treated us. Not till ten at night did we reach the gate of Peking. Under the gate, along the street we passed, and so into an immense court crowded with people and lit by lanterns. I saw by an inscription on the walls it was called the ‘Court of Punishment’—of torture.

“There we were separated, in spite of our entreaties. I was taken out of the cart; said ‘good-bye’ to Loch, bidding him try to keep up his spirits. It was worse for him than for me, since he could not speak Chinese. I was led down a passage to a spot where the ground seemed to open before me. It was indeed a sort of pit full of human beings. There I was laid on a wooden pallet about a foot above the ground; an iron band round my body was fastened to a beam above me; heavy chains were secured to my feet and hands; but my arms were released from behind me—and the relief was so unspeakable, that to this I attribute the preservation of my life.

“I suppose I became insensible, for the next thing I remember was being hauled off to be examined by five judges. Executioners stood by my side, instruments of

torture were on the ground, evidently designed to terrify me. I was examined upon the strength of our forces. I purposely did not diminish their strength, but gave the whole number of Europeans, including camp followers, etc., when they imagined I was giving only the number of fighting men. I added, to their evident uneasiness, that we could procure as many more men as we needed at very short notice. They were offended at my speaking of the 'Queen.' 'Call her Head-woman!' said they. 'You should know that there is only one Sovereign in the world—the Emperor of China.'

"When they disliked my answers the executioners maltreated me. At a signal from the judges they would pull out hair from my head or whiskers, at another would shake a thumbscrew in my face. Hoping to bring the scene to an end I simulated a fainting fit, but the result was so extremely unpleasant I did not attempt it again. But at last I was taken back to my dungeon, and given some cakes of millet and hot water—cold water being considered unwholesome. The chamber would have been stuffy with eight or ten people in it, but into the space were crowded no less than seventy-three prisoners; and some of them had been there for years! The others were not chained as I was, and most of them were tolerably civil and inclined to be sympathetic. One man was insolent at first and abused me; but luckily the Chinese are susceptible to chaff, and I soon had the laugh on my side. By day we got some air through a big grated window, but at night, when it was boarded up, the stench was intolerable; one felt as if one were being asphyxiated.

"For seven days I remained there, except while being interrogated, when my great object was to impress upon them that I was without power or authority. I hardly knew how long my strength, or even reason, would hold out, and I feared what I might be induced to say if they employed real torture in my weakened condition.

"On the eighth day they came and said that they wished me to write to Lord Elgin. Of course I was only too

enchanted. They brought paper and pens, then sat close to me to watch every stroke I made. I began. . . . ' Stop ! ' they said, ' the letter must be in Chinese.' ' Then Lord Elgin will not be able to read it,' I replied. ' Never mind,' they insisted; ' he can get interpreters.' I had no choice but to submit; and began to date my letter—' Court of Punishment.' ' Stop ! Stop ! ' they cried again. ' You've been long enough in China to know that it is not good manners to talk of such things as prisons and punishments ! ' I saw how they were unwilling that our friends should know we were in prison, that I had some hold upon them. They desired me to say that we were well, and well treated. So I persisted: ' I can only date the letter from the place where I am. If you like to put me in a palace, I shall be happy to date it from a palace; but while I am in a prison, I must date it from a prison ! '

"They left me, and took two more days to consider this point. Then my chains were taken off, and, after nine to ten days in this loathsome dungeon, I was conducted to a sort of little temple, a small circular building enclosed in an outer court. Still I refused to write that we were ' well treated ' unless they would bring Mr. Loch to me, or take me to him. At last they consented to bring him, and you can imagine how thankful we were to be together once more. Then I wrote, they scrutinising every word. ' We must sign our names in English, or Lord Elgin will not believe it comes from us.' To this, after prolonged objection, they agreed. So Loch wrote his name very big; I did the same; and around our names, with the appearance of flourishes, we contrived to introduce a message in Hindustanee, which we trusted our inquisitors would not understand.

"For a week we got no answer. The guards, who were with us day and night, told us that our army was cut to pieces, was swept from the face of the earth, while we knew not what to think. At last the reply came, together with a bundle of clothes that we had asked for and sorely needed. The letter was in Chinese, formal and cautiously expressed,

hoping that 'all might be amicably arranged, if the Chinese would treat on reasonable terms,' etc. We felt that there must be some additional message. But we found no letter or paper among the clothes. It was evident that they had already been searched. Moreover we could make no minute examination, as six or seven guards were always watching our every movement. That night I made the most of an attack of cholera, clamoured to be taken into the open air and groaned and writhed in the outer court until all the guards, seriously alarmed for my life, gathered round me. Suddenly I heard a low whistle from Loch, and knew that he had found what he wanted. Soon I was well enough to return indoors, when I learned from Loch that there was a message worked in red thread on the tail of one of our shirts!

"Afterwards I heard that Lord John Hay had been taught this work by his mother, and that he had embroidered the secret message. The message ran: 'Will attack in three days. Where are you?' And two of these days were already gone; nor were we likely to survive an attack. We urged General Hang-Ki, who came every day with the other functionaries to threaten or interrogate us, to send out mediators to ward off any attack that was threatened; but only the same useless altercation resulted. 'You must prevent an attack,' said they. 'But we are prisoners, and have neither power nor authority,' we replied. 'The first gun that is fired will be the signal for your heads to be thrown over the wall,' was the rejoinder. And so we were at a deadlock; we could only watch and wait.

"The third day the sound of firing was actually heard, and Hang-Ki rushed in agitated on us: 'There! You hear that? What will you do now?' But it proved no attack; only a salute to show the French where our forces were; for the millet grew so high that the two allied armies were concealed from each other. Indeed, while the English were attacking Peking, the French were looting the Summer Palace three miles away.

"From this time our guards became daily more surly, and we saw from their scowling looks that matters had changed for the worse. One day we were told abruptly that 'the next would be our last.' We gained permission to write to our friends. So Loch wrote to his mother; and I a long farewell letter to my wife. That night we believed to be our last, a bitter ending to our sufferings.

"The next day, however, Hang-Ki again appeared with other officials, but, passing close to me, he whispered in my ear (as if unwilling to be overheard), 'You will be set free to-day.' We interpreted this utterance in the worst sense. So ferocious and insulting had the temper of the people become that, when a cart was driven into the courtyard and I and Loch had got into it, 'I am afraid it's all over with us now,' I said to him.

"We drove slowly out into the crowded streets, the people swarming around and threatening us. There are several gates to the town, and between each gate and the outer wall is a space often used as a place of execution. We passed the gate, and here—in this outer space—the cart drew up. So sure were we now that the end had come, that we bade each other solemnly 'good-bye.' Loch had a little pocket Church Service, that had been restored to him at his request, and we now began to read together the Burial Service. So deeply were we absorbed in prayer, that we became almost unconscious to what was passing around us.

"Suddenly we were aroused to a sense of outer things. The cart was moving again—moving towards the outer wall. The outer gate opened before us, and closed again. We were in the open country, not a soul but our driver in sight, except for the Chinese swarming on the walls sixty feet above us. 'Where are you going to take us?' we asked the driver. 'Where you choose,' he answered surlily. 'To the English camp, then.' 'Where is it?' he asked. 'Nay, you must know better than we do,' I said; and after some hesitation he took a road under the city walls, which were bristling with armed men; and so for

nearly two miles, until at last to our infinite relief he turned off at right angles into the country.

"We were well out of sight of the walls when we heard the sound of galloping behind us, and several horsemen approached frantically signalling us to stop. 'They were shocked to find that we had been sent away without any food!' and they begged us to enter a hut that stood by the roadside, when 'our wants would be supplied immediately.'

"We were in greater danger at that moment in reality than ever before. It appeared afterwards that the Emperor when flying from Peking had bethought him of the two English prisoners, and—on the principle that 'Dead men tell no tales'—had sent back peremptory orders that we should be summarily despatched. It seems Hang-Ki had got wind of this order before it was delivered, and, for reasons of his own, set us free before it arrived.

"We protested that we were not hungry, but the riders were ominously urgent and would not allow the cart to proceed. 'Now,' said I to Loch, 'we must run for it.' We set off along the road, the horsemen shouting at us, trying to intercept us, but as yet not actually attacking us, when we came upon a sight that revived our drooping courage and our fast ebbing strength—the sight of an English sentry! Our pursuers drew rein; one more burst, and we were within the English lines!"

"But why did they not kill you?" I asked Sir Harry Parkes, "since they were armed and had you at their mercy."

"That is not the Chinese way," he replied. "It was too near the British lines. They didn't want any scandal or fuss. No, inside a hut they could have finished us off quietly and comfortably."

"You must have taken some time to recover your strength," I remarked.

"No; the very next day I had to go to Peking with the Commissioners who were to negotiate a treaty of peace. One of the conditions insisted upon was the surrender of

a certain gate of Peking. They were most unwilling to concede that. Hang-Ki came out to see me about it, reminding me that we owed our lives to him, in return for which he asked this boon, that this condition should not be insisted upon. I told him I could only convey his request to General Grant, that I had no influence in the matter. Upon this he flew into a furious rage, departing in a passion. He had not gone long when some of his attendants came running towards me, beating their breasts, saying their master had hanged himself. And there, true enough, behind the door of one of those roadside huts we found Hang-Ki hanging. But I fancied he was not quite dead, and instantly myself cut him down, instructing his attendants how to restore him. After a while he recovered consciousness; so, curiously, I did in fact give him life for life."

The rest is matter of history. The Chinese held out to the last minute until Sir Hope Grant declared that if they did not surrender the gate before twelve o'clock the next day he would bombard the town. Half-past eleven came, and then Sir Hope moved up his cannon opposite to the gate. At five minutes to twelve a man issued forth bearing a white flag, and the gate was peacefully surrendered.

CHAPTER V

HAUNTING TALES AND AN IRISH TRAGEDY (1881 AND 1882)

At Petrograd—The Wiles of Gortschakoff—Russian Hospitality—The Death of Henri V—Fifty Years of Sentry Duty—The Game of Combles—Mr. Heaphy paints a Ghost—A Mysterious Meeting—Marriage and Remarriage—A Wizard Farmer—A Devil at Dinner—The Murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish—Sir George Trevelyan at the Chief Secretary's Lodge.

THE author visited Russia in the autumn of 1881 and again in 1883. As both entries relating to her visits are brief I have brought them together here :

August, 1881. St. Petersburg.—Went out to see the Sergi Monastery, and stopped to dine with the John Hubbards at Ligova on our return. Among other things he spoke of the Empress's passion for dancing. A ball the other night began as early as nine o'clock and at last, at 4 a.m., the Emperor, who hates dancing, sent one Grand Duke after another to the Empress to tell her that she must stop dancing, but in vain. So he had recourse to the ruse of sending word to the musicians to go off one by one. It was only when there remained in the orchestra but one fiddle and one big drum that the hint was taken and she brought the ball to an end.

With regard to opening letters Mr. Hubbard told us that at one time even Lord Napier's letters were tampered with. Discovering that the Russian officials knew things that they had no business to know, and feeling suspicious, he requested the Foreign Office to make some minute difference in the official seal, so slight as to be perceptible only to those in the secret. The letters still continued to be delivered with the original seal, thus proving that they had been opened and that the Russian authorities, having

got a copy of the first seal, were continuing to make use of it. It was an awkward matter to deal with, the meddling with official dispatches constituting a serious breach of diplomatic relationship.

Lord Napier, therefore, on the next occasion when Gortschakoff called upon him, took care to have six or seven of these letters placed conspicuously on the mantelpiece. "By the way," said he in the course of conversation, "there is a curious thing I want to show you about these seals. When they leave the Foreign Office in London this line inclines to the left. When the letters reach me this same line invariably inclines to the right!" Gortschakoff looked, examined the seals, declared "it was very curious, very curious indeed." But he took the hint, saw the trick had been discovered, and it did not happen again.

I mentioned how Sir Richard Wilbraham told me that after the siege of Sebastopol a young Russian officer wanted to see his father's house. Sir Richard rode in with him. But so knocked about was the town that the young Russian was unable to identify the spot where the house had stood. Sir Richard liked the Russians; in fact after the siege they were almost too friendly in their hospitality. Lord Rokeby and his Staff were invited one day to dine at the Russian Headquarters. They rode in together, but Lord Rokeby, a tough old campaigner, was the only one who could get upon his horse to ride back.

I have always understood the habit of cigarette smoking to be a legacy of the Crimean campaign. General Wilbraham told me that in his Division almost all the heads of the Staff were non-smokers. He himself, the second in command, was a non-smoker, so were Percy Herbert and Lords Chelmsford and Raglan. The younger officers and men smoked in the trenches, "and we were glad they should do so," he said, "but among ourselves smoking was practically unknown."

(1883). *Visit to the Kremlin, that huge palace and citadel surrounded by walls.*—I remembered Mr. Ponsonby, who had been sent in an official capacity to be present at

the coronation of the Emperor in 1855, describing to me the striking scene that followed upon the coronation. The Emperor, dressed like an emperor of fairy tale, with velvet robes and a magnificent crown of diamonds, walked in procession all round the walls of the Kremlin, showing himself to the people, who seemed to regard him as a deity.

We heard while in Russia of the death of the Comte de Chambord (Henry V). I recollect Mrs. Hankey telling me that she had been taken as a girl to see him at the Tuileries. He was sitting on the table kicking his heels, and continued to do so after the ladies entered. "Mais saluez, donc, ces dames!" said his tutor; upon which he gave an awkward sort of nod. His sister then came in; she had much better manners, and made her salutations very gracefully. She was a clever little girl. On one occasion she was driving out with her governess, and the people cheered her. The governess desired her to bow, or say something to the crowd. The Princess accordingly put her head out of the window and said, in English: "Pink and green are fit for a Queen!" The people, who of course had not understood a word, cheered her more lustily than ever. On which the little girl of ten years old turned to her governess and remarked: "And *this* is popularity!"

A good example of customs outliving their purpose:—In the Royal Gardens of St. Petersburg the Czar noticed a sentinel posted among the flower beds, and asked why the sentry was there: "It seems strange—there is nothing for him to guard." It *was* strange, but nobody had noticed its strangeness before. The officer on duty could only say that so long as he could remember there always had been a sentry posted on that spot. The matter was further investigated by the Emperor's orders, when it appeared that some fifty years before the Czarina of that day had noticed in the garden a particularly beautiful flower which she wished to preserve. A sentry was posted at her desire to prevent anyone gathering the flower. Although more than half a century had elapsed since that incident occurred, a sentry had been placed there ever since.

Another example of the sort is given :

For many years after the Peninsular War an English transport was left in Vigo Bay. It had been used for the conveyance of troops. Year after year the bill for harbour dues was sent in by the Spaniards, and duly honoured by the Admiralty, but nobody ever thought of asking why the transport had originally been sent to Vigo or the reason she remained there. But there she lay, until she went to pieces, and it was not until she had been lying some years at the bottom of the sea that some new hand ventured to question the expediency of continuing to pay the harbour dues.

The letters in the following conceit would need to be very differently grouped to-day, when the shame rests with her enemies, the glory with France :

Moscow (1883). Count Iffemovski gave me the following upon the Franco-Prussian War. The letters to be pronounced as in French :

La Nation Française	A.B.C.	La Gloire	F.A.C.
Les Places Fortes	O.Q.P.	Le Peuple	M.B.T.
Deux Provinces	C.D.	Les Lois	L.U.D.
La Justice	D.C.D.	Les Trêves	H.T.
La Liberté	F.M.R.	Le Crédit	B.C.
Les Denrées	L.V.	La Ruine	H.V.
La Honte Seule . .	R.S.T.		

He also taught us a French game called "Combles." For example :

Le comble de la bêtise . .	De la chercher.
Le comble de l'aristocratie .	Ne pas avoir le sens (sang) commun.
Le comble de l'insolence .	D'ouvrir un parapluie dans la bouche de sa grand- mère.
Le comble de l'ignorance .	C'est de supposer que l'édit (lady) de Nantes est une grande dame anglaise !

The notebooks include a generous allowance of stories mysterious and supernatural; for several of these Canon Maccoll or Mr. Augustus Hare was responsible as narrator. The author, I judge, was less concerned about the reality of apparitions than the dramatic merits of the tales which they evoked. She regarded the proper function of ghosts to be the entertaining of mortals. Even the most credulous will be sceptical about the tale related by Canon Maccoll which is given in the next entry :

London, March 29th, 1882.—Mr. Herbert Stephen, Miss Wilson, Mr. Cole and Rev. Malcolm Maccoll to dinner—conversation about ghosts—Mr. Maccoll related the following: Mr. Heaphy, a celebrated German artist living in London, was invited to paint the portraits of the family of a Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck who resided in Lincolnshire, and to pay them a first visit on his return from spending a holiday in Scotland. At Doncaster a lady entered his carriage, and putting up her veil disclosed a very handsome face—a charming expression, and the general effect striking. She was about 23 years of age, lively and pleasant. She soon began to talk to Mr. Heaphy, and evidently knew who he was and a good deal about him, which he could not understand as he had certainly never seen her before. At the junction Mr. Heaphy got out. The young lady made a movement as though to shake hands with him, then smiled and said, “Do you know, I feel we shall soon meet again.” Mr. Heaphy saw her train go out before taking his seat in his train that was waiting on the branch line.

Arrived at his destination, he was informed that his hosts had been out for the day and would not be back until dinner time. He went to his room to dress, and on descending to the drawing-room found that the servants had not yet brought in the lamps, but saw by the light of a blazing fire a young lady standing by the fireplace with her back towards him. When she turned, to his amazement he recognised the young lady from whom he had so lately parted. She smiled and said, “I told you we would soon meet again.”

"But how on earth did you get here?" exclaimed Mr. Heaphy. "I saw you go off by the train to London."

"Well, I have managed it, and I see you know me again," she added. "But do you think you would always know me again; could you remember my face well enough to paint it?"

"Hardly that at present, I think," Mr. Heaphy replied; but at that moment Mrs. Kirkbeck entered full of apologies. She did not introduce him to the lady, and he had no opportunity of referring to his adventure in the train. At dinner the young lady faced Mr. Heaphy. She took no part in the conversation; nor—Mr. Heaphy noticed—did Mr. or Mrs. Kirkbeck ever address her.

In the evening other guests arrived; there was much talking and music, and it was not until late in the evening that he was able to get near his charming companion of the train. She was standing alone by a table at the end of the room, turning over the leaves of an album.

"Who is that like?" she said to him, pointing to a particular engraving. "Don't you think it is like me? My father is so wanting to have a portrait of me. Don't you think you could paint one from this engraving?"

She seemed greatly disappointed when Mr. Heaphy replied that it would not be possible to paint a satisfactory portrait in that way; and a moment afterwards they were interrupted and the party broke up for the night. Mr. Heaphy had arranged to leave early the next morning, and asked the footman who came with his hot water, "Who was the young lady who dined here last night?" "There was no young lady at dinner, sir." "I mean the lady who sat opposite me—perhaps she was the governess." "No, sir; she dines upstairs."

Mr. Heaphy had arranged to return to paint the Kirkbeck family in a fortnight. Meanwhile he remained in town, and one day sitting in his studio, the door open, he found himself suddenly face to face with the young lady. "I have come about my portrait," she said. "You must paint my picture, you must indeed! See, I have brought

you the engraving. Oh, do, do! You don't know how much depends on it."

"Well, but give me a sitting," he said.

"No, no, I can't do that."

But he had caught up a bit of paper, and as she moved nervously about the room he managed to get a tolerably faithful outline, first of one side of her face, and then of the other. She said that she must go, and Mr. Heaphy accompanied her downstairs and opened the street door, when she disappeared rather than walked into the gathering dusk.

Mr. Heaphy rang for his servant. "What name did that lady give?" "I have not let any lady in, sir, this afternoon."

On the appointed day Mr. Heaphy set off once more for Lincolnshire to paint the Kirkbeck portraits, but at the eventful junction found through some blunder his luggage had been sent on to Lichfield, including all his painting things, and decided that the quickest way to recover them would be to go on to Lichfield himself for the night. Arrived there, his luggage recovered, he repaired to the inn. Within an hour a perfect stranger walked in. "Mr. Heaphy, I presume?" said he. "I have long been wishing to make your acquaintance," continued the gentleman, "in order to persuade you to paint a portrait of my daughter Catherine."

Mr. Heaphy accepted an invitation from this Mr. Lute to dinner, and was introduced to a pleasing-looking girl as Mr. Lute's daughter. "Is it your portrait," asked Mr. Heaphy, "that your father wishes me to paint? Is your name Catherine?" After a moment's hesitation the girl explained that Catherine was the name of a sister who had lately died, and her father was so distressed at having no sort of likeness of her that it had become almost a monomania with him. He hoped that Mr. Heaphy might be able to paint a portrait of her from description. "Impossible!" said Mr. Heaphy. "But have you no photograph of her even?" "No, nothing," was Miss

Lute's reply. "We had an engraving that bore some resemblance to her, but even that somehow has been lost." This reference to an engraving gave to Mr. Heaphy the idea of going in quest of the engraving that the mysterious stranger had given him, and the outline sketch of her that he had taken. On returning he produced the engraving and sketch. "Why, this is the actual engraving!" exclaimed the girl. "And this sketch—it is Catherine herself! I must show it to my father."

Mr. Maccoll told us he had himself seen letters from the artist confirming the story. Yet Miss Howard afterwards told me that she had heard the story long ago, as having happened to a family named Mott, three sisters living in the Precincts at Lichfield, the sister that died being a Mrs. Fell.

Another story of the kind was related, and the adventure ascribed to a Baron Turton, a barony unknown to Burke, but Upsall Castle is the seat of the Turton family, where Mr. Turton, who married a daughter of Lord Milltown and died in 1896, then resided:

Baron Turton dreamed that someone came and told him to go to Westminster Bridge, where he would meet an old man who had something to say to him. So impressed was he by the dream that he went the next day, and as he walked backwards and forwards on the bridge saw an old man who appeared to be scanning the passers-by. Baron Turton stopped next him, and "Ah!" said the old man, "it is you I saw in a dream and am looking for. I have a message to give you. You must go down to Yorkshire, to Upsall Castle, and there," at a certain spot which he described, "you must dig and you will find three pots of gold." The old man was proceeding to claim as his share one of the three pots, when Baron Turton walked hastily away as though ignoring the information, although in fact intending to test its value. He went down to Upsall Castle, did dig at the place indicated, did find first one and then a second pot of gold, but never the third—

for that should have been the share of his mysterious old informant.

Mr. Cole and Mr. Herbert Stephen told some good stories—one of a clerk who came late to his business one morning and explained that it was because he could not get his breakfast. “Not that I wish to complain of my wife,” he said; “if she were to die, I should never marry again.” Mr. Herbert Stephen, *per contra*, told a story of an Alderman who, discussing the subject with Mr. Justice Stephen on circuit, said, “Not that I am an advocate against re-marriages! I was very happy with my first wife, but I was equally happy with number two. Now I am not only very happy with number three, but if it were to please Heaven to take her, there is a young lady who, etc.”

A clergyman, questioning a poor woman as to the state of her husband's soul, said, “You should be instant with him in season and out of season.” “Oh, yes, sir!” said the woman. “Often and often I wakes him up o' nights, and says, ‘John,’ says I, ‘you'll be gnashing your teeth in torments soon!’”

Ashgrove, May, 1882.—My first visit since Mr. Kirkman Hodgson's time, and it was pleasant to find the same cordial welcome from the young people, and the same genial, humorous hospitality in Robert Hodgson and Lady Nora. She also caught up the pleasant fashion of calling me “Aunt,” enrolling herself in the catalogue of my numerous fictitious “nephews and nieces”! There were staying here on different days several pleasant men, among whom Mr. Hayward Sumner related with considerable humour his adventures in a third-class carriage, the inconvenience occasioned by the length of his own legs, the sulky observations—“I wish *some* people would mind where they're putting their feet to!”—the way in which another of the passengers took his part, and then how a general quarrel ensued wherein the original cause of offence was altogether forgotten.

We talked of the black arts and witchcraft, and I

mentioned how Mr. Locke King had told me that he well remembered being shown a witch and a wizard in Somersetshire towards the beginning of this century at a farmers' dinner. The wizard, a farmer, was made to dine at a separate table because none of the others would sit down with him, and anyone who met his wife, the witch, out walking would turn tail and run. One of the farmers was supposed to be bewitched by her, and the "wise man" who was consulted told his friends, "You must look after him well, or he'll destroy himself." Which sure enough he did: the idea so got possession of his nerves that he ended by hanging himself.

Only a year or two ago Mr. Stewart Hodgson had come across an instance of superstition. Talking to a gamekeeper in Scotland he asked after another keeper. "Ah, he's very bad," was the answer. "He can't hit anything now. He turned an old woman who was trespassing out of the wood. And she must have been a bad woman and have cursed him, for ever since he has not been able to hit a thing."

Mr. Reginald Talbot was also very pleasant, and he and Robert Hodgson and Mr. Charles Morley told many amusing and curious stories. One of the best of these Mr. Talbot told, of a gentleman going to dine at a country house and taking with him a friend who was staying with him, who had been politely included in the invitation. After saying a few words to the lady of the house, he turned to introduce his friend, who was staring blankly in her face, and seemed unaware of her outstretched hand until a nudge of the elbow restored him to a sense of propriety. But having shaken hands, the friend retired to a corner and continued to gaze at the lady with the same look of blank and horrified amazement. When seated at dinner nearly opposite to her, he scarcely spoke, and his eyes were never diverted from her countenance. Once or twice even he started forwards with a muttered exclamation, but mastered his impulse and sank back into his chair—all the time to the extreme annoyance of the gentleman who

had introduced him, who was aghast at his extraordinary behaviour. Catching his friend by the arm as they were about to leave the dining-room, he said, "My dear fellow, what on earth is the matter with you? For heaven's sake, do pull yourself together before we join the ladies. They must think I have brought a madman with me." "I can't help it," exclaimed the friend. "I can't go back to the drawing-room. I must go away." "But why?" "I can't explain. I must go." "But at least come and say good night to our hosts, and make your excuses." "No, no! I tell you. I must go. Say I am ill—anything. But come away at once."

There was nothing for it. The gentleman could not induce his friend to return, so had to go and make such apologies as he could for their sudden departure. The dogcart was ordered, but it was not until they had got to some distance from the house, and were well on their homeward road, that the friend could be induced to explain what evidently had affected him so powerfully.

"Oh, it was too horrible!" he said at last. "The fact is—whether you credit it or not—I have the gift of second sight. Well, at the very moment you introduced me to our hostess I saw a devil—yes, a devil, standing behind her. And at dinner again the devil stood behind her chair, and whenever she took a knife into her hand grinned, and with a fiendish gesture drew its hand across its throat. Horrible, horrible!"

At that moment wheels were heard approaching rapidly on the road behind them, and by the flash of the carriage lamps they saw a servant in the livery of the house they had just left. "What is it?" they both cried with one accord. "Can't stop!" shouted the man, as the gig whirled by, "I'm off for the doctor. My lady has cut her throat!"

The years covered by these notebooks, in most respects years of political and social quietude, if not lassitude, added some tragic milestones to the history of Ireland's struggle towards self-realisation—the assassination of Lord

Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, the investigation into Parnell's complicity in the campaign of violence, the drama of Parnell's career. These topics recur in conversations quoted in the diary, and the murder in the Phoenix Park of the Chief Secretary upon his appointment to succeed Mr. Forster, and of his companion, the Irish Under Secretary, is the subject of the passages next given :

London, Sunday, May 7th, 1882.—Alice Dundas staying with us. Coming down to breakfast I found her standing with the *Observer* in her hand almost crying. She said, "Lord Frederick Cavendish has been murdered!" What made it more shocking to us was that he and Lady Frederick had dined with us only last Tuesday, both so bright, and full of health and happiness. He had then, in fact, just received the appointment of Chief Secretary, although it was not made public. We half suspected as much, but he was very prudent, and when someone spoke of coercive measures being necessary in Ireland he answered, "Oh, do you think so?"—himself evidently inclined towards leniency. Mr. Lowell, the American Minister, who sat by me on this occasion, also spoke hopefully of the prospects of Ireland, thought that the coercion hitherto exercised had done harm, and that with a more conciliatory policy all would soon go well.

Poor Lady Frederick received the news about midnight. Lady Louisa Egerton was with her all night. Lord Hartington was at a party, and was laughing and joking with some lady, when one of his friends came up and said, "Hartington, you are wanted." He still stayed some minutes joking with the lady about what he could possibly be wanted for!

We went to St. Margaret's to try to hear Canon Farrar, but heard Knox Little instead—not very good. In the prayer for "all conditions of men" there was an allusion made to "the terrible murder in Ireland," which evidently took many people by surprise. One or two stopped as they came out to ask what the allusion meant.

As the day went on everybody was full of the subject; and edition after edition of the *Observer* has been selling in the streets.

May 8th.—There was no talk except about the murder of Lord Frederick and Mr. Burke. I went to General Lynedoch Gardiner's theatricals, for his *Refuge in Moore Street*, at Bridgewater House. Royalties were to have attended, but only Princess Christian was there. The day had been arranged expressly for Princess Louise. She wrote to consult the Prince of Wales, but he decided that, considering Lord Lorne's relationship to Lord Frederick, she could not possibly go. Mr. Newdigate told me that poor Lady Frederick was calm and quiet. She talked of Miss Burke and *her* loss, which was very touching.

May 9th.—Alice Dundas told me that on Saturday evening, while the murder was taking place in Dublin, the walls of Spencer House in St. James's Place were posted with placards bearing the word "Death." They were torn down, but were almost immediately replaced. I dined with Sir Henry Holland and his wife last night. During dinner she received a telegram from Mr. John Dugdale at Merevale saying, "Come down to-morrow morning as early as possible." Her brother-in-law, Mr. Stratford Dugdale, had been seriously burnt in a brave attempt to rescue men after an explosion at one of the collieries upon his estate in Warwickshire. Lady Holland started at seven-thirty this morning to go to her sister. If she buys a copy of the *Daily News* on her way she will read of the appointment to the dangerous post of Chief Secretary in Ireland of George Trevelyan, her only brother.

There is a reference to Sir George Trevelyan five months later.

October 17th, 1882.—Sir Henry Holland dined here and talked of his visit to the George Trevelyans at the Chief Secretary's Lodge in Dublin. Everyone that went out from the Lodge was followed by detectives, and Sir Henry

and his daughter had endeavoured to dodge them in vain. The detectives were very fond of Lady Trevelyan's little boy and constructed a little bird trap out of bricks for him in the garden, but for many days no bird would venture in. Suddenly one morning a wild rumour ran through the Chief Secretary's Lodge that a bird was within the trap. Everybody was on the tiptoe of excitement, and little George sallied forth escorted by four detectives. Between them they contrived to let the prisoner escape—so much for detectives!

CHAPTER VI

A QUEEN, SOME SERVANTS, AND A HISTORIAN (1883)

A Honeymoon Trip with Queen Caroline's Coffin—Some Royal Tombs—Napoleon's Heart and Cromwell's Head—The Trial of Queen Caroline—A Convict Butler—Church and Beer—Innocent Appropriation—Disraeli's Speeches—Mrs. Peel waits for Dinner—The Intuition of Novelists—Lord Macaulay receives an Anonymous Letter—The Conceit of Mr. Buckle—A Lecture by Oscar Wilde.

IN her notebook for the year 1883 the Diarist recalls a curious anecdote concerning the disposal of the coffin of Queen Caroline, the capricious and unfortunate wife of George IV :

I am reminded of a curious story my father used to tell of the late Dr. Lushington, who, after the death of Queen Caroline, received instructions to convey her body back to Hanover. It was somewhat a distinction for him, then a young man, to be selected for such a commission, but it came at a very awkward time as he was just about to be married. He came to my father to ask advice. Had he better put off his marriage? "No, certainly *not*," said my father. "On the contrary, I should marry the young lady in the morning, and start on your honeymoon in the afternoon, taking Hanover on your way and carrying the coffin with you." The lady having given her consent, this plan was adopted, and the young couple started under these unusual conditions for their honeymoon.

The coffin bore upon its lid a brass plate whereon was the following inscription: "Caroline, the much injured Queen of England." The couple had not proceeded many stages on their journey when they were overtaken by a messenger sent by the King, with orders to wrench off the plate that bore this offensive inscription. The man

having shown his credentials, the coffin was taken out of the hearse and the plate was removed—after which they continued their journey.

Many years afterwards Dr. Lushington was sent for by a dying man, who said he wished to unburden himself of a secret. It then appeared that this was the very man who had been sent by the King to overtake the coffin. It had struck him that the plate would become a curiosity one day, and as nobody inquired about it particularly after it had been taken off, he had quietly appropriated it, and it had remained in his possession ever since. Now on his deathbed it occurred to him that he had done an unlawful deed, and he desired to give up the plate to Dr. Lushington.

A gentleman I sat by at dinner the other day told me he had seen the coffin in its present resting-place at Hanover, and how he distinctly saw the marks of the screws where the plate had been torn away. But when I visited the royal vaults at Hanover, some years ago, I cannot say that I discovered any traces of violence, and the accusatory inscription had been replaced by an ordinary one setting forth the Queen's style and titles. I remember, however, that not far from her coffin was another one, fitted up with a most curious apparatus and a bell. The royal occupant, it seems, haunted by the terror of being buried alive, had had his coffin so arranged that any movement of the body inside would cause the bell suspended above it to ring violently. The poor Grand Duke had lain there many years and the bell had never sounded.

The study of coffins is rather fascinating, and I have seen a good many royal resting-places in the course of my travels. The later Kings of Spain are gathered where the monster palace of the Escorial stands in the midst of a dreary plain, but deep in the bowels of the earth, in the gloomy octagon death chamber devised by Philip of Spain. The Czars, in the fortress church of St. Peter and St. Paul, lie above ground in tombs formed simply of five great slabs of unsculptured marble. But such marble! So highly polished, so dazzlingly white! But

the most superb coffins I ever saw were at Roeskilde, the burial-place of the Danish kings—monarchs little famed in history. In sharp contrast, at St. Denis some year or so ago the unfortunate Louis XVI and his stately Queen still lay in their pauper coffins of painted deal, supported by rude black trestles. When I was there, however, a feeble lamp was kept burning in a niche above where they lay. A curious story about the heart of the First Napoleon used to be related by a Dr. Duncan, who knew Dr. Arnot, who was one of those engaged to embalm Napoleon's body. The doctors were dismayed to find the basin in which they had left the heart quite empty. At last a trace of blood on the floor led them to a rat's hole, and there—too big to be tugged through it—was the object of their search.

Cromwell's head is or was at Sevenoaks—at least there was a story in my youth of the old Duke of Cambridge, godfather to the Princess of Wales, who had a habit of thinking aloud. He was taken over from somewhere in the neighbourhood to see the famous skull. "Very small," he remarked. "Shouldn't have thought it would be so small." Then a minute afterwards added thoughtfully: "Hum! Taken when a boy, I suppose, taken when a boy!"

Reverting to Queen Caroline, the author recalls an anecdote related to her by Sir Henry Holland of his examination at the trial of the Queen, whom, as a young doctor, he had accompanied on the Continent:

The day before Dr. Holland's examination at the Queen's trial he was sent for by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who had been under examination by Lord Lyndhurst¹ all day long, and was in great agitation, having just perceived before the close of the day's examination that Lord Lyndhurst was evidently in possession of some letters to her husband that she had written while with the Queen abroad. Her husband was a scamp, and had sold these letters to the King's party. The next morning her examination was continued, but Lord Lyndhurst showed so

¹ Then Sir John Singleton Copley.

clearly the drift of his questions and the source of his information that the Lords, with one accord, cried out "Shame! Shame!"

Lady Elizabeth Forbes, in sheer dismay at the prospect of giving evidence, had swallowed half a glass of laudanum, and, although a doctor had been quickly in attendance, she was quite unable to appear.

When Dr. Holland's turn came he was not a little nervous at the prospect, more especially as he had heard that the opposition felt tolerably certain of his breaking down. By good luck, however, the Solicitor-General, Lord Lyndhurst, started on the wrong tack, and questioned him at great length upon a visit that he had paid to York, when he was reported to have made some speech about the Queen. The Solicitor-General, finding that there was not a word of truth in the tale, was so staggered that he brought his cross-examination to an abrupt close. Then Lord Harrowby rose and, partly to show off his knowledge of Italian, examined Dr. Holland upon the dialect talked—whether it was pure Tuscan—by the Countess who succeeded Lady Charlotte Lindsay as the Queen's lady-in-waiting. They wished to prove her being, on account of her low origin, an improper person for the Queen to have about her. Next Lord Lauderdale put some questions in the broadest Scotch. Then Lord King, the wit of the House, intervened. "Now remember, Dr. Holland," he said, "you are on your oath. Will you swear that the dialect of the Countess was as distinct from pure Tuscan as that of the noble Lord, who has just examined you, is from pure English?" This caused a general laugh and Dr. Holland's examination ended.

Two anecdotes, characteristic of the manners of George IV and his brother, are quoted on the authority of Lady Bathurst:

Lady Bathurst told the following as an instance of the frivolity of George IV in the midst of most serious occupations. He once sent for Peel (whom he always hated)

in the middle of the night, during the time of Lord Liverpool's illness, and, in the midst of the grave political discussion that ensued, the King turned to Peel and said: "What makes you wear that damned ugly dressing-gown?"

Another story she related apropos of the Duke of Cumberland's habit of swearing. "Give me a kiss, Bessie," he once said to her. "No, sir," said she, "I shall not give you a kiss." "And why not, pray?" "Because I will never kiss anyone who uses such bad language as you do, sir." "Oh!" cried he. "Confound you for a damned little Puritan!"

A lady's Diary would be incomplete without its tribute of reference to the servant problem. The writer of these notebooks, although disdaining to chronicle domestic details, has among further references to the subject the following:

October 25th, 1883.—Went to Brogyntyn (Lord Harlech's). Amongst others staying there were Lady Mayo and Lord Folkestone, who told amusing stories. I received at breakfast a letter from a friend giving details of a robbery at their house, when the butler, who had been with them three years and had come to them with an excellent personal character, had made away with about £2,000 worth of plate. Lord Folkestone spoke of a lady whose butler had been with her three years and had proved himself a most valuable servant. One of H.M.'s judges came on a visit during the Assizes, and after dinner turned abruptly to his hostess and said, "Where did you get your butler? And how long has he been with you?" The lady told him. "But *why* do you ask?" she added, much surprised. "Because," replied the Judge, "I remember the man's face perfectly. He was tried before me ten years ago for an audacious robbery and was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude." The lady was greatly shocked; the man had been strictly honest while with her, but the wretched man admitted the charge: "I saw his Lordship knew me the moment he set eyes on my face. I've tried my best to redeem my character, but it's no use."

"But how did you get Colonel X to give you a character?"

"I got myself up as the Colonel. It was I who called upon you and gave you the character of myself."

Talking of the enormous amount of beer servants used to consume on all occasions, Lady Harlech said she remembered well, in her father-in-law's time, what a business it was going to church. Every Sunday, although the church was only a mile and a half distant, the family coach with four horses was brought round. And always the last thing before they started, just as the coachman was gathering up his reins, the footman would appear bearing a huge tankard of ale which was solemnly handed up to the coachman. In consequence of this ceremony they were always late, and never arrived in church till about the middle of the Psalms. Lord Folkestone related an absurd scene he had witnessed himself in Ireland when *all* the servants had got drunk, and there was hardly a coachman forthcoming when the guests wanted to go away. Tina Lady Waterford's carriage drew up and her Ladyship got in, but they had not proceeded many yards before the footman fell off the box, but managed to pick himself up and to cling to the footboard behind. Presently it appeared that the coachman was equally incapable. Lady Waterford, however, was equal to the occasion and mounted the box herself, while the deposed coachman slipped inside the carriage. And so Lord Folkestone saw her go off, driving her own coachman, with the footman hanging on behind.

The case of Lady Somers was mentioned. A detective in plain clothes called upon her one day and informed her that she had got an escaped convict in her service. "Quite impossible," said she. "They are all old servants. I know all about them." "Will you allow me to *see* them?" said the detective. One after another was sent for, but no one could he identify. "Have I seen them all?" he asked at last. "All, except my new lady's maid, who came to me with an excellent character," replied Lady Somers, protesting that it was absurd to send for her. No sooner

did the maid enter than, "That is the *man!*" exclaimed the detective. The convict had been a hairdresser by trade, and so that part of the business came particularly easy to him. He had long taper fingers, and was slight and sparely made, and thus had managed without difficulty to disguise himself as a woman.

The subject passed on to kleptomania, to theft without desire for gain, and some absurd stories were told of distinguished kleptomaniacs, innocent appropriators of other people's property, such as old Lady Cork's eccentricities in that line. "Why did you slip away?" asked his host of General Gascoigne, "just as I was going to introduce you to Lady Cork?" "Oh, Lady Cork and I are already acquainted," replied General Gascoigne; "and there is a little awkwardness between us, since the last time she was in my house she took a pair of sheets. I thought it would embarrass her to meet me." Or better—Sir Charles Murray, when a small boy, had often heard of Lady Cork's peculiarity, and was playing by himself in the drawing-room one day when she was announced. He hastily hid behind a curtain, and while the servant went off to announce the visitor to his mother, watched her Ladyship going round the room. One after another she picked up little silver objects of value, and laid them down again. At last she came to the mantelpiece, on which his mother had placed a fine juicy orange intended for him. This orange Lady Cork took up and slipped into her pocket, a sight which was really more than little Murray could bear. Forgetting all about his hiding-place, he cried out, "Oh, Lady Cork, *please* don't take *that!* It's mine." Lady Cork slowly withdrew the orange from her pocket.

November 2nd, 1883.—To Surrey—a pleasant party staying in the house—Sydney Buxton and his wife, the Francis Buxtons, Arthur Peels, etc. The conversation turned after dinner on Disraeli and Gladstone and the relative characters of the two men.

Mr. Peel said he had heard a good deal about Disraeli

from Mr. Rivers Wilson, who had served under him at the Treasury. Disraeli was on intimate terms with Mr. Wilson, and would often say to him, "Oh, leave those papers and come and have a *talk!*" Then over the fire would delight in telling all sorts of confidential anecdotes about his early life. Amongst others, the following: "Of course," said Disraeli, "I was extremely ambitious, and was therefore particularly desirous to know how far my speeches in Parliament were effective—in what way they struck other people. My great friend and adviser at that time was Prince Metternich. He it was who criticised my speeches for me, and would say, for instance, 'Your peroration was too long this time, your tropes and metaphors too redundant that time.' At last I made a certain speech which did not indeed excite much attention in the House, but which I *felt* was decidedly in advance of anything I had done before. Off I rushed to Prince Metternich, anxious to hear what he would say. 'I know why you have come,' he exclaimed as soon as I entered the room.

"'Well?' said I, in expectancy. 'Well,' said he, 'your speech reminded me of one of the great orators of former times.' 'But *which?*' said I. 'Which do you mean? Not Cicero? No, of course, not Cicero! One of the great orators? Demosthenes? Oh, that's impossible!' 'Yes,' said Prince Metternich quietly, 'not Demosthenes. I am thinking of St. Augustine.'"

Mr. Peel thought Disraeli must have been a very good-natured man in private life. He spoke of his sense of humour, and the mischievous delight he took in exercising his powers of satire. Over and over again Mr. Peel had seen Gladstone get up in the House of Commons and with his magnificent oratory demolish every argument that Disraeli had used; and yet a moment later Disraeli would spring on his feet again like a Jack-in-the-box, and with some piquant remark contrive to get at least the laugh on his side. One instance he remembered when, after some powerful speech of Gladstone's during which he had

shown himself more than usually in earnest, Disraeli got up and said, "Really, the Right Honourable Gentleman is exciting himself unnecessarily. He has been pounding away on the Ministerial box until even the quill pens have begun to dance upon the table !" Of course the House laughed, while Disraeli added a few slight sentences, and then sat down satisfied at having broken the spell and spoiled the effect of an eloquent-appeal.

The next day I had a pleasant walk with Mrs. Arthur Peel over St. George's Hill, and heard several amusing Society stories. Among them one of the late Dowager Duchess of Cleveland, who in her old age went a little off her head, and, amongst other idiosyncrasies, could not remember her own name. "Who *am* I?" she would demand in the most imperative of voices. "You are the Duchess of Cleveland." "Quite right," she would rejoin. "So I am ! So I am !"

Speaking of Mrs. McGarel (whom I used to know formerly as a handsome Miss Hogg) Mrs. Peel said she went to dine there one night—a large, rather showy, banquet. All the guests sat waiting in the drawing-room for an interminable time, and at last Mrs. McGarel quitted the room and had a colloquy with the butler. On coming back she went straight up to Mrs. Peel. "Can you tell me if Lady So-and-so is alive?" "No," said Mrs. Peel. "She died three days ago." "Oh, *then*," said Mrs. McGarel, without any other comment, "we'd better go in to dinner !" No further reference was made to the poor lady who had died since accepting Mrs. McGarel's invitation.

November 13th, 1883. Staying at Witley.—During a conversation about novelists, Trollope was mentioned, and the wonderful sort of intuition by which he evolved out of his inner consciousness scenes he never could have witnessed. I remember myself having said to him one day : "I understand, Mr. Trollope, your knowing what a young gentleman and a young lady say to each other when they are alone together; but how can you possibly know the way that two young ladies talk to each other

while brushing their hair?" Mr. Trollope only laughed and said: "It's not by listening at the keyhole, I assure you!"

Sir Henry Holland said it was just the same with George Eliot. Mr. Lewes told him that she had an astonishing intuition as to matters with which she was totally unacquainted. For instance, she knew nothing whatever about horses; but when he took her once to some training stables to see a celebrated racer, she looked at the animal for some time, and then said: "Hasn't he rather a sloping shoulder?" The groom exclaimed: "That's just what he has, but nobody seems to notice it!"

Sir Henry said Sir James Paget had told him that he was talking to George Eliot once about the young surgeon—Lydgate—in her novel of *Middlemarch*. "But why," asked Sir James, "did you make him look at the head of the bed when he entered his patient's room?" "Oh, well, I hardly know," she replied. "I thought it was a likely thing for him to do." As in hospitals an analysis of the patient's case is always written up above the head of his bed, "it was exactly," continued Sir James, "what a young surgeon trained in a hospital would do; but it was curious that she should have hit upon it."

Sir Henry mentioned that when George Eliot's picture was placed after her death in the National Portrait Gallery, it was desired to obtain a letter of hers—a characteristic one—to be put under it, as is usual there. Not a single letter could Mr. Lewes' sons produce; so Sir Henry Holland, with Mr. Cross's permission, presented the Trustees with the letter he had received from George Eliot announcing her marriage to Mr. Cross.

A curious story was told me by Lady Holland. She said that when a little girl of about eight years old she got talking one day with her aunt Miss Macaulay on the subject of anonymous letters. "Oh!" cried Baba, as Lord Macaulay used to call his niece, "what fun it must be to write an anonymous letter!" "Write one to Uncle Tom," proposed Miss Macaulay somewhat rashly. And

so an anonymous warning was written to Lord Macaulay, who was living in the Albany Chambers in Piccadilly, that on a certain night a gang of thieves plotted to break into the Albany—all in so childish a hand that it never occurred to Miss Macaulay that her brother could possibly be deceived. Lord Macaulay, however, received the letter at breakfast. He had to go out immediately afterwards, and, scarcely looking at the letter, he tossed it over to his servant, saying: "Here, perhaps you had better make some inquiries." The servant, a timid, nervous fellow, stood aghast. He took the letter to the porter, the porter communicated with the police, who set men to watch the premises, and the night of the threatened outrage had a body of police concealed about the Albany. The night passed tranquilly enough, but the authorities resolved to erect gates at the entrance to the Albany to guard against all invasion in the future.

Meantime Baba was eager to hear the result of her "little joke"! Her uncle about a fortnight after these events came to luncheon with his sister at Clapham, and little Margaret began to question him slyly whether all had been quiet and sleepy at the Albany as usual. "Well, no," said Lord Macaulay with hesitation, "it has not been so sleepy as usual. In fact, rather a disagreeable thing has happened"—and the feelings of his auditors may be imagined as he proceeded to detail the alarm of the inhabitants, the all-night watch, the erection of the iron gates. With shame and dismay the culprits made their confession: "Never, never shall I forget," said Lady Holland, "my feelings of mortification when I went afterwards to the Albany and saw those iron gates, the standing memorial of my thoughtless piece of folly."

Buckle's *History of Civilisation* was regarded as a master work of learning until Lord Acton exposed its inaccuracies and the general reader tired of its theories. The Diarist met its author during the flush of his brief glory, and described her meeting with him in part of the entry that follows:]

December 6th, 1883. Temple Newsam.—There arrived in time for luncheon a clever antiquary and country squire, one Mr. Peacock—possessing a voice not unlike that of the bird so named, married, as I afterwards heard, to a Miss Woodcock, and residing at Snipe Hall. He was said to be a very popular person, and though a Roman Catholic was, so I am told, actually churchwarden of the parish church near his residence.

At luncheon the conversation turned on the scheme of the Channel Tunnel, its cost, Mr. Peacock said, being estimated by Sir Edward W. Watkin at £15 a yard. He expressed himself strongly opposed to the scheme unless England could have command of both ends of the tunnel. Calais, he added, had been considered long ago so entirely English that, before the days of Queen Mary, it regularly returned a Member to Parliament.

He recited some delightful verses on the subject of Positivism, that I had not heard before, explaining the Positivist's derivation something like this :

“Man was an Ape in the days that were earlier;
Ages went on, and his hair became curlier.
Another age added a thumb to his wrist,
And the Ape became Man, and a Positivist.”

Mr. Peacock was amusing also about bi-location, or the power of being in two places at the same time, a term which he has found in several old ecclesiastical books as applied to the miraculous powers of some of the Saints. He suggested the telephone as an admirable substitute, and as a means of preserving unity in the Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury sitting in his study would preach the same sermon in all the churches throughout England at once, while a moderate stipend would be sufficient to reward the inferior clergy for marrying, burying, and repeating to the congregations the messages conveyed through their respective telephones.

Disraeli's father, he said, left the Jewish synagogue, and promptly turned Christian, on account of a quarrel about his pew.

The conversation at dinner turned upon conceit. Being asked who was the most conceited person I had ever known, I mentioned Mr. Buckle, whom I met when at the very height of his literary fame at Mr. Hallam's. It was my fate to sit next him at dinner, and the conversation began—as was not unnatural—by some reference to his book about which everybody was talking. But once I had started that topic, so eagerly did he cling to it that I found it impossible to turn the current of his talk into any other channel.

From the subject of his book he passed to his mode of composition, how many hours a day he wrote, how much exercise he took, and of what sort, what relaxation he indulged in, how much sleep he allowed himself. He confided to me the nature of his dreams, the food he found easiest of digestion, even the corrective medicine that he favoured. In short he evidently considered that as the Lion of the day, each minute detail concerning his life and habits must be of the highest general interest. So absurd did the conversation become at last, that I was moved by the spirit of mischief to lure him on, and began to administer increasing doses of flattery, with a view of ascertaining how much he could contrive to swallow.

The result was amazing. Everybody was anxious to hear him talk, but the various learned and distinguished people present attempted in vain to draw him out, to divert him from the all-engrossing subject of self. When compelled to reply to their remarks, he would do so as briefly as possible, in order immediately to resume his confidential communications to me. This went on until the ladies left the dining-room, when I had to undergo a little good-humoured badinage as to the attentions I had received—of which they little knew the secret!

The evening's entertainment, however, was not yet over, for no sooner did the gentlemen put in an appearance upstairs, than Mr. Buckle at once crossed over the room to where I sat, and, placing himself in a corner beside me, resumed the conversation at the same point

at which we had been interrupted by the rising of the ladies. Never for one moment did he cease talking about himself, or speak to any other person, until my father came to tell me that the carriage was waiting to take us away. By that time, although amused to find myself the envied of all those waiting in vain to get speech of the great man, I was beginning to feel very very decidedly bored!

Martin Tupper might well have been numbered among the claimants for this garland of conceit. The Diarist's brother was showing to his small son the village and well of Albury, when the author of *Proverbial Philosophy* appeared, returning to his home from a walk. After some words of greeting he placed his hand upon the head of the little boy: "However old you grow," he said to the child, "you will never forget that Martin Tupper has spoken to you."

Or another illustration of seeming self-esteem is quoted:

Archdeacon Watkins cited a curiously chosen text, with its context omitted, given out by Basil Wilberforce on the occasion of his brother's consecration: "And He said, Are ye able? And they said, *We are* able." The sermon that followed was all about the merits and achievements of his brother and himself.

Under the date of Christmas, 1883, there is an account of a lecture at Weybridge by Oscar Wilde, ending with a story that even then can scarcely have been a novelty:

Strange to say, Oscar Wilde is engaged for lectures most nights for several months to come. He no longer wears his hair flowing down to his shoulders; but it is mysteriously arranged so as to show no parting whatever, and with a kind of fringe around his temples. It appears he was much smitten at Paris with a portrait of Julius Cæsar, and taking his barber with him to view it: "Contemplate that picture," he said, "study it carefully and then arrange my hair like that."

His lecture was rather amusing, but of a desultory nature, beginning with his experiences in America, and then wandering into questions of ladies' dress, of art, etc.,

etc. He described the American ladies as "a green oasis of unreasonableness in a dry desert of common sense"; and told some fairly good stories, one of which I remember, concerning the town of Denver, I think, inhabited chiefly by miners, where everybody shoots everybody on the smallest provocation. At a concert a notice was nailed up: "Please don't shoot the pianist; he is doing his best."

Then there is the story under a later year, how when Oscar Wilde was dying in Paris a friend—ever faithful to him—urged sending for a famous specialist; and how Wilde, who had so suffered for his extravagances, with a last flash of wit replied, "Surely you would not have me *die* beyond my means."

Each notebook, indeed, contains a number of such brief disconnected jottings, like the following that supplies the last entry for the year 1883:

Count Strzelecki told Mrs. Hankey he met the Prince of Wales at some German baths. The conversation turned on reading: "Read?" said H.R.H. "Oh, that's a thing I could never do!"

CHAPTER VII

AN EMPRESS IN EMBRYO ; GENERAL GORDON (1884)

Visit to Ampthill—Sir Richard Temple on Major Hodson—Lady Coutts and her Income—Lady Harrington's Anecdotes of Louis Napoleon—Madame Montijo and her Daughter—Napoleon meets his Empress—The Giving of Alms—General Gordon's Start for Egypt—Throwing out Flowers—The Diversions of the Dilettanti Society—The Judge's Son.

THE story of the early career of the Empress of the French, occupying the major portion of a lengthy account, that I shall quote with few omissions, of a visit paid to the widow of the 5th Earl Harrington, who died in 1862, is too obviously coloured by Lady Harrington's dislike of the Empress to be wholly reliable. This Lady Harrington was never credited with being a particularly sound judge either of facts or of character, while she may have shared the infirmity, not uncommon in old people, of ascribing to themselves a more important part in the incidents of the human comedy than they in truth have played :

February 2nd, 1884.—Went to stay with Elizabeth Lady Harrington at Ampthill Park, Bedfordshire, which I visited last some thirty years ago in old Lord Wensleydale's time. The Duke of Bedford allowed Mr. William and Mrs. Lowther to stay on here after the old lord's death on a lease, but now, having bought another place, they have let it for the remainder of their term to Lady Harrington.

Princess Amelia's diamonds are now in the possession of Mrs. Lowther, and Lady Harrington gave the following account of how they came into her possession. Her mother, Lady Wensleydale, was a Miss Barlow, and her sister married, first, a gentleman of the name of Savage, and then, for her second husband, a very handsome Colonel

Fitzroy, whose first wife was Princess Amelia. The marriage was a secret one, and never allowed by the Queen. When on her deathbed Princess Amelia entreated to be allowed to see her husband, Queen Charlotte absolutely refused. Upon this the Lady Harrington of the time, who chanced also to be the lady-in-waiting, took it upon herself to bring Colonel Fitzroy to the bedside of the dying Princess; but the Queen heard of it, and descending upon them in great wrath, demanded who had dared to admit Colonel Fitzroy into the room. "I did," said Lady Harrington, "and I can leave your Majesty's service this afternoon." The Princess left her diamonds to Colonel Fitzroy, and from him they passed to his second wife, who had been Miss Barlow. She bequeathed them to her sister Lady Wensleydale; Lady Wensleydale to her daughter; and so it comes about that Princess Amelia's diamonds are now Mrs. Lowther's.

The guests include Ernest de Bunsen and his wife—both amusing to study—and Lady Anna Chandos Pole—the same, and with many of her mother's characteristics. Then one of her sons, a nice lad of about eighteen. It is pretty to see him half coaxing, half defying his grandmother, of whom he is evidently fond. Yesterday when the gentlemen came into the drawing-room after dinner, both his mother and grandmother were sound asleep—the one nodding, the other snoring. His mother he left to the natural course of events, and in three or four minutes she awoke; but, although he playfully fanned Lady Harrington and whispered into her ears, it was only when we struck up some music that the sound of the piano aroused her.

Then we found here Sir Richard Temple, a wonderful artist, but an ugly, self-sufficient sort of man—a tremendous talker, but generally about his own doings and sayings. He showed us some rather good oil sketches on wood panels of the Holy Land, and a whole book full of water-colour sketches of India, some clever, many simply studies of cloud and mist.

Talking to him of Lord Lawrence's *Life*, I asked: "Was it not a great shame to have put in all that story about Major Hodson?" For having heard people express indignation and deny its truth, I was anxious to learn his opinion. "Well," said Sir Richard Temple, "it was a pity to revive the story again; but I am far from saying that the accusations against him were not justified." "But I thought they had been entirely refuted?" "Oh, as regards the charges of peculation, he was never seriously accused; but as to other things—the killing of the two Princes—I had every opportunity of knowing. I was Secretary to Sir John Lawrence at the time, and it was my duty to go into the matter and collate the evidence for him. Although I cannot at this distance of time, without reference to my notes, recollect the details of the affair, I do very clearly recollect the impression then made upon my mind, which was that shooting those native Princes was a very unnecessary and arbitrary act, by no means warranted by the circumstances. And that, I believe, was Sir John Lawrence's opinion."

Mr. Hassard, the Archbishop's Registrar, is also a guest here—a great friend of the late Archbishop Tait's, as of Lady Coutts, who has recourse to him in any case of difficulty. He has a gentle kindly face, and it was rather interesting hearing some authentic details about her affairs that have lately been so much discussed. "Has she made it up with her sister?" asked Lady Harrington. Mr. Hassard said that could scarcely be possible, considering the terms of the compromise demanded—which, however, Lady Coutts accepted at once—would not allow the matter to be argued. "And what is Lady Coutts's income now?" asked Lady Harrington. "She can no longer be called the wealthiest lady in England," said Mr. Hassard. "Shall I guess not more than £45,000 a year, which is nothing after what she has enjoyed? The agents are desired to retrench; but it is so difficult to know how or where to begin—in an establishment that has always been carried on on a generous footing."

An anecdote was given of Sir George Rose, supposed to be the most consistently agreeable man of his day, who had a peculiar way of strutting along with his nose in the air. A man walking behind him began to take him off, but Sir George, seeing by the movements of his shadow what he was about, turned round on him with, "It's no use my friend—the *stalk* is nothing without the Rose!"

Then on some public occasion in some town when the town crier was wanted, "Where's the crier?" was shouted from mouth to mouth. "Please your Worship," said a voice, "his wife's just dead. He can't cry to-day!"

The pleasantest part of the day is between five and seven o'clock, when, after tea, while noisy chaff was going on at the other side of the room, I contrived to get into a corner between Lady Harrington and the fire and start her off on old times. Then she will spin old-world stories by the hour together, of the "days of her youth"—many of them very curious.

Last night I got her upon Louis Napoleon. Her husband, then Colonel Leicester Stanhope, was very intimate with Queen Hortense—so much so that whenever he went to Rome, instead of going to an hotel he was always provided with a suite of rooms in her palace. After the death of her eldest son, and an attempt to poison the younger, Queen Hortense brought Louis herself to England, travelling across France disguised as a governess, her son driving her as a coachman. Having established him in a very poor lodging in London with Count Arresi, she wrote to Colonel Stanhope to beg that he would look after him and show him what kindness he could. Then she returned to Italy. In consequence of this request Colonel and Mrs. Stanhope invited him to their house at Putney. He used to come down by steamboat and dine with them very frequently—sometimes as often as two or three times a week; so poor was he in those days that he seemed frequently in need of a dinner. Louis Napoleon was silent in company, but talked agreeably and pleasantly when they were alone. Count Arresi never accompanied

him, except on show occasions. Once they took him to a ball at Richmond, when there was great curiosity about him, everybody wanting to speak to the nephew of the Emperor. He was polite and gracious, but with quite the airs and manner of a "grand seigneur."

"After that," said Lady Harrington, "my husband got into financial difficulties, and while things were being put straight we lived abroad. For the next three or four years we lived entirely abroad, at Brussels first and then at Spa. At the latter place I met a good many friends, amongst others the Duc d'Ossuna, with whom I was very well acquainted.

"One day a lady called at our rooms, and asked to see me. She sent in her card: 'Madame Montijo.' On being admitted she said she was anxious to make my acquaintance because she had seen me so often in the company of the Duc d'Ossuna, who was a distant relative of her own. She was but slightly acquainted with him herself, but was very anxious to bring about a marriage between him and her daughter Eugénie, who was very beautiful and attractive; that if I would kindly interest myself in the affair, she had no doubt it would much facilitate matters.

"'But, Madam,' said I, 'excuse me. This is a public watering-place. People do not make a sudden acquaintance without some introduction. You must forgive me for speaking plainly, but I don't know who you are. I know nothing about you.'

"'Oh,' said she, 'it's all right. You know the Prince and Princess Béthune; you can ask the Princess Béthune about me. She will tell you it is all right.'"

Ultimately Lady Harrington, having made some inquiries and being interested by the beauty of Eugénie, did yield to Madame Montijo's entreaties that she should befriend her daughter, and spoke of her to the Duke. "As to Madame Montijo," said he, "she is the daughter of a small wine merchant at Cadiz. It is true the Marquis of Montijo married her; but it was only lately she has been recognised by the family."

I interpose here a later entry in the same notebook showing that the Diarist discovered that either the Duke, or Lady Harrington in repeating his words, had embroidered fact with fiction :

Mentioning this story afterwards to Sir Edward Wingfield he said that Madame Montijo was not exactly the daughter of a "small wine merchant," but of a Mr. Kirkpatrick, Consul at Malaga, who, it is true, had been a bit of a merchant and had owned some small coasting vessels, etc.

But to continue Lady Harrington's reminiscences :

There was to be a picnic to Franchimont and at Madame Montijo's request Lady Harrington good-naturedly proposed that Eugénie should be of the party. "Very well," said the Duke, "if she comes with you, she may come; but I won't have the mother." Lady Harrington, however, had a good deal of trouble with her charge. Mademoiselle de Montijo was exceedingly "fast." She flirted with the gentlemen; in the caves at Franchimont she lost her shoe, and there was no end of a fuss in fishing it out of the mud, and then a pair of sabots had to be fetched for her; she made a conquest of a German Baron.

The following winter Lady Harrington spent in Paris. She had not been there more than twelve hours before Louis Napoleon, then President, heard of her arrival, and sent his aide-de-camp to ask her to dinner. "I can't possibly come. I'm very sorry," said she; "but my luggage has been lost en route, and I have no gown to come in." "You shall have your luggage in less than twenty-four hours," replied the officer; and she did in fact receive it within that time.

The President received her at the Elysée with every mark of affectionate regard. All the winter she dined at the Palace generally more than once each week. He made her free of all his public receptions, and bade her bring with her any friends she pleased. Here, however, Lady Normanby, the wife of the British Ambassador, inter-

ferred, when on one occasion Lady Harrington did take a relative, Miss Stanhope. "I don't wish to make myself disagreeable, my dear," said Lady Normanby, "but no English lady must be introduced to the President here, except by me. I will introduce Miss Stanhope."

The following winter Lady Harrington was again at Paris, when Madame Montijo once more appeared upon the scene. Again she called on Lady Harrington, and was very urgent that she should take Eugénie to the Elysée and present her to the President. This, however, Lady Harrington declined to do, not wishing to offend Lady Normanby. But, said she, at last: "I will tell you what I can do. My friend, Madame de Béthizy, is going to give a big garden party. All the world will be there. The President will be there; and if you like I have little doubt that I can procure an invitation for you."

Madame de Montijo accepted this offer with delight, and in due course received a card of invitation.

On the day of the party the President was walking in the garden by Lady Harrington's side when they came in sight of Eugénie.

"Who is that beautiful girl?" said he.

"Mademoiselle de Montijo," was the reply.

"Will you introduce me?" he asked.

"No," said Lady Harrington, remembering Lady Normanby's caution. "It would not be etiquette for me to present you to a foreigner. But I will, if you like, introduce her to one of your aides-de-camp, and then you can easily get her presented to you."

"I should be much obliged," said Louis Napoleon. And thus was brought about the first meeting of the future Emperor and Empress.

Eugénie, however, was very unlike the Emperor in his grateful remembrance of kindness received. Lady Harrington visited Paris again in the days Eugénie was reigning at the Tuileries. But though the Empress knew that Lady Harrington was there, she never took the slightest notice of her, and "I believe," said Lady Har-

rington, "she took care to say nothing about it to the Emperor. He came to hear of my being in Paris at last, and immediately sent to ask me to dinner; but the invitation came too late. It arrived after we had left."

May 6th, 1884. London.—Lord Sherbrooke, Sir George Dasent, Mr. and Mrs. Yates Thompson, etc., to dinner. Discussing Italian wines Sir George Dasent said that there was one wine called Asti—and all the others *rhymed* to it!

The presents that the Pope received on some anniversary occasion were described—rooms and rooms full of them from every part of the world, reminding one of some huge co-operative store rather than anything else. Over a hundred cushions, thousands of slippers, two hundred thousand stoles, vestments to match, sufficient to keep most of the churches in Italy supplied for many a long year to come. One room full of cases of champagne. All the gifts that can be made useful the Pope gradually distributes among the charitable institutions of the country. The Pope, meanwhile, the object of all this veneration, the recipient of these innumerable gifts, is said to sweep out his own apartments, and to live on three francs a day.

I said how we met while in Rome the Pope's Chaplain at the home of a Mrs. Foljambe, a pervert. With her lived a charming old Presbyterian lady, and it was most amusing to hear the animated lively disputes that she and the Canonico had together on all sorts of subjects. Mrs. Grant began attacking him on the subject of St. Ignatius, saying that she could not endure that Saint, how every time she had gone to his church she had met with some misfortune, either broken her bracelet or lost her ear-ring. "Ah, Madame!" broke in the Canonico, "quelle gracieuse manière de dénier les aumônes que vous lui faites!" After that she had nothing more to say.

Old Mrs. Newdigate was seated by a Roman Catholic at dinner one day, when Cardinal Howard was spoken of. "Poor Teddy!" said Mrs. Newdigate, "we never thought much of him." "We think a great deal of him," said her neighbour, "we have just been making him a Cardinal."

“Yes,” responded Mrs. Newdigate, “poor Teddy ! That’s just what he is fit for ! ”

Probably the circumstances of the death of General Gordon, the tragic ending to so chivalrous a career, served more than any one incident to weaken Gladstone’s hold upon the imagination of his countrywomen. One passage of the following entry shows what were the sentiments on that occasion of the lady who compiled these notebooks :

May 13th, 1884.—Dined at Sir Frederick Pollock’s. Young Mr. Richmond there, Mr. Robert Browning, etc. The poet was at the other end of the table, so one could only catch tantalizing snatches of his conversation—one rather funny little story of a fast young American lady at Paris, asking innocently : “ Is it a play to which I could take mamma ? ”

Meantime Sir Frederick, who took me down to dinner, made himself very pleasant. He had been down to Windsor last Sunday, and in passing through the library perceived in one of the windows a number of newly-bound volumes—Disraeli’s novels. “The last person who took one of these up,” said the librarian, “was Gladstone, and when he saw what it was he dropped it as if it burnt his fingers.”

Among other books Sir Frederick noticed the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*; the two first volumes being “presented to The Queen by his Son,” while the third volume bore an inscription by the librarian : “Picked up for half-a-crown at the sale of Mudie’s surplus stock.”

This very evening they are discussing in the House Sir Michael Hicks-Beach’s motion of censure against Gladstone and his Ministry relative to their conduct in Egypt. Considering the fuss that was made about Cavagnari, it is certainly very astonishing to find what a number of people talk calmly of leaving Gordon to his fate ! It gives one a pang to hear even a tender-hearted woman say, with a little shrug : “What can one do ? *He* will get out of it.” Now, indeed, it is not easy to see what is to be done ; now, that the poor fellow is cut off from all communication. But it

is painful that the anxiety about him is not universal in expression, nor the regret that all will now be undone, and Gordon delivered over to the mercies of the Mahdi.

Professor Douglas, a Professor of Chinese, who was six years in China under Sir John Bowring, and knew Gordon there, talked of Gordon's ignorance of such matters as the value of money. He said that when Gordon was starting for Egypt on this last campaign, Lord Hartington and one or two others went down to Waterloo Station to see him off. "You have got plenty of money with you, I hope?" said Lord Hartington casually. "Oh, yes, I think so," said Gordon beginning to fumble in his pockets; "yes, I've got these and these—two—four—eight—ten pounds."

"My dear fellow," broke in Lord Hartington, "that won't do. You can't go to Egypt with only ten pounds." So they went to the station-master and commandeered all the money that he had in his safe, getting together about £200. But Gordon, for his part, would have been quite satisfied to have gone off with a few sovereigns in his pocket.

"Personally, I ought to owe him a grudge," continued Professor Douglas, "for it was through Gordon that I got the smallpox. I caught the infection in his rooms, and we were ill together in the hospital."

"You are lucky that it has left no marks," I observed.

"No," was the reply, "neither I nor Gordon was marked on the face. There was a certain Doctor Rennie there, who had a theory that by developing the irritation very strongly elsewhere the face could be saved. The Chinese call it, when the skin peels off, 'throwing out flowers.' When they asked what had been the matter with me, I told them I had been 'throwing out flowers.' 'What!' they cried in astonishment, 'What? At your age!' I was then about twenty. Among the Chinese there is no vaccination. They have the smallpox, as a matter of course, as children, and those who survive do not have it again. That a man of twenty should have it seemed a surprising innovation."

Another story Professor Douglas told us of a certain illustrious poet (we were talking of the methods of composition). "Get up, Maria," the poet said one night to his sleeping wife. "Get up and strike a light. I have just thought of a good word." "Get up yourself," replied the indignant Maria, "I have just thought of a bad one."

The Dilettanti Society, which was founded in the year 1734, published or had compiled between 1769 and 1881 four splendid volumes upon the Antiquities of Ionia, and it is probably to one of these volumes that reference is made :

Sir Frederick Pollock told me he had received that very day a valuable work which had been lent and lost for just about seventy years—some interesting drawings made in 1813 of the sculptures since brought over and lodged in the British Museum. The drawings had been sent to the Prince Regent at Windsor for his inspection, with a request that they might be returned to the Secretary of the Dilettanti Society. At Windsor, however, they remained until the librarian discovered them about four years ago, with the request attached to the volume. Having obtained the Queen's sanction, he wrote and offered to restore the drawings to the Dilettanti Society, of which Sir Frederick is now acting as secretary. Before it could be sent, however, the volume again mysteriously disappeared. Now it has been re-discovered, and the precious book returned to the representatives of its original owners.

Sir Frederick told me not a few odd anecdotes about the Dilettanti Club, a Society founded some 150 years ago, when it was the fashion for young men to make "the grand tour"; the object of the Club being to extend and cultivate the knowledge of foreign, and more especially of Italian art. Whenever anyone wanted to introduce a new member, it was necessary for him to go through the form of saying: "I have met this person in Italy." On one occasion, however, it was desired to enrol a gentleman who had not been "met" with any farther south than Avignon. A discussion arose as to his being qualified for membership, and

it was argued that, considering the frequent residence of the Popes at Avignon, that city might fairly be considered as appertaining to Italy. It ended by the candidate being admitted, and an entry appears in the records of the Club to the effect that, "In the opinion of the members of this Society, Avignon is in Italy." But an old conservative member appears to have taken alarm at this pronouncement, as opening the door to a swarm of abuses and subterfuges. Wherefore at the next meeting of the Society there appears in its annals a sort of rider to the foregoing resolution, thus: "But it is also the opinion of this Society that no *other* town in France, except Avignon, is in Italy."

The rules of the Society also allow the admission of one artist, one sculptor, and one architect. Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, occupied the position of artist some few years back, when it was much desired by the members of the Club to enrol among their number a gentleman who had no other claim for membership except that he was an artist himself. But that rôle was already filled by Leighton. At last some ingenious person, recalling that Sir Frederick Leighton had taken the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition for his statue of a man struggling with a python, proposed that Leighton should be acclaimed the representative of the art of sculpture, and this other candidate be admitted as the artist. This proceeding also is recorded in the annals of the Society, with the following rider: "Resolved, however, that Sir Frederick Leighton shall not hereby be prohibited from carrying on the practice of the sister art." "So you see," said Sir Frederick Pollock, "we are fond of our little joke even now."

May 30th, 1884.—I must not forget to mention a pleasant dinner party that I went to at Mr. George and Lady Constance Lefevre's about a month ago. I never saw a man so entirely happy in the present. He has certainly been very successful, and there is something refreshingly naïve in his delight in finding himself in so important an office as First Commissioner of Works. As a young man his

manners were somewhat brusque and overbearing; but there was sterling metal in the man, and the gratification of finding his good qualities publicly appreciated has softened the roughness and brought out the kindly genial nature that lay beneath. "We have had the narrowest escape," said he, "of a public scandal!" as he showed us some architectural designs for some new public buildings. Then he explained how three or four judges were appointed to assist him in the selection of plans. The work was to be allotted by competition, the drawings being sent in anonymously: first, the rough general designs, then a second competition among the selected of these for the elaborated drawings with finished detail. "Only two or three of the designs sent in for the first competition seemed to deserve attention, so few that we thought it best—so as not to proclaim to the world there were only three or four English architects who could send in a design worthy of consideration—to go through the residue again and pick out a few more of the least objectionable. We had no idea whether there were any great names amongst the competitors, but there was one drawing that looked somewhat like a Waterhouse, so we included it thinking his name would look well among the list of selected candidates in the competition. In the second competition the position of affairs was changed. This particular drawing, rejected at first, was so extremely good in all details that we had no hesitation in placing it second on the list. We wavered indeed before we decided to give the preference to the one I hold in my hand. Lucky we did so decide! For when the names of the candidates were disclosed, number two turned out to be—not Waterhouse—but the son of one of the judges! The judge was utterly unaware that his son was one of the competitors. But imagine the outcry there would have been—what talk about a flagrant job—had we given his son the prize!"

CHAPTER VIII

EMINENT DIVINES AND POPULAR PERFORMERS (1884—*continued*, and 1885)

Canon Farrar talks of Dean Stanley and Gladstone—Lord Macaulay tries to Forget—John Bright meets the Poet Longfellow—Story-telling at Pontresina—Yankee Repartee—The Bancrofts borrow a Rector's Coat—Bishops Dine Too Well—Cardinal Newman at the Oratory—Dr. Pusey Shivers—Lord John Russell replies to Lord Derby—Abraham Hayward and Sir Andrew Clark—Luncheon at Sir Robert Collier's—Fred Archer consults Sir James Paget.

London, July 16th, 1884.—Dined at the Humpherys, St. Martin's Place, and had the pleasure of being introduced to Canon Farrar who took me down to dinner, and was most agreeable. We talked of Arthur Stanley. Canon Farrar said that no Life ever likely to be written of him would give any real idea of his character, his purity and perfect simplicity. His journey to America—that was the last happy episode of his life. He enjoyed the hospitality and consideration he met with there. There were no associations there with the past reminding him of Lady Augusta and her death. Canon Farrar, commenting upon Stanley's ignorance of money matters, said that his two companions in America only allowed him about half a dollar a day for pocket money for fear he should mis-spend whatever money he had with him. I mentioned the story told by Arthur Stanley as to Mr. Gladstone having been reckoned by some former tutor even a worse arithmetician than himself. "I have often heard Stanley tell of his first meeting with Gladstone," said Canon Farrar. "It was at some place in the north of England that the two boys met—Gladstone fifteen years old, Stanley two years younger. Gladstone began at once, the moment they were introduced—'Have you read Gray's Poems?' 'No, I haven't.' 'Oh, you

must read them directly. I'll send them to you.' A short time ago a friend of mine picked up that very copy of Gray at a bookstall, with Gladstone's name on the title-page."

Then Mr. Farrar went on to speak of the Church of fifty years ago—"There were pluralists indeed, men who made an income of £1,000 a month out of the Church. A grand-daughter of Archbishop Markham told me that when her grandfather was Archbishop of York he invited the whole number of his fifty grandchildren to dinner, and every grandchild on sitting down found a thousand-pound note underneath his or her napkin. Fifty thousand pounds given away to his family at one sitting!" He said that old Mr. Turle, the late organist of Westminster Abbey, remembered the time when a wretched-looking Minor Canon used to do most of the preaching, and how he had seen him sitting in a side aisle of the Abbey with a pot of beer by his side, receiving sixpences from sightseers—these sixpences constituting in fact the chief remuneration for his services.

Referring again to Gladstone, Canon Farrar said: "I am often astonished at the freedom with which great men talk in Society. They say things which if caught up and repeated would do no end of mischief. The other night Gladstone at dinner made a quotation apropos of the House of Lords which would set the House aflame if it got into the papers. He never seems to be troubled by anxiety or the sense of responsibility like other men—'I have done my best, and can do no more; the rest I leave to Providence.' And he never appears to have misgivings as to whether he really has done his best: a singular calmness of temper. A friend of mine met him at dinner the night after a great Party struggle when his Ministry had been turned out. He was just as lively and pleasant as usual, and when dinner was over he retired into a corner, put his handkerchief over his face, and then and there before them all went quietly off to sleep."

Fox Warren,¹ August 2nd, 1884.—A pleasant party; the

¹ The Surrey home of the widow of Charles Buxton, M.P.

Cecil Boyles, Stephen Spring Rice, Oakeley Arnold¹; Mr. Milner,¹ etc. Stephen Spring Rice's memory is something marvellous. He simply *cannot* forget—after the fashion of Lord Macaulay. I remember at breakfast one day at my father's Lord Macaulay began to repeat some trashy old historical ballads, and so went on verse after verse until my father exclaimed—“Why, Macaulay, how *can* you have committed all that rubbish to memory? What utter waste of time!” “Committed to memory!” cried Macaulay. “I only wish I could forget it. I simply glanced over these verses when standing at a bookstall one day.” If I remember rightly, he said at the same time that if the first four books of Milton's *Paradise Lost* were destroyed, he could reproduce them word for word.¹ But this saying of his has been repeated so often that I may be mistaken.

Mr. Bright and Mr. Longfellow met each other for the first time at our breakfast table, and were mightily delighted with each other. Again the conversation turned upon memory, and John Bright asked Mr. Longfellow whether he could identify and claim every line of poetry he had ever written. Mr. Longfellow thought he could *not*. Then he in his turn put the question—would Mr. Bright be able to identify every one of the speeches he had ever made? “Yes,” said Mr. Bright, “not every passage perhaps taken by itself, but given a certain amount of the context I think I undoubtedly *could*.”

August 26th, 1884. Pontresina.—Having a beautiful sitting-room for which we had to pay the extravagant price of twenty francs per day, we determined to give an “at home” twice a week. This was our second—present ourselves, Mr. and Miss Mundella, Mr. George Brodrick and Dr. Main. A “story-telling party”—and some very good ones were told, two or three Yankee yarns in particular. The evening's entertainment began by each person drawing a number to decide the order in which story-tellers were to hold forth. Mr. Mundella refused to draw, and

¹ Known later as the Right Hon. Oakeley Arnold-Forster, and Viscount Milner respectively (*see* Index).

insisted that he had only come as a listener. But by the time the second story was concluded, and in spite of his daughter's murmured "Father! it's not your turn," he burst in with "That reminds me," etc., and launched out with story after story, one more funny than the other.

Apropos of American repartee, he mentioned how on a river steamer an American accosted him with the usual—"Wal, stranger, and how do you like our country?" Mr. Mundella answered somewhat shortly, but later, rather repentant, took an opportunity of accosting the gentleman in turn. They were just then passing a dismal-looking town in a swamp, having the appearance of another "Eden,"¹ and a bell was steadily ringing. "What's that bell for?" asked Mr. Mundella. "Guess they ring it every two hours," said the American. "But what *for*?" "Wal, stranger," said the American turning round and quietly looking at Mr. Mundella, "I expect it's just to remind them to take their quinine!"

Dr. Main described descending the rapids near Toronto, a somewhat dangerous feat. At the critical moment Dr. Main was standing near the prow of the vessel. "What would happen do you suppose if we were to strike that rock?" he said to an American standing by his side. "Well, stranger," said the American, "that would depend a good deal upon what your previous life had been!" A transition from the present to the future state which was decidedly startling.

I was reminded of a boastful American of Massachusetts who came to breakfast with us one day—the people of the United States were superior to any other people, and the men of Massachusetts smarter than the men of any other State. My father listened with an amused countenance for a time, and then said: "I have travelled a good deal in America, and Massachusetts is the only State in which I ever had my pocket picked." "Well, sir! and that was smart, too!" was the immediate reply.

Another story my father used to tell of an American

¹ Visited by Martin Chuzzlewit.

on board ship who was exceedingly proud of the purity of his English. He urged my father to tell him—"honestly now"—whether he could perceive the slightest American accent or peculiarity in his speech. Being pressed, my father at last reluctantly suggested that he had the habit, perhaps more frequently than we had in England, of beginning his sentences with the words: "Well, sir!" "Well, sir!" snapped the American at once angrily, "I don't perceive it."

Miss Mundella laughingly complained that the only American story she could recollect was an improper one. An American who had taken too much to drink was endeavouring to walk down one of those long straight avenues of poplars in Italy. First he bumped against one tree, then against another—"Beg pardon! Beg pardon!" he said. Then against a third. "Guess I'll sit down till this darned procession has gone by!"

Dr. Main had a story of two Irishmen, newly arrived in America, burying themselves beneath their bedclothes to escape an attack of mosquitoes. One of them cautiously put out his head and caught sight of a fire-fly that had meantime flown into the room. "Pat!" he exclaimed, "it's no use! Bedad, here's one of them looking for us with a lantern!"

One of our frequent visitors at Pontresina has been Mr. Ayre, Rector of St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He has come as chaplain for the summer season every summer since we met him here some fourteen years ago. There is now a large and rather pretty English church here, the result of his untiring efforts. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft on several occasions got up dramatic entertainments which brought in considerable sums to assist its building. There was a little piece called *The Vicarage* which they gave first at Pontresina. Mr. Cecil Blunt (Arthur Cecil) had undertaken to play the part of the vicar, and applied to Mr. Ayre for the loan of a clerical coat. He lent him an old coat he had with him that fitted Mr. Blunt to a T. When the Bancrofts advertised the play for production in

London, Mr. Ayre wrote to Arthur Cecil to offer him "his old friend" (the coat). Mr. Blunt availed himself of the offer. "And," said Mr. Ayre, "although I myself have not been inside a theatre for forty years, my coat appeared on the boards every night of the season. And the sequel is curious. I was travelling in Algeria, and met a gentleman who was talking about Cecil Blunt—'An amusing fellow, but you can't always believe what he says. When acting the vicar he pretended that he had got for clerical coat the genuine article—that it belonged to a clergyman. One couldn't quite swallow that!' You can imagine his astonishment when I told him that the coat in question had belonged to me."

The Vicarage, founded upon a story by Victor Feuillet, was produced by the Bancrofts in March, 1877. A glance at Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft's delightful reminiscences, *On and Off the Stage*, will show that it was supported by the brilliant Prince of Wales's company, Arthur Cecil playing the part of the Reverend Noel Haygarth, and Lady Bancroft of the Vicar's wife, and that in 1880, while on a visit to Switzerland, the piece was staged at Pontresina, when the chief parts were filled by their original interpreters.

In the year 1884 England was threatened with a dynamite campaign by Irish-American propagandists, afflicting custom-house officials with a fever of inquisitiveness:

September 27th.—Our first reception in London was somewhat strange. At none of the douanes abroad had our luggage been searched, although here and there at some frontier station a member of the Ambulance Corps with a Red Cross on his sleeve would open the carriage door and peer affectionately in our faces to see if we had got cholera. Thus I had forgotten our little troubles at home, and when, on arriving at Charing Cross about six o'clock in the morning, the porter began fussing about keys I responded sleepily enough, "Oh, they'll never want to open all those trunks." "They *will*, ma'am!" he replied significantly, "to the last 'at-box." "What on earth do they expect to find?" said I in annoyance. "*Dynamite!*" re-

sponded the man in a tone of awful solemnity. It was impossible not to laugh at the idea of our respectable family luggage being searched for infernal machines. But the porter was right. They opened every box, and proved the usefulness of this sort of examination by failing to discover the only contraband article—hard and large as a bomb—a nice fat bottle of Eau de Cologne.

On the 30th we went down to stay with Lady Baker at Woodhouse near Lyme Regis. We went over, a party of five, to dine with the George Spottiswoodes. I had for neighbour a pleasant old gentleman, Mr. Woodcock, an Honorary Canon of Salisbury. He happened to speak of Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells, to whose kindly and genial nature I myself can bear witness, having spent as a girl nearly a fortnight under the roof of his hospitable palace at Wells. "He was a kind, easygoing man," said my neighbour. "I remember going to him to plead the cause of a neighbouring clergyman who was a good deal too much given to drink. 'I am afraid,' said Lord Auckland, 'it's a bad case. Mr. D. was found lying at the bottom of his carriage by the keeper of the turnpike. Still I shall be happy to consider anything you can suggest in his favour.' 'Why, my lord,' said I, 'you must remember that it was after dinner, and I can put forward a precedent for his behaviour established by occupants of the episcopal bench. Your lordship should know that one fine evening Longley, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Short, the Bishop of St. Asaph, had been dining together in London, and after dinner determined to take a turn round Regent's Park. The coachman drove on, round and round and round, until at last he looked back into the carriage. There lay his Grace Thomas of Canterbury in one corner, and there lay Thomas of St. Asaph in the other.' 'Well ! well !' said Lord Auckland laughing, 'tell Mr. D. from me that he had better take a twelvemonth's holiday for the benefit of his health.' Those were easy-going times."

October 7th, 1884.—We found it impossible to get from

Axminster to Lichfield in one day, so settled to take Bath on our way. To our astonishment we found that that ancient city had again become as crowded a resort as in the palmy days of Miss Austen, although the cholera scare may have something to do with it.

Next day, October 8th, I went on to Hoar Cross. Amongst the other guests was Mr. Charles Wood—always agreeable and charming, but this time looking ill and sad, not having at all got over the death, some three or four months ago, of his mother, dear Lady Halifax, to whom he was so tenderly devoted. He had been spending a night at the Oratory at Birmingham as a guest of Cardinal Newman—now eighty-three years of age, but very handsome still. His description of the dinner was curious. Cardinal Newman sat at one little table by himself, and Mr. Wood at another alone. There were four more such tables, two reverend Brothers at each. On one side of the room was an open buttery whence the dishes were handed in to those Brothers whose turn it was to minister for the week to the rest. Not a word was spoken; but from a little pulpit one of the Brothers read aloud portions of two or three religious works. Presently the Cardinal held up his hand to stop the reading, and proceeded to give out a text. Then ensued a kind of devotional exercise. Each Brother in turn, with his head leaning upon his hand, began to give his exposition of the text—"My idea is that this passage may be interpreted thus," etc., etc. "An excellent dinner," said Mr. Wood, "most delicious soup, and a delicious bed!"

There followed a discussion on the merits of Pusey and other eminent divines. "Pusey had an odd, quaint way of saying things," said Mr. Sutton. "The very last time I met him we talked about Gladstone and the numerous M.P.s who were speechifying all over the country. 'And when one thinks,' said Dr. Pusey, 'of what is said in the Bible about "idle words," it makes one positively shiver.'"

Then an amusing story of a lady fond of airing her

French exclaiming, "How cold it is! I feel quite *shiver de freeze!*"

Talking of conscientiousness a characteristic story was told of the Duchess of Norfolk. On being pestered by a beggar she replied: "Go away, my good man, I have nothing to give you. . . . At least," she added after a moment's consideration, "nothing that I can spare."

As usual we had a good deal of reading aloud during this visit—exciting novels, *The Leavenworth Case* and *The House on the Marsh*, and among other books the *Recollections of James Payn* and a new *Memoir of Sydney Smith*. Lady Elizabeth Grey was especially interested by the references to Miss Martineau and the Lake celebrities. "Ah," said she, "Wordsworth didn't like Miss Martineau. 'She desecrates our valley!' he used to say."

October 26th, 1884.—We spent one night in London before starting on a visit to the Hankeys and some other south-country visits. I found a letter of eight pages from Mr. Kinglake of Taunton, brother of the historian, accompanying a little box containing a beautiful creamy magnolia bud plucked at Sydney Smith's home, Combe Florey, from a tree Mrs. Sydney had planted. On our way to Shipbourne we met Captain Downes Law, a fellow guest, who said that he had heard somewhere of the Duke of Wellington having a fight at Eton with Bobus, Sydney Smith's brother, and how Bobus Smith came off victor.

October 27th. *Shipbourne*.—Lord Charles Russell, staying here, has just been helping his son to canvass before his election, and gave Mrs. Hankey an amusing account of his experiences. Lord Charles is remarkably pale, thin and cadaverous. "Who be that old gentleman?" asked one of Mr. Russell's constituents. "That is my father," said Mr. Russell, "hale and hearty still, you see; sleeps well, walks well, eats well." "Lord sakes! sir. Do he now?" rejoined the constituent doubtfully. "H' looks as if he'd never had a full meal in his life." Lord Charles told this story against himself with glee.

He was very proud of his brother, Lord John, and was

fond of quoting from his speeches. On one occasion after a bitter attack from Lord Derby, Lord John got up to reply: "The noble Lord," he said, "has just made an exceedingly clever speech. The wit was admirable—could not be otherwise"—then, after a little pause, looking down—"it was Shakespeare's! The application was abominable—it was his own."

November, 1884. London.—Sir Montague Smith dining with us spoke of Labouchere: "He is not credited with much in the way of a religious creed, but humorously describes himself as the Christian Member for Northampton as distinguished from his colleague Bradlaugh. In his youth Labouchere is said to have avoided one or two duels at Homburg in cases where he had been the aggressor. It was supposed that he stayed through the siege of Paris in order to get rid of the imputation of cowardice which he had thus incurred."

Mr. Cecil Spring Rice, speaking of district-visiting, etc., told a funny story of an old woman saying to the lady who visited her—"I may be bad and you may be good, but I am not going to have you wiping your soul on me."

On the subject of conflicting testimony I mentioned the story told me by Mr. Hankey during my last visit to Shipbourne of a curious bet that he had helped to settle between the late Marquis of Townshend and Colonel Berkeley. The question in dispute was whether the Guards going to the Continent in 1811 wore pigtails or not. Colonel Berkeley maintained that they had none. "I was a midshipman at the time, and actually assisted in their embarkation. I could not have forgotten!" "And I was an Eton boy," rejoined Lord Townshend, "and we had a holiday given us to see the King march out of Windsor at the head of the Guards. I particularly noticed their pigtails. It is impossible that I can be mistaken." A case of champagne was wagered upon the issue. Fortunately Mr. Hankey was acquainted with an officer who had been in the Guards in 1811, and it was agreed that the matter

should be referred to him. And no case of champagne changed hands, for both parties proved to be right. The Guards did march out of Windsor with their pigtails, but they were cut off just before they embarked!

December, 1884.—Went for the first time to stay with Mr. Pandeli Ralli and his sister Julia at their new house near Farnborough. Mr. Pandeli Ralli told a curious story about Mr. Gladstone and Hayward, who were once dining with the Rallis in company with Dr. Andrew Clark. Dr. Clark and Hayward had an argument on the immortality of the soul, which Hayward denied. Mr. Gladstone, rather to the surprise of everybody present, sat listening to the argument in perfect silence. Next day, however—and this in the thick of the Irish debates—he wrote to Hayward a letter of sixteen pages on the subject. When Hayward afterwards lay dying he asked his doctor to send for Andrew Clark. He could not be found, however. “Then,” said Hayward, “tell him from me that I die a believer in immortality.”

London. June 14th, 1885.—Lunched at Sir Robert Collier's at their house at Chelsea. Some gentleman had accused Mr. John Collier, who is also an artist, of painting his daughter's head on a Circe. In fact he had worked from two models, neither of them resembling the young lady. But Sir Robert mentioned that in the case of his own grandmother the artist, who had painted her portrait, actually did put her head on to a half-naked Hebe. A fierce row ensued. An engraving from the Hebe picture had, however, been preserved in the family, and formerly used to have a little neat silver paper drapery hung in front of it—“to make it decent.”

Stories about Mrs. Siddons were quoted, one which she was fond of relating herself about her acting in Ireland. She was playing in the *Grecian Girl* one night at the Dublin Theatre, when a woman in the pit was quite overcome and was heard to sob violently. A gentleman next her, trying to comfort her, said: “There is nothing so very tragic in this play; if you had seen her last night as

‘Isabella,’¹ then indeed I should not have been surprised at your emotion!” “And isn’t this ‘Isabella’?” exclaimed the woman in sudden indignation. “Sure then if I had not thought this to be ‘Isabella’ I would not have shed one tear!”

Her acquaintance with the French language was slight. Being told that somebody had been found dead in his bureau—“But who had put him into it?” she asked.

An anecdote is quoted of the jockey, Fred Archer, the memory of whose fame will be preserved so long as horse-racing remains popular. It will not be new to many readers, but will bear repetition:

December 3rd, 1885.—Dined in Devonshire Place and sat by Colonel Everett. I told him I was losing my thumb-nail, owing to the slamming of a cabin door on a Dalmatian steamer, and asked him how long it would take to grow a new one? “Well,” he said, “I experimented once by marking my nail, and the mark took three months to disappear.” “I must be playing my piano long before that,” I exclaimed.

“You remind me,” said Colonel Everett, “of the famous jockey Archer, who having been severely bitten by a horse, went to Sir James Paget for advice. ‘And when do you think I shall be all right?’ said he, after the wound had been examined and dressed. ‘I think you will be fairly yourself again in about six weeks!’ said Sir James. ‘But shall I be all right for the Derby?’ asked Archer. ‘Let me see,’ replied Sir James, ‘when is the Derby?’ The famous jockey with a compassionate smile enlightened the other’s ignorance. ‘Yes; I think you might go,’ replied Sir James. ‘Go! Yes; but, Sir James, what I mean is—shall I be able to ride?’ ‘Perhaps better not,’ said Sir James; ‘better *drive!*’ ‘I am afraid, Sir James,’ cried Archer in despair, ‘you haven’t the least idea who I am!’ ‘No . . . really, except that I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Archer?’ ‘Then I must tell you,’ said

¹ In *The Fatal Marriage*.

Archer, 'what you are in your profession, I am in mine.' And he proceeded to explain his position. Sir James Paget, much interested, among other questions asked him: 'If you are not able to ride, what difference will it make to you, do you suppose?' 'About £2,000.' 'Indeed! And might I ask, if it isn't impertinent, what may be the average income you make a year by your profession?' 'About £7,000 or £8,000.' 'You may well say,' exclaimed Sir James, 'that you are in your profession what I am in mine. I only wish my earnings equalled yours.'

"And that is a true story," concluded Colonel Everett, as we rose from the table.

CHAPTER IX

A WOULD-BE PRINCESS; PARNELL'S PARENTS (1886)

Lord Herschell finds it worth while—Meeting a Murderess—The Economies of Peabody, Millionaire—Mrs. Gladstone expounds her Husband's Policy—Zukertort's Memory—A Quaker Lion—The Parentage of Louis Philippe—The History of Maria Stella Lady Newborough—A Romance of the House of Orleans—The Mother of Charles Stewart Parnell—The Charms of Delia—A Nice Home Tie—Mr. Babbage counts Six.

London, February 5th, 1886.—A pleasant dinner at Grosvenor Crescent. Lord and Lady Hobhouse, Sir Farrer and Lady Herschell, etc. Sir Farrer beaming! Just made Lord Chancellor; and to go down to kiss the Queen's hand to-morrow and receive the Great Seal. "Let me see," said I, "the Queen is at Osborne, isn't she?" "Ah! yes," replied Sir Farrer, with the gentle tone of deprecation people seem to think it right to adopt on these occasions. "Yes! a long journey; it does seem hard," etc., etc. "Well," said I, "I don't know. Perhaps it's rather a nuisance for the outgoing Ministers, but I think in your case it's worth while." "Oh, yes!" said Sir Farrer with sudden animation—dropping the conventional injured, pathetic tone, and with a little chuckle of almost boyish glee—"Oh, yes! for me, it's quite worth while."

He and Lady Herschell had dined with me about a month before this, just after he had lost his election, and they both took it to heart so dreadfully that it was quite distressing. She grew pink with indignation over their wrongs, and he couldn't bear to speak of the subject at all.

But now all was changed and he talked brightly about his professional career. I remarked that I should not like to have to defend the wrong side. "It is awkward," he

admitted; "yet when you have taken money from a man you cannot get up and say 'My Lord, the facts are plain—I have nothing to urge in extenuation.' One is bound to do what one can—even though it may lead to the perversion of justice." "But," I said, "to have to defend an actual murderer!" "I have only had to defend three murderers in the course of my life," said he, then adding with an involuntary smile of satisfaction, "I got them all acquitted." "And they were guilty?" I asked. "I am afraid they were. One was a little cracky, however. It was in the Lake Country, near Ullathwaite" (I thought he said—but it may have been Ullswater or Ulverston) "and the case created a great sensation in the neighbourhood. It was that of a woman who had killed her child; and there was a curious incident after the trial. On the evening of the same day a gentleman was riding to the town where the Assizes had been held. He met a woman coming in the contrary direction, and, being anxious to hear the result of the trial, he stopped her and asked her the news. 'How about the Ullathwaite murder?' 'Oh,' said the woman simply, 'they've let me off.'"

Sir Farrer said that, for many years, to get through his work, he had to give up all dining out, except on a Saturday; went to bed at nine, and was up at four in the morning, when he prepared his briefs.

My neighbour at dinner was Mr. Stewart Hodgson, who told me some curious stories about Mr. Peabody, the rich American, and the strange mixture he exhibited of generosity and miserliness. "He was quite angry with me," said Mr. Hodgson, "for striking a match one day, instead of using a bit of paper, and gave me a lecture on my extravagance. He went fishing in Scotland one year and had a man in attendance who charged him two shillings a day. But Mr. Peabody had him out early and late and worked him so hard that the next year the man refused to go out under half-a-crown. Mr. Peabody was furious—nothing would induce him to give the extra sixpence. No! he would rather throw up the whole thing and go back

to town at once ! Well," said Mr. Hodgson, "as Peabody wouldn't give way, we persuaded the man to accept the two shillings. And it so happened that the very next week Peabody *was* recalled to town on business; upon which he gave up the rest of his term, and then and there presented the man with £10 ! On another occasion—in Ireland, I think—he had paid some two thousand pounds for a fishing (double what they would have charged another man), but insisted on going out with an old line he had had lying by for eight years. Nothing would induce him to spend a few shillings upon buying a new line and reel. The consequence—the line broke at the critical moment, and he lost his fish; and then he was furious that the tackle he had bought eight years before had become rotten with old age. The most curious instance of economy, however, that I remember," continued Mr. Hodgson, "was one day when a gentleman, suffering from an attack of gout, called upon him. 'Oh ! I know the very thing for you,' said Peabody, and went upstairs and brought down a Gregory's powder. But instead of filling a glass with water and dropping the powder into it (the proper way to dissolve it), he dropped the powder into an empty glass and put in the water last, so the gritty stuff soaked at the bottom looking uncommonly nasty. 'I am not going to drink *that*,' said the friend. Mr. Peabody considered it some time, went on talking for a little and then suddenly—'Oh, well ! As it's mixed, it's a pity it should be wasted !'—took up the glass and drank the stuff off himself !"

In a brief entry two months later the Diarist describes how Mr. Gladstone's wife summed up the policy of her husband in a gesture, one that the "verdict of history"—which means the past painted to harmonize with the passions of the present—will no doubt at times confirm and at other times dispute :

April 9th, 1886.—Dined at Lady Westbury's, meeting among others Mrs. and Mr. Heseltine, the agreeable owner of that beautiful house in Queen's Gate. Much talk about Gladstone's speech on Home Rule the night before.

A description given of Mrs. Gladstone standing in the middle of the room, at a party at Mr. Childers's the other day, saying in a clear loud voice: "My husband's policy for the last forty years has been strictly Conservative—always up and up and up," her hand following the words with a rotatory upward motion!

On the question of Gladstone's prodigious memory I recalled what Colonel Jervoise many years ago told me of the wonderful memory of Zukertort—a naturalised German, now English Chess Champion. Colonel Jervoise was at the Chess Club, and some gentleman there was trying to recall a game that he had played two days before. About the thirtieth move he got puzzled and said that he could not remember what happened next. "How?" remarked Zukertort, who was standing by. "Do you mean to say you have forgotten a game you played only the day before yesterday?" Upon this Colonel Jervoise asked him, "And how long can you remember a game?" "Oh," said Zukertort, "I can remember every game that ever interested me. The others I dismiss from my memory entirely."

This note follows:

The Abbé Liszt came over to re-visit England this year in his old age. Everyone was talking of him, there were photographs of him in every shop window; but he could very seldom be induced to perform even for Royalty. Many years ago at a concert at Stafford House, given for the benefit of the Poles, Liszt, as a *tour de force*, played a duet with Sir Julius Benedict, using one hand only; but that one hand seemed to produce as much effect as Sir Julius's two. Liszt's mother, a quaint old Hungarian, used to say of him: "Mon fils a l'air d'un déterré, mais il a un *santé de fer*" (My son looks like a man risen from the dead, but he has a constitution of iron).

April 22nd, 1886.—Went to stay with the Henry Reeves, near Christchurch in Hampshire—a bare-looking house on the top of a hill, but charming inside—pleasant-shaped rooms with broad windows, and balconies, and a view over

river and moorland, with the fine old Priory of Christchurch an interesting object in the middle distance. Some talk at dinner about Mr. W. E. Forster—lately dead—and his conduct in Ireland. “He was perfectly right,” said Mr. Reeve, “in the policy he recommended to the Government—perfectly right. Where he did wrong was not following up his opinion by resigning at once: ‘You will have at least five hundred murders and crimes of violence this winter, and if you do not choose to check the growth of these outrages I will have nothing to do with it!’ That is what he should have said firmly, and then they might have given way to him.”

Mr. Reeve observed it as curious that Forster used to play for quite high stakes at whist. “At the Athenæum,” he said, “where he played constantly, the rules forbid play for more than half-crown points. But there is no prohibition against betting on the trick or on the game, and Forster used to bet largely.” “Strange for one of a Quaker family!” said I. “There’s a good deal of ferocity in that old Quaker blood,” replied Mr. Reeve. “Forster certainly did not *look* much like a Quaker—more like a lion or a bear. At one time we were living in Scotland on each side of a stream. He was then in the Government; and I remember him on a pouring wet day coming across the stream in his long rough yellow coat to give us early news of the battle of Sedan. I shall never forget how like a tawny old lion he looked.”

Mr. Reeve spoke of the sack of the Tuileries, when a number of the Emperor’s papers were seized, including a mighty list of investments, of foreign stocks he was supposed to have entrusted to Baring Brothers. Mr. Reeve commented upon it in some article that he wrote, but afterwards found it was a mistake. Edward Baring told him the list was of the possessions of the Duke of Brunswick, and not of Napoleon III. The Duke was anxious to be received as a sovereign prince, and tried to strike a bargain with the Emperor by the offer to leave this fortune to the Prince Imperial. But there was a hitch subsequently. The

Duke could not obtain his conditions, and it ended by his leaving his money to the town of Geneva.

Caerdeen, Dolgelly, June 11th, 1886.—At breakfast this morning an allusion was made to the threatened expulsion from France of the Orleans Princes. "You know," said Mr. Sam Holland, "about Louis Philippe, that he was not really of the Orleans family." "No," said I, much astonished; "how do you mean?" "Well," said my host, "the truth is, he was the son of a gaoler. There was an exchange of babies. The gaoler's son became King of France, the Duke of Orleans's daughter was brought up as the child of the gaoler. She grew up a handsome girl, took to the stage, and married my late neighbour, Lord Newborough. After his death she married again—a Russian Count; but between-time she travelled about a good deal and had in attendance a young medical man who afterwards became our 'quarry doctor,' from whom I used to hear all sorts of stories about her.

"Lord Newborough I used to know very well," continued Mr. Sam Holland, "and at one time saw a great deal of him. He was a warm supporter of mine when I was elected M.P., and quarrelled with his son who espoused the other side. 'I shall leave him as little as ever I can!' he vowed. He was a rough surly sort of fellow, always grumbling. He grumbled when he was invited to the funeral of Sir Robert Vaughan, a Welsh squire of considerable property. 'Never set eyes on the man in my life! Why on earth should I be invited to his funeral!' he went on complaining to me the evening before the ceremony. The next day the reason came out. Sir Robert had left a very large property to Lord Newborough's second son."

"But why did he do so?" I asked. "Well," said my host, "it came about in a curious way. Colonel Vaughan, Sir Robert Vaughan's predecessor, was an officer in Wellington's army, and just before one of the great Spanish battles he and another officer—both bachelors, both Welshmen, and intimate friends—made their wills in favour of

each other. The friend was killed and Colonel Vaughan inherited his estates. Sir Robert who succeeded him had no children, and he left one estate to Lord Newborough's son, because Lord Newborough was the nearest living relative of the officer who had been killed in the Peninsula, from whom the property had originally come."

An account is next given of the story of Lady Newborough, which I have much abridged in the quotation that follows. Those who are curious to pursue the inquiry can readily consult *The Mystery of Maria Stella*, by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, a pleasant little volume by a zealous advocate of her claim, or seek more judicious guidance from Monsieur Vitrac's *Philippe Egalité et M. Chiappini*—both volumes published in the year 1907. Lady Newborough's own reminiscences brought out by her in 1830, and reprinted in 1848, are difficult to obtain :

In 1773 the Duke of Chartres (the title then of Philippe Egalité) and the Duchess had been married four years. The greater part of their fortune consisted of desmesnes (appanages) which, failing male issue, reverted to the Crown; and the Duchess had given birth to but one child, a daughter still-born. Such was the state of affairs when the Princess and her husband set out for Italy, where, travelling under the titles of the Comte and Comtesse de Joinville, they spent some months at the village of Modigliana among the Apennines. Here the Duchess proved to be in an interesting situation. The Duke, who was fond of mean society, had formed an intimacy with a gaoler, by name Chiappini, whose wife was similarly circumstanced. A bargain was entered into—that if the Duchess's offspring proved a daughter, and the gaoler's a son, an interchange should be effected.

Things turned out according to this anticipation, and the terms of the engagement were mutually fulfilled. The gaoler's son, born the 17th of April, 1773, was taken to Paris and kept concealed until the 6th of October, when the ceremony of his private baptism as Louis Philippe was gone through. The Duchess's daughter remained in

Chiappini's house, and was educated as his own child under the name of Maria Stella Petronilla. The gaoler was well rewarded, and removing to Florence lived in an expensive style, although in receipt of only a small salary as squadron-officer of gendarmes.

Maria's *Memoirs* describe how she continued long ignorant of her high birth, ill-treated by her supposed mother who lamented the son whose fate was hidden from her. The father, knowing the Duke only as the Comte de Joinville, never dreamed that he was of the blood royal of France. His reputed daughter excelled his other children in beauty and wit. While still a mere child she acted for some three years on the stage at Florence with considerable success. The first Lord Newborough, after the death of his first wife Lady Catherine Perceval in 1782, settled for some years in Italy, and in 1786—at the age of fifty—was so captivated by Maria Stella—then a girl of thirteen—that he made her his wife much against her inclination. After some time he returned to England with his wife, and they lived at their magnificent home Glynllivon and in London, in Portland Place. By this marriage Maria Stella had several children; her son is the present peer.

On the death of Lord Newborough she succeeded to a handsome jointure, but forfeited a part of it on her marriage to Baron Edward Ungern-Sternberg, a Russian nobleman, with whom she lived for several years in great style at St. Petersburg. A son was there born to her, and he while still a boy accompanied his mother to Italy where she went to visit Chiappini whom she then still regarded as her father. Before his death Chiappini addressed to her a letter which altered her whole destiny, and embittered the remainder of her days.

Gifted with energy and lofty sentiments, impatient to fathom the mystery of her birth, she sought evidence in every quarter. Her efforts procured her the knowledge that her father was the Comte de Joinville, a French nobleman, and in 1823 she set out for France with her youngest child, Edward, son of Baron Sternberg. She found her way to

the village of Joinville, and learned that it had been part of the patrimony of the House of Orleans, and that the Duke, who perished on the scaffold in 1793, had sometimes travelled under that title.

She next visited Paris and made several efforts to reach the man who had succeeded to the title and wealth of that powerful family. She became the dupe of sharpers who robbed her without mercy. When her means failed her she secured by an excusable artifice a visit from the old Abbé St. Fare, the natural uncle of Louis Philippe; but when he learned she was seeking restitution the gates of the Palais Royal were hermetically sealed against the Baroness. She was a stranger in Paris and all her movements were watched by the police. She went back to Italy to renew her search, and returned, after an absence of several months, to Paris with fresh evidence, and a judgment given by the ecclesiastical tribunal of Faenza, on the 29th May, 1824, which fixed her rank and pronounced that she was not Chiappini's daughter but the daughter of the Comte de Joinville.

Pecuniary temptations were presented to her in the most insidious manner by Louis Philippe's agents to abandon her claim, but she resisted with a pride worthy of her royalty. She bore a striking resemblance to Madame Adelaide, the Duke's sister, while the Duke's features so closely resembled those of the Italian gaoler that the Baroness's youthful son Edward, on seeing in a picture gallery the portrait of Louis Philippe, cried out several times, "Papa Chiappini! Papa Chiappini!" The police suppressed her *Memoirs* and repeatedly threatened her with imprisonment.

The succession of Louis Philippe to the throne rendered her position more than ever difficult. The tribunals of justice were closed against her. She was pronounced mad. But to the last she retained her reasoning faculties. She never abandoned her claim, but during the last five years of her life a fear of being arrested in the street caused her never to stir out of her apartment in the Rue de Rivoli.

The day before her death in 1843 upon hearing the cannon announce the opening of the Chambers, she called for the newspaper that she might hear "what that brigand Louis Philippe had been saying." She never spoke again.

Maria Stella was buried in the cemetery at Montmartre, but a tablet to her memory was placed by her son, Lord Newborough, in the Wynn Chapel at Llanwrog Church, Glynllivon. That in her *Memoirs* Lady Newborough supports her claim by several statements which cannot bear examination is no reason to doubt her faith in its reality. Her case rests in fact upon three arguments deserving respect. Louis Philippe did not resemble in appearance the younger children of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans; Lady Newborough's resemblance to Madame Adelaide, the undoubted daughter of the Duke and Duchess, was remarkable. It is reasonably established that Maria Stella was not the daughter of her reputed father Chiappini. It seems fairly established that her real father passed at Modigliana under the name of the Comte de Joinville; and there is authentic evidence that the Duke of Orleans did at least on one occasion travel under that name, a title associated with the Orleans family. But the improbabilities of Lady Newborough's story upset the balance. There is no record of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans having travelled in Italy in April, 1773. There is some evidence of their having been then in Paris. The birth of Louis Philippe took place according to accepted history in October. To establish Lady Newborough's claim it is necessary to suppose that the Duchess, although attending Court functions, was able to conceal her condition through the period preceding her supposed delivery of a daughter in April, and to pass as enceinte during the period preceding October, 1773, when the birth of Louis Philippe was celebrated. Moreover, a number of officials and relatives assembled for the latter event. Not only must the doctors have been privy to the deception, but one is required to believe that a child of six months old was shown to these assembled courtiers and relations without any of them observing the infant to be other than a newborn babe. Vitrac ascribes the parentage of Maria Stella to Count Charles Battaglini of a noble Rimini family, and gives reasons for his conclusion. Lady Newborough's claim to

be the legitimate daughter of Philippe Egalité armed Republican journalists of the day with a weapon for satirical attacks upon the King Louis Philippe, but is not supported by evidence that will recommend it to an impartial judge.

A happier example of faithful domestic service than instances already quoted is supplied in the following extract from the record of this Welsh visit :

Our host told us how at the age of 18 he was sent by his father to look after slate quarries belonging to him at Tan-y-bwlch. Here with his usual energy he set himself to learn Welsh, and for that purpose hired a maid-servant who could speak nothing else. She, however, on her part was equally desirous to learn English; and other experiments proved equally unsatisfactory. "At last," said our host, "I got one who stayed with me fifty years. She was some relation to the Wynn family. Her father's name was Evans, her mother was a Jones, she herself married a man called Thomas; but she stuck to the name of Mary Wynn. This is how I came across her. I was riding to Tan-y-bwlch, and as I approached the little inn on the hillside, saw coming towards me a rather disreputable clergyman. Suddenly a handsome-looking girl emerged from the inn, ran down the hill, snatched off the clergyman's hat, boxed him soundly on the ears, and then retreated, his hat in her hand, calmly to the inn. 'That seems a spirited girl of yours,' I said to the landlord, telling him of the droll adventure that I had just witnessed. 'She's a fine lass,' he replied. 'The parson sneaked out without paying, and she whipped out after him. But she wants to find a place as servant in a private house.' Well, Mary Wynn expressed her readiness to come to me; but then arose the question of wages. 'I must have £9 a year,' she insisted promptly and firmly—little enough even in those days, so the bargain was struck at once. She was with me fifty years and never had any more." "What! Did you never raise her wages?" "No! She never asked me to. She was a universal favourite, and used to get

many presents from visitors; and when she got too old for service we pensioned her off, and she lived to near 100 years of age, comfortable and happy to the very last."

October 15th, 1886.—After a visit to the Charles Normans at The Rookery went on to Shipbourne Grange. Some stories of impostors told. "I think," said Mrs. Lynedoch Gardiner, "Lord Rokeby is one of those good-natured people who are constantly being taken in. Once I was the means of saving him. 'Oh, yes,' he said to me, 'I've been the victim of several widows, but I've bought my experience and shan't be imposed upon again. There was a widow here this afternoon, but she only wanted me to give her a cheque for £3 in order that she might send it to her brother in the country, and she put down three good golden sovereigns in exchange.' 'Well,' said I, 'I have heard of a gentleman who gave a cheque for eight pounds and it was cashed for eighty.' " This story recurred to Lord Rokeby in the watches of the night, and made him so uneasy that the first thing in the morning he communicated with his bankers. Later that day the cheque was presented altered to £300. The warning had arrived in time, and the man who presented the cheque was handed over to the police.

General Lynedoch Gardiner read us aloud parts of a book with some such title as *London Society*, by a foreigner resident in England. His comments upon some of the people mentioned in it were interesting. There was a passage about the Prince of Wales's fondness for cards. "Certainly he is fond of high play," said General Gardiner, "and at times the foreigners who may play with him will find at the end of the evening that they have lost a pretty good sum. I play 'Household' points; but the Prince likes one pound points and five pounds on the rubber." The book spoke of the ability of the Duke of Cambridge in manœuvring troops; but General Gardiner said "Yes, that is quite true. The Duke lost his head in the Crimea; but for handling masses of men, moving and manœuvring troops, there is no one to compare with him."

Speaking of Parnell, the Irish agitator, Mrs. Hankey said: "Sir Andrew Buchanan used to accuse *us* of being the authors of all the mischief in Ireland, inasmuch as it was through Mr. Hankey and myself that Parnell's father and mother first became acquainted. But for us, he said, there would have been no Charles Stewart Parnell. We were on our way to America, and Mr. Parnell (the father) and Lord Powerscourt—both very charming young men and the owners of charming places—were among our fellow-passengers. They were most agreeable, and we soon became very intimate. At Washington, through one of our American friends, Mrs. Stewart (the mother of Delia, afterwards Mrs. Parnell) managed to get introduced to us. She was a very vulgar woman, always on the look out for new acquaintances and for an eligible *parti* for her 'dear Delia'—as she called her. Lord Powerscourt and Mr. Parnell both happened to be present when she called on us, and were immediately included in her pressing invitation to dinner. First, 'Delia' set her cap at Lord Powerscourt; but his affections were already engaged. So she transferred her attentions to Mr. Parnell. 'Delia' sang to him; 'dear Delia's' drawings were laid out for him to admire; and many were the jokes we had with Mr. Parnell on the subject. At last, when we left, he said he should escape to the Far West to avoid her; and certainly at that time he was quite insensible to her attractions. When we next saw Mr. Parnell we were living in South Audley Street, and he came with Lord Powerscourt to call. 'You do not know, perhaps,' said the latter, 'that Parnell is married since you last saw him?' and he leaned back in his chair, making a little sign to me behind Mr. Parnell's back, as much as to say 'Beware!' It was well he did so; for when I asked the lady's name and was told Miss Delia Stewart, had I not been warned, I should certainly have cried out, 'No! no! you think you can take me in; but that I can't believe!'"

November 10th, 1886. Milford.—My first visit to Barbara, Mrs. Webb, meeting there Mr. Pandeli Ralli,

whose sister was so tragically drowned two months ago. Mr. Godfrey Webb came over to luncheon, and we got to reciting ballads, riddles, jeux de mots. The brother cited this epitaph :

“Here lies the body of Mary Anne Best;
Her head now rests on Abraham’s breast.
Very good fun for Mary Anne,
But rather rough on Abraham.”

There was talk of snakes and poisons and their effects upon different animals—among other things that pigs in China eat rattlesnakes with impunity and relish. Then a story of a lady whose son was in the habit of keeping two boa-constrictors in his bedroom adjoining that of his mother. A friend asked the mother whether she did not feel it disagreeable to have these snakes next door. She acknowledged that it was unpleasant; “but then,” she added, “they are such a nice home tie for Henry.”

There follows an anecdote concerning Mr. Babbage, F.R.S., once Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, whose name is still to be found in encyclopædias and biographical dictionaries. His chief title to renown is as inventor of a Calculating Machine that cost many thousands of his own and Government money before it was given dignified burial in the South Kensington Museum :

I related how at dinner long ago at Mr. Vernon Smith’s (afterwards Lord Lyveden) the conversation turned on the game of “squaring words,” and my neighbour—whose name I knew not—undertook to explain the system. “Take the word Horse for instance; that has six letters,” said he. “Five letters you mean,” I suggested. “No, no, *six* letters,” he repeated. “Horse, the word Horse, has six letters !” Well, I was young and he was old; so, not to contradict him directly, I began to count—“H.O.R.S.E. . . . 1.2.3.4.5.” “Why,” cried he in great astonishment, “I declare you are right. Ah, well . . .” (after a moment’s pause), “you see, I never could count. That’s how it was I came to invent my calculating machine.” And thus it was I discovered that my neighbour was Mr. Babbage.

CHAPTER X

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST JUBILEE (1887)

A Bonfire of Banknotes—A Ghost mistakes his Berth—The Dream of Sir John Moore—Baroness Coutts plays Pussy—A Believer in the Claimant—A Beautiful Telegram—Dean Stanley rebuffed—The Queen's First Jubilee—Lord Lathom on the Roof—Queen's Weather puzzles the Experts—A Royal Sculptress—A Wine Cellar camouflaged—The Edibility of Rats—A Prisoner of the Commune.

THE reader will have noticed that it was the author's custom to spend a part of every year abroad. She was endowed with a vitality that scorned the fatigue of travel, and a gift for languages which enhanced its pleasures. Sightseeing she heartily enjoyed, but as a rule judiciously refrained from describing in these yearly notebooks the cities and monuments which she visited, providing their more attractive memorial in a substantial library of her clever sketches in water-colour. Her journeys were confined to Europe, although in 1887 she extended their range to include Tunis and Algiers and enthusiastically records her delight in the profusion of flowers of an Algerian spring :

Algiers, May.—Such flowers were never before seen except in the Bower of Roses. There are millions of them. I think one would lose all pleasure in roses if one had them in such abundance. The very sky seems canopied with them, the air heavy with their scent. They cover the walls, they clothe the roofs and chimneys, they run up the tallest trees, they hang in great clusters overhead. It seems strange to remember the dainty delight of choosing one's rosebud in England.

But Hammam Meskhutin—that is indeed a wonderful place ; a high plateau in the midst of a veritable "bouquet " of mountains, for their slopes are robed with flowers. Long sweeps of brilliant gorse, of white and yellow daisies, of

poppies, rampant wild mignonette, great bushes of purple lavender, masses of burridge and orange-coloured marigolds, tall graceful white and lilac flowers.

London, June 26th, 1887.—Mr. Augustus Hare came in unexpectedly to supper, and among other amusing anecdotes related the following: There recently lived in one of the Midland counties an old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Close. They were reported to be very rich, very miserly and very eccentric. To keep their riches to themselves as long as possible, husband and wife made a will each in the other's favour; but the precaution availed nothing—they died on the same day. The heirs took possession eagerly, but were disappointed by the dullness and dinginess of the house now become theirs. They consoled themselves with the certainty that somewhere must be the large sums of money that had belonged to the old couple. The young couple who were the heirs searched to discover the whereabouts of these treasures. High and low from garret to cellar they hunted. A lumber-room full of dusty old furniture they had ransacked in vain, when, in moving one wardrobe, a door was revealed leading into another tiny room wherein stood a great chest bound by iron bands. Here then at last was the hidden treasure, and eagerly the lid was forced up—revealing a mass of human hair of all sorts and colours, as though the accumulated scrapings of brush and comb for the last forty years! “Ugh! the nasty old people!” cried young Mrs. Close, nevertheless poking about with her husband's stick in case there should be anything valuable concealed amongst the hair. But further search revealed only a layer of greasy curlpapers, and beneath these again, some dirty old pairs of stays. “Disgusting!” cried Mrs. Close again (and indeed the state of the box justified her exclamation). “Horrible! It will infect the whole place. Carry it down to the courtyard and make a bonfire of the whole of it.” These orders were obeyed and Mrs. Close, standing by, assisted to poke into the flames sundry of the curlpapers that lay scattered about the ground, when one of them untwisted and out of

it tumbled a banknote—for fifty pounds! With a cry of horror Mrs. Close snatched another from the ground, and in it, behold, another fifty pounds! Desperately now she tried to beat down the fire, but the flames were well alight. With all her efforts she was only able to rescue something like £800, while notes to more than thirty times that value were, it was supposed, consumed.

Apropos of apparitions at the point of death Mr. Hare told the following: Mr. Pritchard was once attending a patient who lay at the point of death. His life had been anything but irreproachable and his relations gathered around were anxious that he should speak some word, give some token of penitence before he died. The doctor told them that it was possible that just at the last he would recover from his state of stupor, might even be able to speak, but that his end was near. The watchers therefore waited in silence, seated around the bed. At nine of the clock the sick man suddenly stirred. His eyes opened, and lifting himself up, with fixed gaze, not directed towards the watchers, but—as it were—through them and beyond them all, he uttered clearly and distinctly these words: “It is not he!” Then fell back dead upon his pillows.

The relations, unable to attach any meaning to this utterance, remained exceedingly surprised and perplexed. “It is not he!”—to whom could that possibly refer?

At last arrived a letter from the son of the deceased, written from the Bosphorus, from on board the ship on which he served as lieutenant. It was a regular sailor’s letter—capital voyage—so many knots an hour—wind astern, etc., etc. But ended thus: “I must tell you a curious thing that happened the other night. We had turned in early, Joe Morton and I. We share the same cabin, and his berth is exactly over mine. Just as the clock struck nine Joe declares that his curtains were drawn aside, and that he saw a middle-aged gentleman dressed all in grey, and with a black ribbon and seals hanging from his watch, just like those my father used to wear. The old gentleman gazed at him fixedly for a minute or

two, and then said quite distinctly. ' It's not he ! ' Then he disappeared as suddenly as he had come ! ”

The ghost of Dr. Pritchard's patient had discovered the right sea, the right ship, the right cabin; and then after all he had gone to the wrong berth.

Some of the ghosts whose doings are chronicled in these notebooks had better luck than Dr. Pritchard's patient :

A curious story was told me of the famous Sir John Moore. On one occasion during the war he was sleeping in the gallery of a house belonging to some Spanish grandee, his men being quartered in the town. Over the fireplace was a full-length portrait of a Spaniard, sword in hand. Sir John dreamed that he saw this figure step out of the frame, and point with his sword to the end of the gallery. He awoke, but soon fell asleep again, when the dream was repeated. Once more the Spaniard stepped down and pointed to the end of the gallery. Sir John awoke again with a vague feeling of uneasiness, but ashamed to be troubled by a dream he applied himself to sleep again, when a third time the warning vision was repeated. He could stand it no longer; but rose and gave the order to get the men together and evacuate the place. Nor did he do so a minute too soon; for as he marched his little troop out of one gate of the town, the French were entering in force by the other, and but for this timely retreat they must have been surrounded. By the by, "they buried him darkly," but they moved him twice afterwards, and now Sir John Moore rests on the top of the ramparts at Corunna.

July 9th, 1887.—Mr. Hassard (I think officially he is Registrar-General), the Bishop of Gibraltar, etc., to dinner. Referring to the story of Mr. and Mrs. Close, Mr. Hassard told us that when Lady Burdett Coutts's brother, Sir Robert Burdett, died some ten years ago, the two solicitors who had to ransack his rooms—first in York Street and then in the Albany—found upwards of ninety thousand pounds in bank notes stuffed into vases on the chimney-

piece, and in all sorts of improbable places. He used to draw large cheques and then would pop the notes into the first receptacle at hand "to be safe," and then forget all about them.

Lady Coutts had not seen this brother for a score of years and told Mr. Hassard that she would not even know him were he to pass her in the street. He had quarrelled with his family after the death of the Duchess of St. Albans, but came, however, to see and be reconciled to his mother in 1843 before her death. When Sir Robert died in his turn, it chanced that Lady Coutts became the sole administrator of his fortune.

Many years ago, when travelling in the South of France with my mother, we met Lady Coutts accompanied by Doctor and Mrs. Brown. The doctor died, and his widow became Lady Burdett Coutts's chosen friend and companion. Mrs. Brown was a vulgar but kindly old woman, and her influence over Lady Coutts was unbounded. She addressed her constantly as "Pussy." Staying at Bishopthorpe, shortly after Archbishop Thomson had been installed, I remember coming downstairs when, through the half-open drawing-room door, were audible the words "Pussy, *dear* Pussy!" spoken in just the ingratiating tones with which one might address a favourite cat. Pushing open the door, however, there appeared no cat, but only Lady Coutts seated like a child on a low footstool at the feet of Mrs. Brown, who was stroking her hair and caressing her as aforesaid.

Mrs. Brown was a firm believer in the Tichborne claimant, and in spite of the daily accumulating mass of evidence against him, supported him through thick and thin. "But, Mrs. Brown," said I, calling in Stratton Street one day while the trial was going on, "the original Roger Tichborne was *tattooed*—the fact has been proved by several witnesses. How do you account for the claimant having no such marks upon him?" "Never mind, my dear!" said Mrs. Brown. "Never mind! Tattooed or not, be sure *he is the man!*" Lady Coutts, who was

present, smiled pleasantly and said nothing. If she held a different opinion, she evidently did not care to vex her companion by admitting it. Indeed, however one might wonder, it was a touching and pretty sight to witness the constant and unremitting attention shown by Lady Coutts to this very old lady, and the jealous way in which she exacted attention and respect towards her from even the most illustrious of those who frequented the Stratton Street drawing-rooms. For some time before her death Mrs. Brown became almost, if not entirely blind, and the Baroness having cared for her and attended upon her to the last, was so much affected by her loss that she was advised to try a change of scene and accordingly started in a yacht for Portugal and Spain and the islands of the Mediterranean.

Mr. Hassard joined her during the latter part of the excursion. The party consisted of ten, four ladies and six gentlemen, amongst the latter Mr. Edwin Long, the painter, Mr. Irving, the actor, and Mr. Bartlett, whom Lady Coutts afterwards married. At Zante the Baroness had been invited to inspect the process of drying currants at a villa some five miles inland. Only three horses, however, were to be procured, so the Baroness made up her mind to ride there alone, attended by Mr. Irving and Mr. Bartlett. A most curious trio they looked—Mr. Irving with his long legs and Lady Coutts so bumped and jolted that before she had gone a mile she was compelled to turn back.

I repeated a funny tale about Mrs. Brooman White of Arddarroch, an elderly, very wealthy widow, who married as her third husband Lord Henry Lennox. The new Lady Henry, about a month after her marriage, arrived at a dinner-party alone—So sorry! Lord Henry was detained at the House of Commons. Would follow presently. In the middle of dinner a telegram arrived, and was handed to the lady; and on reading it the elderly bride suddenly burst into tears. "What is it?" asked everybody in consternation. "Can Lord Henry be ill? Has he had an

accident? ” “No! Oh, no!” she sobbed out. “Only it’s so beautiful: *I am going to speak. Pray for me—So beautiful!* ”

Mr. Cropper related an anecdote told him by the late Mr. Rose, a clergyman living near Weybridge, of one of his parishioners who, discussing a newcomer to the neighbourhood, ended by saying: “I greatly fear he has not got ‘*the one thing needful*,’ which, I need not tell you, Mr. Rose, is—money!”

Mr. Hassard mentioned a most agreeable week that he had spent with Arthur Stanley in the Channel Islands about a year and a half before his death. The Dean had begun to recover his spirits, sadly broken by the loss of Lady Augusta, and was full of interest and energy. “I shall not consider myself an old man,” he exclaimed, “shall not begin to take care of myself, until I have struck seventy.” But within eighteen months he was gone.

There were twelve Rectors of the Jersey Parliament, corresponding to our House of Peers. Stanley went to see one of them, a fine old man who had been Rector for fifty years, and was received with every mark of gratification and respect. The Dean the following day attended a session of the Parliament. The twelve Rectors sat in a sort of pew, raised above the Commons, and on entering Stanley saw his friend placed at the end nearest to the door. Going up to him, prepared to shake hands and renew the conversation of the previous evening, what was his astonishment when the old gentleman drew himself up and bowed with the utmost formality! He was no longer the genial host, but a Peer of the Jersey Parliament! Great was Stanley’s delight when he understood the cause of the transformation, and he was never weary of describing his rebuff.

In Guernsey the Dean was intensely interested in the house where Victor Hugo wrote *Les Misérables*. From a glass-covered terrace the poet could see all the wonderful coast scenery so well described in that book. Stanley visited every part of the house no less than three times in one day.

There was a chair in the dining-room with a chain passed across from arm to arm so that no one might sit upon it. This chair Victor Hugo had placed next his own at dinner, and it pleased him to suppose that it was occupied by the spirit of his father. There were three pictures only on the walls. There had been four, but one had been removed: Number one, "The death of the Soldier," representing a soldier having his throat cut by peasants; two, "The death of the Priest," the priest being massacred by women; three, "The death of the Aristocrat," under the guillotine. "And what is the death of the Lawyer?" cried Stanley as he and Mr. Hassard came to the vacant place that number four should have occupied.

The scene in Westminster Abbey at the first Jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria's accession was witnessed by the author of these notebooks and described by her at length, but the following lesser references to the celebration may bear repetition:

July 17th, 1887.—To lunch with the Dowager Lady Westbury along with Dr. Russell (formerly *Times* correspondent), etc. Lady Westbury said that both Lord Lathom and Sir Charles Warren (the Lord Chamberlain and the Head of the Police) had received endless letters, cautionary and threatening, so that they had the Abbey searched from end to end only to find a man lying asleep under one of the benches, who proved a harmless intruder, after which the doors were locked. But the very evening before the ceremony came another anonymous letter, probably a hoax, "Have you examined the little round tower above the Queen's chair?" So great was their anxiety and responsibility that, armed with lanterns, Lord Lathom and Sir Charles Warren scrambled over the roof and climbed up the tower at two o'clock in the morning—to find nothing.

Among the various Royalties who came over to celebrate the Jubilee was the Queen of the Sandwich Islands and her sister. Remarkably tenacious was she of her dignity; so much so that she refused to go to bed on

arriving, until she had been provided with a sentry. On the day of the ceremony, a company of the 10th Hussars was sent to escort her to the Abbey; but she dismissed them at once, and insisted upon an escort of Life Guards, declining to stir until they arrived.

The authentic history of Lord Lorne's unfortunate tumble was related. The Duke of Portland had offered to lend him a horse to ride in the procession, but Lord Lorne thought it not handsome enough, and one offered by the Duke of Westminster was similarly rejected. Finally Mr. Cyril Flower offered him a splendid animal, but warned Lord Lorne that it was difficult to mount. This horse was accepted, but when led into the courtyard of Buckingham Palace on the morning of the ceremony was so frightened by Lord Lorne's bonnet, and the waving feathers and plumes around, that no sooner was Lord Lorne mounted than he was violently thrown to earth. And it was the Prince of Wales who was the first (in spite of his somewhat stout figure) to spring from his horse and hasten to Lord Lorne's assistance.

The ceremonies of the Queen's first Jubilee were rendered the more brilliant by the auspicious weather, which the writer, with her love of the extraordinary, seems in the entry that follows half inclined to attribute to supernatural agency. The entry is taken from a notebook eleven years later in date:

Archdeacon Watkins described the terrific thunderstorm which raged during the unveiling of the memorial to Archbishop Benson. The hailstones rattling on the roof made so loud a noise that it was mistaken for the hammering of the workmen engaged at the episcopal palace, who were told to stop their work. At one moment there was a vivid flash. "I saw," said the Archdeacon, "what I thought was a ball of fire fall exactly in front of the Duchess of Connaught. I thought she must be killed. It was due only, however, to the action of a photographer who chose that moment to uncover his lens, anxious to take a snapshot. The lightning flashing on the circular disc

had the appearance of a ball of fire.” A storm raged in like fashion during the Archbishop’s funeral; and this led, per contrast, to the mention of what is called “Queen’s Weather”—Her Majesty’s singular good fortune in this respect.

This curious instance was given. The day before the first Jubilee Lady McClintock met Mr. Scott (the head of the Weather Office), and questioned him upon the forecast for the morrow. “Don’t ask me!” was the reply, with a gesture of despair. Needless to say, the lady’s curiosity was aroused, and she insisted accordingly. “Well, we are trying to keep it out of the papers, but the fact is tempests are beating up on all sides, as though they would burst upon us to-morrow. I have never, in the way of evil portent, come across any combination equally alarming.” The day after the Jubilee Lady McClintock met Mr. Scott again. “Well,” said she, “how about your prophecies? The weather was *magnificent*.” Mr. Scott shrugged his shoulders. “I can only say that it was the most extraordinary transformation I almost ever saw. The storms came rolling on until they almost touched the land, and then (as though some magic influence emanated from English soil) they seemed to pause and hesitate. The wind fell, the clouds dissolved and were scattered. It really amounted to a miracle.”

I also remember witnessing a miracle of this sort at the unveiling of Princess Louise’s statue of the Queen outside Kensington Palace. The Princess had given us seats for the enclosure but it was a pouring wet day—even the tents began to drip and we had to put up our umbrellas. In the middle of the downpour the Queen arrived in a close carriage. There was a hurried consultation of dripping officials and Princesses in waterproofs, but during the three minutes’ delay the rain had stopped, the Queen’s carriage was thrown open, Princess Louise advanced to the carriage door and was heartily embraced by the Queen. Out came the sun! The veil over the statue was withdrawn, and the aged Queen with her charming daughter by her side,

gazed at the semblance of herself—as she had been fifty years ago—young and fair, with a look of expectancy on her face, as though of the brilliant future that lay before her.

It is to my mind a fine and suggestive work of art, and the Princess had evidently put her whole heart into it. People said of course that her master, the sculptor Boehm, had the chief hand in it, but Lady Sophia Macnamara, her lady-in-waiting, told me that it was utterly untrue. He had criticised and advised of course, but the Princess was so determined to do the whole thing herself that she would not allow him so much as to lay a finger upon it.

Dean Farrar reminded me on the same occasion of an incident at the Jubilee Service that I had forgotten, when—after the Service—the Princes each in turn advanced to do homage. Two in succession had advanced and retired, but when the third came forward, moved by a sudden motherly instinct, the Queen bent forwards and kissed him. Then she *recalled* the other two and kissed them, showing that the kissing was quite unpremeditated.

The notebooks contain but a few references back to the Franco-Prussian War, chiefly anecdotes like those that form the conclusion of this chapter :

June 20th, 1887.—Met at Madame de Bunsen's garden party Mr. Wilson, grandson of Archbishop Sumner. He had been travelling abroad during the last Franco-German War; so had we, and we compared our experiences. So far as he was concerned, he said, he found the peasants in the neighbourhood of Metz and Strasbourg were indifferent as to whether the French or the Germans were quartered upon them, or rather they had a dread of both visitors. In either case their sheep and poultry were seized, their crops destroyed, etc. Mr. Wilson told a rather good story of a French peasant who, having three casks of remarkably good wine, determined to preserve them from the invader. He accordingly proceeded to dig three graves, and having buried therein his casks, placed above the head of each a

cross with the inscription: "Hier liegt ein Kamerad!" The Germans came, dropped a tear and passed on.

Not so fortunate was a French curé. He also had wine so excellent that the first batch of Germans quartered upon him expressed much satisfaction at their entertainment. On their leaving, the worthy priest asked for a line of recommendation to any of their countrymen who might follow. "Certainly!" cried the Germans, and scribbled in German character something that he, ignorant of German, was unable to read. When he presented his testimonial to the next batch, "Bravo! you have some good wine," they exclaimed. "Let us have it out by all means—all of it!" So the newcomers fell to and drank up all their predecessors had left.

Biarritz, October, 1887.—Met in the Salon one evening a rather pleasant Frenchman who had been through the siege of Paris. Being eighteen years of age at the time, he had of course been obliged to serve, and though one has had the same details before, yet it was interesting to hear them again from an eye-witness. He said the soldiers did fairly well—they had enough biscuit and wine and brandy to keep them going. The bread was horrible, so bad that one could only eat it cut in very thin slices and toasted. "The bourgeois class," he said, "suffered most. The poor, they were accustomed to live upon very little; and the rich—well, they had to pay 100 or 150 francs perhaps for a rabbit, but still, there! they could afford it. But the bourgeois—with their modest fortunes, and yet accustomed to have every comfort around them, it came very hard upon them. The Halles were a curious sight those days: instead of beef, veal and mutton, you would see displayed from 20,000 to 40,000 *rats*. And the price of a rat was that of an egg—two francs apiece."

"Did you ever eat a rat?" I inquired.

"But yes—often, and thankfully."

"And was it good?"

"Yes—it was—decidedly good—rather a short-grained meat and sweet—like nothing else that I can describe."

"But if it is so good, why do not people eat rat always?"

"O, mais! ce serait trop dégoûtant!" he exclaimed with a face of horror. So different do things appear in different circumstances.

"Did you remain through the time of the Commune?" I next asked.

"No, indeed!" he said, "I had no mind to serve under those masters. But I had much ado to get away. By the help of a friendly railway official I got as far as Versailles; and there I was taken, and quite expected to be shot as a deserter. To my great despair my friend was arrested, too."

"Then how are you here to-day?"

"Well, we were placed in a room at the station under guard. But two hours later they found that they could not manage the railway business without my friendly official. So he was let out. Then in the evening my guard walked off, so I walked off, too! There was no order or discipline. But I wandered about very, very hungry, and not knowing where to go, until I bethought myself of a lady I knew who lived near the Tour St. Jacques. She took me in and hid me for three days. At last the idea came to her of assisting my escape by letting me play the part of her nephew, who was only seventeen and so exempt from military service. Although I was nineteen, I was young-looking for my age, and passed out with a false passport (made out for the nephew) and under a false name. So I escaped to Amiens, and there remained until the days of the Commune were over."

CHAPTER XI

FROM ST. LEONARDS TO LOURDES (1888)

Illness of the Prince of Wales—Sir William Gull embraced by a Nurse—The Duke of Edinburgh to the Rescue—Braves of Samoa—Lincoln blacks his Boots—The Manners of Thieves—Father Dolling hooks his Fish—The Washing of a Sailor—The Empress Frederick on a German Habit—A Candid Duke—Mundella trying it on—A Pilgrimage to Lourdes—The Vision of Bernadette.

OF entries such as the following, having reference to King Edward VII, a few, as they occur, may be worth repetition, although a reader could gain from them little or no insight into the shrewd and liberal judgment and the devotion to public duty which contributed to the popularity and influence of that monarch :

April 4th, 1888.—Went to St. Leonards for a week with a heterogeneous party consisting of an old widow and a little girl, picked from my Soho district, and my housemaid. Saw a good deal of Mrs. Black, the widow of Dr. Black, who told me several little incidents connected with the Prince of Wales's illness,¹ and with the Princess of Wales, related to her by her late husband at the time. Mrs. Black had many curious medical reminiscences. Talking of Sir James Paget, he and his wife were very poor when they began life together, but full of cheery pluck. Lady Paget, although plain in appearance, was a very clever and a very amiable woman, up by earliest daylight and at work from morning to night. Mrs. Black often visited her in Cavendish Square, when she spoke quite simply of those early days—"when I used to run to the window at every knock—Is it a patient?—Will there be another guinea for us to-day?" It was his work at St. Bartholomew's Hospital that first made Dr. Paget famous.

¹ In 1872 the Prince had been seriously ill of typhoid.

His pupils went out into the world full of admiration for his skill, and spread his fame far and wide. Many pretty traits Mrs. Black mentioned of the Princess of Wales, and her unvarying attachment and gratitude towards Sir James. When he poisoned his thumb and had to go to Norwood for a change of air, the Princess of Wales expressed the greatest anxiety, and Mrs. Paget—as she was then—showed Mrs. Black a letter from her—"Are you sure he is being well cared for? etc. Had he got a really good nurse?—If you are not *quite* satisfied I will send at once the nurse who attended upon me during my lameness." When H.R.H. had recovered from this lameness she visited Bartholomew's Hospital and manifested the greatest interest in all the appliances for relieving injured feet and legs. Where the patients' bedclothes were turned down to show her the various splints and strappings, with her own hands she gently replaced them over the sufferer's breast. She went in a superb dress. "The idea of her going to a hospital in all that finery!" But the doctors and the Princess knew better: the patients were cheered and delighted at being visited by a Princess dressed like a Princess.

Mrs. Black, while out driving with me, repeated anecdotes of the Prince of Wales's illness told her by Dr. Black. The Prince had for chief nurse the same who had attended upon the Princess during her lameness, and who had remained with them since. But occasionally additional assistance was required when his delirium was high, and a couch was arranged in the ante-room for a new nurse whence she could be summoned at a moment's notice. At night she betook herself to her couch and slept undisturbed for a few hours; but awoke with a start, and glancing towards the inner room where the Prince should have been lying, saw with dismay a white figure in night-dress making, with soft steps, for the outer door. Not a moment was to be lost. The Sister sprang from her couch—the patient in an access of fever was evidently trying to escape—and cast her strong arms round the retreating figure. An

indistinguishable murmur of protest—she looked up in his face—and found it was Sir William Gull she was thus clasping ardently in her embrace. He had risen from his bed in an adjacent room, and had stolen in to have a look at his patient.

Dr. Black said nothing could exceed the Princess's devotion throughout this trying time. She could not bear to be away from her husband's room.

Mrs. Black added that her brother, Mr. Mark, had been a good deal with the Prince and Princess of Wales abroad, at Marseilles, etc., and had been much struck by their unvarying kindness and courtesy. Mr. Mark was lame at the time, and they were as considerate about him as if he had been an intimate friend. He had also seen a good deal of the Duke of Edinburgh, who was by no means so even-tempered. He could, however, be very pleasant, and did one or two gallant things. On one occasion he was on board a yacht at Marseilles when a vessel struck the end of the pier, and began to sink fast. In an instant the Duke had ordered out the boats, and was the first over the side. He toiled like a navvy, encouraged the others, and never rested until every man had been rescued from the sinking vessel. The energy and pluck the Duke showed in this affair made quite a sensation at the time at Marseilles. Mr. Mark was on board the yacht and could not help being amused by the appearance of the Duke, grimy and perspiring after his plucky efforts, yet his fingers covered with valuable rings, for he was by way of being rather a dandy and fond of jewellery.

I quote in full the following entry relating to a visit to Mrs. Stratford Dugdale in Warwickshire, that includes among several other anecdotes one of Father Dolling, the eloquent and devoted High Church priest. This may well have been the first occasion that Canon Carnegie, the present Chaplain of the House of Commons, met the brother of the lady who was to become his wife :

August 4th, 1888.—Saturday before Bank Holiday. Went to Merevale. Lucky to get down; masses of people

and luggage left behind at Euston. Arrived late, in rain, and was so delayed crossing the station bridge, owing to the crowd of excursionists, that I was only just in time to prevent somebody driving off in my fly (the only fly) in waiting at the station. The "somebody" proved to be Cecil Spring Rice, so we soon came to an amicable understanding. He had missed his train, and Mr. Endicott, another guest, had lost his luggage, so the costume of those assembled around the dinner-table showed a considerable variety. Mr. Endicott is an American and the brother of the lady Mr. Chamberlain is said to be about to marry. Miss Curzon and Mr. Carnegie, a nice-looking clergyman (who had gone with the young Lord Dudley to all sorts of extraordinary places), were of our party.

Mr. Carnegie preached a fine sermon in the morning on the subject of death. He is a striking-looking and very intelligent man. Talking of the South Sea Islanders, while mentioning that European interposition had stopped a good deal of fighting among the tribes, he described them as ardent, natural warriors with much courage and chivalry in their mode of warfare. The following was told him by a young naval officer who had himself been present at the scene, having obtained leave from his ship to go ashore to watch a battle that was impending between the King of Samoa and one of the neighbouring tribes. He offered his services to the King, who made him an aide-de-camp on the spot. The night was spent in warlike preparations, and in the early morning they started to march across the island to where the forces were to meet—every man eager for the fray. When at last within view of the enemy, their excitement at fever point, to the general consternation, a man was seen advancing towards them bearing a flag of truce! He had come (not to surrender—oh, dear no!) but merely to say that "the battle must be postponed; the enemy could not fight that day; they had left their gunpowder behind!"

Disappointment and dismay appeared on every countenance—the King summoned his chiefs to a council of war,

at which the newly made aide-de-camp was also allowed to assist. The excuse was held valid; the enemy obviously could not fight without powder. "But," said the King, "let not the battle be postponed on *that* account. Bid the messenger return to his people and tell them they shall have of *our* powder, and likewise of *our* ammunition as much as they will, and then let them come and fight us, according to the agreement that has been made."

The entry in the diary proceeds to quote some anecdotes related by Mr. Spring Rice who later, as Sir Cecil Spring Rice, represented the United Kingdom as its ambassador in the United States :

Cecil Spring Rice said he had crossed the Atlantic with the Bishop of Albany, who was very agreeable and addicted to conversation of a scientific character. A little boy, who had been listening while many curious scientific facts were being discussed, was asked by a newcomer, "What has the Bishop been talking about?" At first the small boy avoided answering, but, being pressed, responded at last : "Awful lees !"

There was an anecdote told by the Bishop of Minnesota of another American Bishop, who on one of his pastoral tours arrived dead tired one evening at an hotel to be told no bed was available. "There's the races going on and a ball and a cockfight and missionary meeting; the place is chock, you bet !" said the hotel clerk. The Bishop appealed and insisted. "There is a bed," at last conceded the clerk looking rather uneasily at his Grace, "which isn't particularly occupied at nights. It belongs to a chap that gambles, who don't generally come in until seven in the morning—still he might . . . and he is no chicken." "All right," said the Bishop, who was six feet tall and strong in proportion, and in less than a quarter of an hour he was asleep in the gambler's bed. About three in the morning footsteps stumbled upstairs, and an irate and indignant gambler looked down on the Bishop's prostrate form. "Come out of that," shouted the gambler, "or I'll

pitch you out of the window!" And then followed a torrent of abuse and miscellaneous oaths. "Feel my arm!" said the Bishop, calmly putting it out from under the bedclothes. The gambler hesitated, looked, felt the iron biceps, and slowly turned on his heel, remarking: "Stranger, I guess you can stay."

We were talking at dinner of Mr. Lincoln, and I mentioned my father's having stayed with him at the White House when he was President, and how much he was struck with Lincoln's extreme simplicity of life—no servants about—putting on his own coals and wood, etc. "Yes, and blacked his own boots, too," said Cecil Spring Rice. "There is a good story of him and Lord Lyons, when Lord Lyons went over to announce (if I remember right) the marriage of the Prince of Wales. He happened one day to witness the operation and looked on in considerable surprise. 'We don't black our own boots in England,' he remarked. 'No?' said Lincoln quietly, looking up. 'Whose boots do you black then?'"

There were stories after dinner of thieves and burglars, etc. One of a burglar concealed beneath the bed of a nervous old lady, who, hearing him stir, called out: "Is that you, Fido?" The burglar licked her hand, and the old lady turned comfortably to sleep, when the burglar came out and took what he wanted.

Mr. Carnegie said the cleverest thieves were averse to violence. The Reverend Mr. Dolling, now head of the Winchester Mission at Portsea, had worked in the East End, and sometimes lived in the thieves' quarter for three weeks together, and had wonderful power over them. Once called in to a thief who was dying Mr. Dolling found seven or eight others in the room. After doing what he could for the poor fellow, Mr. Dolling put his hand into his pocket to find his watch was gone. Instantly one of the thieves rushed to lock the door—a general search was made, pockets were turned out, the missing watch was found, when the other thieves fell upon the culprit and nearly murdered him.

Mr. Dolling, it seems, has a wonderful power of fascination, both in voice and manner, is lively, agreeable and absolutely fearless. Upon succeeding to the property of a distant relation in Ireland, he received no fewer than six letters from tenants on the estate threatening to "do for him" if ever he should show his face in the neighbourhood. Mr. Dolling put the letters into his pocket and started at once for Ireland. He put up at a little inn near his property and started fishing down stream in its direction. One day, getting within the boundary of his own estate, he found it convenient to tumble into the water, close to the farm of his principal tenant, who provided him with dry clothes, and found Mr. Dolling so pleasant that he begged him to stay and make a night of it. The one night's stay was prolonged to a fortnight, and the delighted farmer introduced the fascinating English stranger to all his friends, including the six men who had sworn to take the life of their hateful new absentee landlord.

At the close of his stay the charming stranger insisted upon a return of hospitality by inviting all the tenantry to a dance. A big barn was cleared, a band of music provided and abundant refreshments. The stranger danced with the tenants' wives, the fun was crowned by a convivial supper, and Mr. Dolling was called upon for a speech. "First, I will ask my especially kind friends" (naming the six would-be assassins) he began, "to come and sit next me while I speak." Much gratified at being so distinguished, the men made their way to the head of the table. Mr. Dolling, thus surrounded by the conspirators, calmly drew forth from his pocket six letters. "This, Mr. Ryan," he said, politely handing him a letter, "I received from you. This, Mr. O'Sullivan, from you"—and so for the six. "I am your landlord, and I trust the remembrance of the past fortnight will put an end to any purpose you entertained when we were yet strangers—before we became such good friends." Mr. Dolling never again had any difficulty with his tenants.

Two trips abroad were undertaken this year, 1888, by the compiler of these notebooks. In the early summer she toured Southern Spain and Majorca; during the autumn she spent some time at Luchon, where she met Mr. Mundella again, and gives an animated account of a visit to Lourdes. I give a single extract only from the record of her earlier trip, one of several anecdotes quoted from a manuscript journal kept by a former British Consul at Malaga :

Mr. Mark's journal has been preserved by his grandchildren, and, if ever published, should prove of interest. This is one of his stories, characteristic of Spanish manners and customs in his time : A generous member of the Noble family founded a hospital to provide for casualties to sailors in the port of Malaga. An English sailor, who had fractured his ribs, was taken to the Noble Hospital, and after some time he wrote to the Consul to say that he was very uncomfortable, and, although he had been there three weeks already, they had not washed him yet. He was unable to speak Spanish and requested Mr. Mark's interposition. Mr. Mark wrote to the hospital authorities, and in the course of time received a gracious reply. Their letter was dated a Thursday, and they assured him that the man should be washed the following Sunday.

Luchon, September 6th, 1888.—Mr. Mundella among the visitors here. Apropos of the unpopularity of the new Empress in Germany,¹ one of the Queen's Messengers told me about a little incident that he had witnessed. He said he had gone to luncheon once with the Crown Princess, as she was then, and her own children and the little Hesses were present. They were leaning over the luncheon table dipping their sponge biscuits into their wine, and sopping it up as one sees people do in Germany, when the Princess interposed, saying sharply : "Don't do that ! I won't have any of those beastly German customs here." "Beastly ? " said I. "Yes ! Beastly—that was the word ! "

Speaking with Mr. Mundella of the indiscretions of public personages in talking, I mentioned how Sir Alfred

¹ Empress Frederick, daughter of Queen Victoria.

Lyall told me that at his first meeting with Lord Hartington he was pleased with his bonhomie, but rather surprised with the frankness with which Lord Hartington talked to a perfect stranger. "What do you think of Lord Lansdowne?" he asked; and Sir Alfred replied politely that the appointment seemed a good one. "H'm," said Lord Hartington, "rather dry." In the same way he spoke of Lord Lytton—"Rather pompous!"

The King of the Belgians was mentioned, and Mr. Mundella said that he was "very much changed in appearance, and I no longer feel flattered at the supposed resemblance between us. . . . Oh, yes, I have been mistaken for him several times, and there was a funny scene once in Rotton Row between His Majesty and Mr. Lowe.

"I had voted against Mr. Lowe the night before—on the House Duty Bill, I think. So when the two met riding in the Row the next morning:

'Good morning, Mr. Lowe,' said the King.

'Good morning, sir,' returned Lowe pretty sharply.

'I don't think you know who I am, Mr. Lowe?'

'Oh, yes, I do; very well!'

'I am the King of the Belgians.'

'Oh, don't you try it on me, Mundella; I had enough of you last night!'

September 8th, 1888. Lourdes.—At every station on the line of rail we had been picking up pilgrims, and by the time we reached Lourdes nearly everybody in the train was decorated with a little blue flannel cross with a portrait of the Virgin neatly printed on linen. There were stalls and books and tents the whole way from the station to the sanctuaries, a regular fair of objets de piété—huge rosaries, bleeding hearts, photographs, thousands of Virgins (all with blue sashes)—Virgins of all sizes from one foot to six feet high. Nay, the aid of modern science has been called in, and you can now even buy a luminous Virgin (on the same principle as a luminous matchbox) to watch over your slumbers by night. Imagine the sen-

sation such an article would have produced in the Middle Ages!

The situation of Lourdes is agreeable—a clear rushing river, fine old rocks, a picturesque old castle overhanging the town, and pleasant hills in the background. The only really ugly thing is the modern church, the result of many thousand pounds of expenditure, approached by a sort of viaduct of white stone arches which adds to its ungainly attenuated appearance. A rather striking Crucifix crowns the neighbouring heights with fine effect. Otherwise the figure of Christ is conspicuous only by its absence. Mary is all in all!

The atmosphere of piety in which he lived did not prevent our driver from largely overcharging us, as appeared by the tariff he ultimately with reluctance produced; and we next had to fight our way through a crowd of people pressing us to buy huge tallow candles and hideous flat nosegays of white or pale lilac china asters, put together without a vestige of taste. Rounding the base of the church we came upon what at first appeared to be a drinking trough for cattle. An inscription informed us that the water was brought direct from the miraculous fountain, and in constant succession people were filling their bottles with the water, or dipping in their handkerchiefs, bathing their eyes, hands, or feet—whatever part of their bodies might chance to be afflicted. One lady in a dying, or at all events fainting condition was supported on her feet, while a nun wetted her eyelids, and blessed and crossed and sprinkled her.

Turning another corner we came upon the famous Grotto. It has none of the mystery or interest of the Calvary Grotto at Rocamadour; but it is just a little hollow in a rock of about ten feet depth open to the daylight. Above the entrance another cavity has been broadened out sufficiently to admit a wooden figure of the Virgin, life size, and in blue and white as usual, with a golden circlet above her head bearing the inscription, "I am the Immaculate Conception." This is the exact spot

where she is said to have appeared to the schoolgirl Bernadette, and there in front of the Grotto a space is railed off for worshippers who, although the morning has been damp, were kneeling on the ground. The centre of this space was left free for bathchairs and litters, wherein sat or lay those too ill to walk, their eyes raised imploringly to the Virgin. A good many nuns and priests were about. One unhappy girl knelt with her arms outstretched at full length—a most fatiguing attitude. Presently by direction of the Sister accompanying her she raised them yet higher—straight from the shoulder—and it was not till she was ready to drop that the signal for relief was given, and the weary arms fell heavily to her sides.

Above the Grotto swung hundreds of crutches and wooden legs, within it were discarded spectacles by the dozen. In front of the Virgin's image was a stand with about fifty burning candles, and about her feet lay some two hundred ponderous bouquets. The correct thing when filing through the Grotto is to kiss the rock where the Virgin stands. Some try to scratch off particles. But, since the rock was polished smooth by the pious kisses of the faithful, success in the attempt needed such resolution as a shopwoman, whom we saw, displayed. She laid down a large parcel and, producing therefrom an armful of rosaries as big as a sheaf of corn, proceeded to scrub them up and down the rock with such vigorous action as gave evidence that she was determined to let her customers have the real thing and no mistake.

It may have been an accident, but we noted with some surprise that the priests in attendance and accompanying the processions were nearly all young, good looking, and of refined intellectual appearance, far superior to the usual obese, vulgar, sensual type with which one is so familiar, nor did we observe any of them engaged in personal devotion before the shrine. What they thought of it all "*se laisse à diviner*," but they moved about with a pleasant smile on their faces, with much the same benevolent expression as that of an English vicar superintending a parochial school

feast. And, indeed, so soon as they had finished their devotions the pilgrims began to enjoy themselves, and the alleys became the scene of a general picnic, with this peculiarity only, that each group had with it a big bottle of holy water.

The next process was to climb the zigzags leading to the level of the church. The interior of the church is striking from the enormous number of votive offerings and the colour and gilding, the pendent lamps, a huge chandelier of exquisite blue and white Venetian glass, and another of rose-coloured marble and gold, with every cranny and corner covered by thousands of silver-gilt hearts and imitation diamond ornaments in such profusion that they have been grouped into words and devices—Gloire, Hommage, Reconnaissance, etc. In the side chapels are more curious offerings—glass cases containing wreaths, thick plaits of human hair—and an infinite number of six- to eight-line inscriptions, expressions of gratitude for favours conferred—a few of them of somewhat ambiguous import, as “Praised be Mary for the Happy Death of my Father.”

The last proceeding was a visit to the panorama, painted by the artist of “Niagara” fame (the panorama of the Niagara Falls which was then exhibited in Westminster), representing Lourdes and the vision appearing to Bernadette some thirty-three years ago. Bernadette was an excitable schoolgirl of fourteen, and the priests poohpoohed her vision at first, as a bad imitation of that of La Salette,¹ which had occurred not long before and was at the height of its popularity. But Bernadette was not to be done out of her vision. A sensible mother would have administered a blue pill, and kept her daughter from wandering off alone. But Bernadette enjoyed her daily trance, and fifteen times did the Virgin appear to her excited imagination. Once she scratched the ground and a little water oozed out. The villagers dug deeper and came upon a plentiful spring. After this miracle the whole countryside turned out to

¹ An Alpine village where, in 1846, two peasant children claimed to have seen an apparition of the Virgin.

accompany the girl to the cave—the moment chosen by the artist for his representation, and exceedingly well are the figures done—Bernadette's schoolmates in white and blue kneeling on the sward, three officers of the Guard, sent to report by Napoleon III, seated on horseback in mid-stream, the doctor watch in hand counting the fifteen minutes during which Bernadette, a taper clasped in her hands, is kneeling in ecstatic contemplation of what appears to the onlookers to be empty air. The taper had burnt down to the level of her hands and the flame was passing through her fingers, when the doctor interposed and, taking it from her, applied it by way of experiment to her arm. This was a little too much for Bernadette, who quickly came out of her trance, saying, "Oh, Monsieur, you are burning me!" Her fingers, however, on examination were found to be wholly unsinged—"which," said the doctor wisely, "is a thing I cannot understand."

Crowds continued to flock to the place, while the authorities were still in doubt whether the affair was a tremendous nuisance or a gigantic success, when an old man blind of one eye suddenly announced that he had been cured by the application of the water. This settled the question, and the miracle was formally "constaté"! The excitement, however, proved too much for the heroine herself. She shortly afterwards disappeared from the scene, and is now—or was until lately—"taken care of" (a significant phrase) by the Ursuline Sisters of Nevers. Some of the family still remain at Lourdes, and one—who takes care to paint up over his shop that he is the "brother of his sister"—is evidently doing a thriving business in the sale of relics and talismans.

CHAPTER XII

DAYS OF TERROR IN IRELAND AND FRANCE (1889)

An Actor says Grace—A Billet Doux—Parnell and Pigott—Le Caron as Witness—Boiling Water not Hot—Mr. Lecky on the Unexpected—Exhibits of the French Revolution—An Apology from Talma—The Tricoteuses—A Visit to Lady Rose Weigall—Lady Westmorland's Treasures—Wellington Anecdotes—Angels and Allegories—A Perilous Corner.

London, January 31st, 1889.—Supped at the Lyric Club the first Amateur night, and sat next Mr. Richmond. Speaking of readiness and wit in awkward situations, he mentioned Compton, the actor, who, from his gravity of dress and somewhat prim demeanour, was often taken for a clergyman. On one rather ceremonious occasion he was actually invited to say grace. Everyone was standing ready, explanation was impossible, yet among the guests were a few of his own vocation prepared to spin an amusing tale out of his dilemma. So Compton promptly joined his hands and said: "O Lord, open Thou our lips, and our mouths shall show forth Thy praise."

Another theatrical anecdote—of Mr. John Hawtrey (brother of Charles Hawtrey); he and a friend found themselves in a railway carriage abroad with three or four Frenchmen. Not being able to speak French, although understanding it, Mr. Hawtrey was reading a book. He overheard the Frenchmen discussing the loyalty of British subjects. "What an odd thing," said one of them, "is this loyalty of Englishmen to their Queen; whenever 'God Save the Queen' is played they immediately stand up with their heads uncovered!" "Do you mean to say," said another, "that if I sang 'God Save the Queen' now, those fellows in the corner would stand up?" "You had better

try," said the first to speak. Accordingly the man began in a feeble voice to sing or hum the tune, when John Hawtrey, who had been silently listening to the conversation, put down his book, took off his hat and stood up, and whispered to his friend to do likewise.

A couple of good stories were told me—one a capital instance of "bluff." A certain Colonel entering his Club was handed a letter by the hall-porter. The flap was merely turned in, and he opened it mechanically to find a tailor's bill accompanied by a letter, reproachful, urgent, even menacing. Surprised, he examined the envelope to find it was addressed to an actor of the same name. He fastened down the envelope and handed the letter back to the porter. Then he proceeded to the smoking-room. A few minutes later the actor entered with the same envelope in his hand. Taking up a prominent position before the fire, with one elbow on the mantelpiece, he unfolded the missive. He read it through, now elevating his eyebrows, now with a smothered exclamation, or an expressive shrug of the shoulders. Having by this means attracted the attention of his audience, the actor drew himself up and, slowly crumpling up the letter with his long delicate fingers, dropped it gently into the fire, and then turned away with the pitying remark—"Poor little woman!"

A student going up for his viva-voce examination was asked the cause of the aurora borealis. He hummed and hesitated, and then at last exclaimed—"Well, it is an extraordinary thing; I knew all about it, but I can't just recollect it at the moment!" "Indeed!" said one of the examiners, "that is a great loss. For mankind has been puzzling over the cause ever since the world began, and never yet has been able to discover it. And now you knew it, but have forgotten it!"

Reference has been made in an earlier chapter to the murder of the Chief Secretary for Ireland in the spring of 1882. The Commission that investigated Parnell's alleged complicity in that outrage, and in the campaign of violence that accompanied it—a charge supported by letters at-

tributed to Parnell, supplied to *The Times* newspaper by the forger Richard Pigott, and by the evidence of Le Caron, that Admirable Crichton of police spies—is referred to in the conversation that follows between the author and a young barrister of conspicuous talent who had been engaged as a junior counsel in the trial, who later was appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland and in 1905 became one of the Lords of Appeal :

March 23rd, 1889.—Sat at dinner by Mr. Atkinson, an Irishman, one of the junior counsel engaged in the Parnell trial, and a very clever and agreeable man. He accepted the brief and came over from Dublin under the impression that it would be an advantage to him in his career. “But,” said he, “how my heart sank, in October last, when it first came out that they were depending upon Pigott for their proofs!” “And did you know at that time that he had been up for forgery before?” “Oh, you must not say that,” was his reply, “he had never been tried for that at all. He had been accused of forgery, but the charge was never proved. He had been in prison, but that was for treason felony.” “And what is your opinion about these letters?” “Well, the probability is that these actual letters are forgeries, but genuine letters of Parnell’s have been seen of the same character.” “Seen by ——?” said I, purposely abstaining from mentioning Mr. Ronald Melville. “Seen by So-and-so,” he replied, mentioning a name unknown to me, thus showing that they had been seen by more than one person. “Pigott,” Mr. Atkinson continued, “probably got wind of these letters, and went over to America to see Sheridan to try to get hold of them. Failing in that he got hold of somebody who had seen them, and from report composed the letters as we have them. That is to my mind the most likely-theory.

“In all my practice I never came across such a splendid witness as Le Caron—a wonderful memory, absolutely self-possessed, never to be caught tripping, never to be turned aside.— As a rule witnesses do not distinguish delicate gradations of speech. They have less command of lan-

guage, and a counsel can make them commit themselves by some little change of phraseology. But with Le Caron it was never so. For instance, he deposed that between such and such a year there was a better understanding between the League and the dynamiters. 'You say,' said Sir Charles Russell, 'that there was an understanding at that time between the League and the dynamiters?' 'I said there was a *better* understanding,' replied Le Caron coolly. He would not allow his words to be altered, even in the smallest degree."

Parnell, knowing that there were genuine letters in existence something to the effect of those published in *The Times*, for a long time was not sure whether they had got hold of the originals, and so for long was shy of bringing an action. When he found that they had not got the original letters he proceeded to declare that he had never written anything of the sort; and produced a number of proofs that the letters could not possibly be his. Thus he averred that he never signed Charles S. Parnell without putting a stop after the S. Mr. Atkinson had seen a dozen cheques, indisputably in Parnell's handwriting, signed "Charles S Parnell" without a stop. And so on with others of the so-called proofs.

Mr. Atkinson related a host of amusing Irish stories told him by one person or another. At a meeting of a local Land League it was resolved that a certain bailiff should be shot, and the assassin, chosen by lot, be rewarded with the sum of £40, which sum was handed over to a trustee until such time as the murder could conveniently be executed. Before that moment arrived the trustee ran off with the money, upon which the appointed assassin came forward and offered very handsomely to shoot the trustee for nothing. This offer being accepted the trustee was lured back into the neighbourhood, and got a couple of shots put into him that failed to kill him, but maimed him for life. "But the oddest part," said Mr. Atkinson, "is that when some English traveller was expressing his horror at this occurrence, the comment of the

bystander was ' Shure, now, why need ye be afther pitying the crather? Didn't he chate the honest man out of his money? ' The ' honest man,' you observe, being the selected assassin."

Mr. Atkinson said that he himself had seen a letter from an Irish girl to Mr. Tim Harrington, M.P., which ran—so far as I can remember—thus :

"Honnered Sir,—I write to you for justice. I am the gurl who split the policeman's head open with a spade, and they got up a subscription for me, and then went and gave it to Biddy Maloney, who only threw hot water over a bailiff."

Mr. Atkinson said Mr. Arthur Balfour wanted to read this letter out in the House of Commons, but Tim Harrington would not part with it.

Apropos of hot water, he told another story of a tenant who had received notice of eviction. That was exactly what he himself desired, and the threat not being immediately carried out he went off straight to the agent to know the reason why. "Well, Mr. Murphy," said the agent, "the fact is we were told you intended to offer strong resistance—to make a fight for it—with boiling water and the rest." "Och, be asy, yer honner," said Mr. Murphy, "shure, now, the boiling wather won't be hot." On this understanding the eviction was proceeded with. The boiling water was not hot, and Mr. Murphy after a moderate show of resistance was marched out of his cottage between two policemen. "Shure, now," he whispered, "put the handcuffs on me, gintlemin, or else I'll never get a penny from the Lague." Mr. Murphy, being then at his own earnest request accommodated with handcuffs, was led off shouting to the spectators, "Och, see now, boys, I'm faithful to the good old cause to the last ! "

In the spring of 1886 the Diarist had noted down :

Some weeks ago, immediately after the riots in South Audley Street (following upon a Trafalgar Square meeting), I happened to sit by Mr. Lecky (the historian) at

dinner, and asked him—apropos of the general consternation at this outbreak—whether the beginnings of the French Revolution had taken people by surprise, or whether there had been any general expectation of an uprising? “No,” said Mr. Lecky, “I think it was quite unexpected. Towards the end of the reign of Louis XV, indeed, there was great discontent amongst the people, and a very general apprehension amongst the upper classes as to what was going to happen; but at the accession of Louis XVI all seemed to settle down peaceably again, the feeling of security returned, and all alarm was laid to rest. Then came a hard winter—that was the only apparent cause; of a sudden the dams of society were broken, and the flood of revolution burst in upon them, and overwhelmed them in its waters.”

Mr. Lecky's questioner shared in full the British sense of well-ordered development. Her frequent trips abroad served not one whit to weaken her loyalty to English modes of life and thought and government, and her feeling towards the stupendous event of the French Revolution is recorded in the extract that follows:

Paris, April 21st, 1889.—The President Carnot opened yesterday in the Pavillon de Flore at the Louvre one of the most extraordinary exhibitions that has been held in modern times, an historical exhibition of the period of the Revolution—an exhibition which might indeed be profitable as a matter for humiliation, as a warning of the degradation that may be brought about by the madness of an unreasoning people, the breaking down of the ordinary laws of decency and common sense by an insatiable thirst for change. But surely none except a Frenchman would pride himself upon such an exposure, or invite the world to come and see how wild, how weak, how wicked his ancestors had been.

A vast square chamber has been set apart for this exhibition. There is little attempt at decoration; the flooring of the roughest, a velarium overhead to mitigate the light, a few gay flags and laurel leaves made of gold paper.

A short flight of steps at the end of the room leads to a sort of dais whereon stands a truncated column bearing the words "La Patrie" and surmounted by an open book (like the Tables of the Law) entitled *The Rights of Man*. Imitation cannon, drums and lictors' staves complete the trophy, while flames of liberty blaze emblematically in gilt tripods on each side.

Approach the screens by which the room is divided, and you may then gather what liberty means and what such liberty is worth.

Naturally one is attracted first to the culminating act of the tragedy, to the pictures, prints and autographs relating to the King and Queen. Here is her last letter to Madame Elizabeth—handwriting firm and clear: "My sister, I write to you for the last time." Earnestly she recommends the Royal children to her care. She fears the Dauphin has been troublesome at times, "but, my sister, remember how young he is. Teach him to forgive the murderers of his father." Here is an engraving of the King, in shirt and waistcoat, with ponderous steps slowly mounting the short ladder which leads to the scaffold. And there another (printed in England!) of the Queen lying full length, face downward, upon the platform of the guillotine, raised about a foot above the general level of the scaffold. Her arms are bound behind her back and her skirts are tied around her ankles. Her head is firmly held between the two boards, so shaped as to clasp the neck, and the executioner stands, cord in hand, ready to let drop the fatal knife.

On the opposite screen, in strong contrast to the dignified bearing of King and Queen, is Robespierre, brought to the scaffold in his turn. He has hooked his feet round the wooden supports of the guillotine, and is kicking and struggling against the executioners who are trying to force him down into the necessary position. There are many portraits of him—a handsome face, refined and intellectual. It is only by the mask, taken after death, that one gathers how much that beauty must have been spoilt by the

ravages of smallpox, the indentations of which are curiously visible in the plaster.

Another screen is devoted to Charlotte Corday and Marat. Another to Danton and his family—he, flat-faced, with features squeezed together, thick blubber lips and expression sensuous and cruel, yet humorous withal. His first wife, an Italian beauty with large lustrous eyes, and his mother, a sweet old lady with a lace cap falling on each side of her face, a delicate sensitive mouth, and a look of pathetic terror in her eyes, as though wondering at the monster whom she had brought forth.

Besides these—actual performers in that tragi-comedy of Revolution—there are the chief literary men and musicians. There is a section devoted to the Théâtre Français, and truly it cannot have been an easy time for managers in those days. Two decrees of the National Assembly hang side by side, dated the same day, one ordering the theatre shall be open, the other that it shall be shut! On another occasion the manager is directed to reserve twenty-five of his best seats on the following Saturday for twenty-five village patriots who had volunteered to escort grain to Paris. And here is a humble apology from Talma himself, explaining that he in no wise intended to defy the Provisional Government. It seems there had been a disturbance at the theatre. The audience were assembled, the piece staged, the actors dressed, the curtain about to rise, when suddenly from a side box a Government official held out an order to say that the play was to be changed! The audience warmly joined in the discussion that ensued, a riot became imminent, when in hot haste another Deputy arrived with orders for the play to go on!

The interference of the Government extended to matters of dress; nothing was too petty to escape their notice. A Proclamation from the Representatives of the People invites the women of Strasbourg to put off the German costume "*puisque leurs cœurs sont Français.*" A collection of coloured prints represents the fashions of the period—the Greek dresses, the ladies' political clubs—the Mer-

veilleuses and the Incroyables, indeed worthy their titles. These elegant ladies are represented as walking on the Boulevard des Italiens with enormous hats, short petticoats, perfectly bare necks and arms and a huge muslin neckcloth enveloping their chins (after the fashion of Mr. Weller, senior), a precaution rendered the more ridiculous by the expanse of nudity beneath.

Then there were revolutionary fashions in drinking cups with "Ça ira," "Droits de l'Homme," etc., on one side and triumphant cocks on the other—nearly all in the commonest pottery, although one cup and saucer with blue cornflowers and little red caps of liberty instead of poppies, were pretty. So with watches, we saw a case with thirty or forty specimens, the face of each decorated with cockades, clasped hands, or other revolutionary symbols. Private notepaper was stamped with "Liberté" in one corner and "Égalité" in the other. Yet a vein of satire runs alongside this enthusiasm, not sparing even this exalted sentiment. A piece of goldsmith's work, its fair exterior bearing the words "Liberté," "Fraternité" conspicuously engraved, disclosed when opened a grinning death's head labelled "Égalité." A strange specimen of Revolutionary jewellery was a pair of delicate gold earrings worn at the balls given by Le Carrier at Nantes, actual tiny models of the guillotine with pendent sloping knife suspended by golden chains over the hole for the neck of the victim. A cap of liberty surmounted the earring, a crowned head hung beneath it.

The most horrible scenes of the Revolution have been carefully kept out of sight, or only remotely alluded to. An old woman knitting is labelled "Tricoteuse"; a decent peasant woman with pointed toe is supposed to be dancing the "Carmagnole." When the guillotine appears all is gravity and decorum—a solitary victim, the scaffold surrounded at a respectful distance by soldiers, the public not admitted. The wholesale executions, the butchery of the priests, the massacres within the Conciergerie, the jolting tumbrel with victims exposed to the insults of the mob, the

real "Tricoteuses" (the she-devils so powerfully described by Dickens), who took their knitting and went day by day to gloat over the agonies and count the heads of the victims as they fell, the drunken men and women dancing the "Carmagnole," whirling round and round in circles hand in hand and shrieking for the blood of aristocrats, the "Noyades"—wholesale drowning of innocent people by the hundred in the Loire—these things are suppressed. Or almost so; for there is one engraving where we get a glimpse of a triumphant mob parading the streets with bleeding human heads stuck on the top of poles. It bears the ominous inscription, "Paris is placed under the protection of the People." May Heaven avert such protection from us and ours!

Pageants there are in abundance—now a solemn thanksgiving in Notre Dame for the destruction of one form of Government, and now a Triumph in the Champ de Mars for the overthrow of that which succeeded it. Or some splendid civic ceremonial to plant a tree of liberty, to erect an altar to La Patrie, or a throne for the Goddess of Reason. The military pageants of Napoleon are not represented, for by their time the Republic, "one and indivisible," had ceased to exist, but there are portraits of him in his youth, and the strange series of commemorative exhibits is closed by a "Hymn to the Supreme Being in gratitude for the Re-establishment of Religion"—by the First Consul!

June 25th, 1889.—Went to stay for a night with Mr. and Lady Rose Weigall in Kent. Having known them formerly well, before Lady Rose tired of London, and not having seen them for some years, it was pleasant to meet them again—established in a large commodious house, not a fine place, but with fine trees, and something rather fascinating about the house itself and its miscellaneous contents, among them the chair, the escritoire, the Waterloo medal, and other memorials of the Duke of Wellington, who was grand-uncle to Lady Rose. Then a fine picture of the Duke, painted when he was eighty-three, by Mr. Weigall. He is taken standing—making a noble and

dignified figure. I commented upon this, saying that my last recollection of the Duke was of an old man much bent.

"Yes," said Mr. Weigall, "but the Duke could pull himself up on occasion, and 'Sir,' he said to me, 'I always stand on my two feet like a soldier.'"

"It must have been rather fatiguing for a man of eighty-three to stand for his portrait."

"Oh, practically," replied Mr. Weigall, "he did sit for most of the time. And there is an odd story connected with this picture. The German Emperor had just expressed a wish to possess a portrait of the Duke, but the old man refused to sit for it. He had, however, in his old age become much devoted to a handsome woman, Mrs. Jones of Pantglâs. She was a bit of a celebrity in town at the time, and was a patron of mine. So said she to the Duke of Wellington: 'I must have you come and sit to a young artist, a friend of mine.' And he came, and she used to come and amuse him the while. They used to sit together hand in hand. I have been complimented on the portrait, as the best ever taken of him. Some years afterwards I persuaded Mrs. Jones to let me have the original picture back, giving her in exchange a copy of it, and also a portrait that she wanted, of one of her own children, I think. Later, when I became a friend of Lady Westmorland, I gave her this portrait of her uncle. That was before I knew that I should be lucky enough to marry her daughter. Then, of course, when she died she left us most of her things—among them this portrait of the Duke, which thus, for the third time, is in my possession."

Two of the anecdotes told of the Duke I remember as worth writing down. During the time Lord John Russell was in office a war broke out in Burma, and the Duke of Wellington was sent for in all haste by Lord John, to advise as to who should be sent out to take Rangoon.

"Send Combermere," was the prompt reply.

"Send Combermere?" said Lord John. "I am sur-

prised at your choosing him. I always thought your Grace had rather a poor opinion of his abilities. In fact I almost fancy I remember your calling him a fool?"

"So he is," said the Duke. "He is a fool, a damned fool; but he can take Rangoon."

The other connected with Queen Caroline's trial. The Duke was always a King's man, and that made him very unpopular with the mob, who had espoused the cause of that flighty and indiscreet lady. One day the Duke was riding down Piccadilly, when a number of sturdy men were at work upon the road. As soon as they recognised him they shouldered their pickaxes, and formed up in a line across the road, refusing to let him pass until he should cry "God save the Queen." There was no other way of getting home, the odds were all against him, and it would have been folly to resist. With calm good sense the Duke quietly lifted his hat—"Well, gentlemen," said he, "since such is your good pleasure—'Long live the Queen!' And," he added, as the ranks opened to let him pass, "may all your wives be like her!"

Many other interesting things the Weigalls had inherited, chiefly through the two beautiful Misses Forbes, the elder becoming—so I understood—Countess Clarendon, and the younger of the twin sisters Lady Mornington, the mother of Lady Westmorland and thus Lady Rose's grandmother. Thus there were, among other curiosities, an almost unbroken succession of gold coronation medals from the time of Charles II. For it seems at the accession of a new King each of his Ministers is presented with a medal of the kind, and there has seldom been a Ministry at such a juncture, since Charles II's days, without a representative in it of the Villiers family.

Then Lady Westmorland was a friend of Princess Charlotte, who had given her many things—among them a miniature of herself, and a ring representing two clasped hands—and had been very intimate also with Marie Louise, Napoleon's second wife. There was a tortoiseshell box with a miniature of the little King of Rome upon it. Lady

Westmorland had admired it on the Empress's table one day, when they were both young married women, and had thought the miniature so like her own baby. "I would give it you," said the Empress, "except that it is a present from Napoleon; but I will leave it you in my will." And thirty years later Lady Westmorland received the box on the death of the Empress. It is not often that a chance promise exchanged between two girls is so faithfully remembered.

Portraits by Mr. Weigall, chiefly family portraits, there were galore, some of them interesting. Mr. Weigall's studio was apart from the house—a big pleasant room built in the middle of the kitchen garden. Some large sketches of angels were there—meant for the parish church, I think—not very good. "Why are all angels male?" I asked. "One tries to make them neither one nor the other, of no sex," was the reply. "But you had a model for these, I suppose?" I said. "One must have something to start with," replied Mr. Weigall. "As my old master, Corbould, used to say: 'One must have something to look at; so if I want to paint an elephant, I order up the cat!'"

I remember Watts having said that he used no models for his allegorical pictures—at any rate for those of later dates. The reason he gave (although this was not his expression, but only the general meaning that I gathered) being that these representations of abstract ideas should be free from any touch of materialism. He regarded himself—quite modestly and simply—as a prophet heralding a new artistic era of great moral significance. And certainly the charming old man in appearance and speech seemed inspired.

For the autumn of 1889 the Diarist rented a villa on the Marne:

September.—We spent a most delightful two months on the banks of the Marne and received many friends from England. Mr. Hubert Herkomer, the artist, was one of

our pleasantest guests, and had a fund of amusing stories. I recall one of some district in the South-West of Ireland, where the railway runs close to the sea, with, at a certain point, a sharp curve, proverbially dangerous, where if the train got off the rails the passengers would be precipitated over the cliff. "At the last station before coming to the curve," said Mr. Herkomer, "an old woman was hastily bundled into the first-class carriage wherein friends of mine were seated. She was in a terrible state of mind, which my friends attributed to her fear of being called upon to pay the extra fare. 'You can change into a third-class carriage next time we stop. You can be quite easy, we will explain it all to the guard,' they assured her. 'Och, bedad!' was the indignant reply. 'And is it asy ye would have me be? With my son George dhriving the engine, and him bastely drunk, and sayin' he'll take us a shpinner round the point!'"

Someone related how, when Mr. Laurence Oliphant was at Paris, as a newspaper correspondent during the Commune, the troops fired down the Rue Castiglione. When they retired the street was filled with corpses. Mr. Oliphant was just about to sit down and write home an account of this atrocious massacre—when two-thirds of the corpses rose up and ran away!

Two odd telegrams were quoted: "Your wife has got a child. If she can be prevented having another to-morrow she will do well." For "child" read "chill."

A clergyman's wife went to London to choose Christmas texts for her husband, and he wanted to be informed promptly of their measurements. She telegraphed to him—"Unto us a child is born' four feet long by two in width."

"Angélique, je t'adore!" was the Frenchman's proposal. "Shut the door yourself" was the unsympathetic reply.

My niece told us of an attractive girl friend of hers—a Marseillaise—about twenty years old. This girl lent my niece to read what she described to her as a most charming

story of her favourite author, Bourget. To my niece it appeared a disgusting book, and she said as much to her friend—that it contained “things of which it is a shame even to speak.” The French girl, my niece described, “looked straight at me with her pair of sweet, candid brown eyes, and replied—‘ Ah, Madame, I see you are very far advanced in virtue ! ’ ”

CHAPTER XIII

THE MAKING OF MONEY AND MEMOIRS (1890 and 1891)

Jenny Lind's Religious Sincerity—A Visit to Constantinople—Where Abdul Assiz Died—Self-made Men—Thomas Cook's first Venture—Colonel Enderby's Wife—The Great Baccarat Trial—New Tipperary—Eight Knaves in a Pack—At Breslin's Hotel—The Humour of Bishop Magee—Punishing a Bank—A Visit to Holm-hurst—Mr. Hare's Memoirs—Professor Jowett on the Sabbath—The Death of the Prince Consort.

London, March, 1890.—Juliet Lady Pollock's little five o'clock tea party. Since she became a widow her friends have only rallied round her the more—this afternoon, for instance, many pleasant people—and some one does not often meet out in the afternoon—among them Lady Coutts, Lord Arthur Russell, Mr. Lecky, etc. I had a pleasant talk with Lady Taylor, widow of Sir Henry—"Philip van Arteveldt." Somebody, said Lady Taylor, had been asked to write a life of Jenny Lind; Lady Taylor had given him leave to come and pick her brains, for she had known Jenny Lind well, and could give many a curious anecdote as to her genius, her odd little superstitions, and her earnest and unfeigned piety. Among other fancies she had a doctrine that children should never be washed on a nurse's lap. In Germany, she used to say, they have a table like a sort of tray, whereon the babe is laid, and the water poured over it. "In England," said Jenny Lind, "the nurse takes the child on her knee, and twists and turns it about, *and it destroys all originality!*" One thought that the "originality" of an acrobat's limbs was developed by much twisting and turning in childhood.

I mentioned then how a relation of mine had rented Jenny Lind's house at Wimbledon for a season, and had heard curious tales of her odd domestic arrangements.

Thus the nurse was never allowed to sleep in the same room with the small children, for fear of contamination by her breath; but was made to put her bed in the passage, outside the door, like a native servant in India.

“Of her deep sincerity in religious matters there could be no doubt,” said Lady Taylor. “I remember coming upon her once at the seaside shortly after her retirement from the stage. She was sitting on the steps of a bathing-machine, gazing earnestly at a magnificent sunset sky. I stopped to speak to her, and said something presently of my wonder that she with her genius, her power to stir the hearts of men, could be content to exchange so exciting a career for a quiet domestic life.

“‘ Ah ! ’ said Jenny Lind, who held in one hand a little Lutheran Bible : ‘ When one began to think less of *this* ’ (touching the Bible) ‘ and to care less for *that* ’ (pointing to the sunset and the sky) ‘ it was time to give up the stage.’ ”

September 15th, 1890. *Therapia*. — To lunch (by steamer from Constantinople) with the 1st Secretary to the Embassy and his wife. He fully confirms all we had heard as to the Sultan’s constant dread of assassination; how it grows upon him, too, and has become an obsession. So it was with his predecessors—Murad, now immured in one of the palaces by the water, and Abdul Assiz, who was done to death, they say, by the scissors of his harem. We visited his lovely white palace (Dolma Baktchi) overhanging the Bosphorus the other day; and, in the long succession of rooms, passed through that one where the deed was actually committed. Of all the charming series, with large bright windows, pleasant bays and deep recesses, that was the only dreary room, long, dull and dark, set endways towards the sea with no side lights. The windows were at one extremity, a huge bed at the other, a door on each side of the bed—in fact, a passage room, where its occupant could be surrounded in a moment.

But these are things not to be spoken of with safety, which is evident by the extreme reluctance every guide

and dragoman shows in answering questions on such subjects. "This was the Sultan's bedroom," was the simple announcement made to our party. "And in which room did he die?" I inquired of a dragoman whose services friends or I had often engaged. So stiff and silent he stood, I thought that he had not heard my question. The next moment he turned upon his heel and stalked out of the room; but, as he passed me with averted face, I caught the single word, "This!" whispered so as to be just audible to my ears alone.

On the steamer also we passed near to the Palace where the unhappy Murad is still confined, and when my young companion called across to our dragoman, "Why did they shut him up?"—certainly not a judicious inquiry—he rose really disturbed, and coming over to her side of the boat: "Hsh! Mademoiselle . . . il ne faut pas parler si haut!"

Horrible things have been done even in this century—indeed are possible even now. Mr. Fane said to me that Sir Andrew Buchanan, who was here in 1826, had told him how he quite well remembered the notorious massacre of the Janissaries. The Bosphorus for a long time was full of their dead bodies, which might be noticed actually floating on the water. Three of them drifted into his own boathouse.

Also when we went to see the Seven Towers—Yedi Kouli—a yawning black hole was shown to us: "This is where the ambassadors were put, and opposite is another for the Sultans." On asking an explanation of this enigma, we gathered that no fewer than nine Sultans had succeeded each other in one of these pits. "But the Ambassadors?" "Oh, when a Sultan went to war with a Power, he did not send away its ambassador; just put him here instead." "In olden times?" "No, the Russian Ambassador was put in here only some seventy years ago!"

We see a certain amount of Lord Cheylesmore at Constantinople—a rather gouty, greedy, good-natured old gentleman (he died a few months later, in 1891), pleased

to be with the prettiest girl in the company—on this occasion a young lady staying with us at the hotel. He is an instance of a rise from the ranks, becoming not uncommon nowadays, which puts Dick Whittington to shame. He began life as a draper's assistant, and as industrious apprentice saved enough to start on his own account. He is said to have had a marvellously fine touch in the judging of silks. During William IV's last illness by a flash of business genius it occurred to the enterprising silk-merchant to buy up all the available black silk in the market. The monarch died and the merchant made his pile. When the general mourning came, he was master of the situation, and realised a splendid fortune. Then he turned his taste to beautiful things of all sorts and pictures, filled a grand house with them, and courteously entertained guests of distinction who wished to view them. So his acquaintance with the fashionable world extended and grew upwards till it reached the confines of Royalty itself, and bore fruit in a peerage.

Talking of folk who had risen from small beginnings and of City fortunes, the case of Mr. Henry Edwards, M.P. for Weymouth, a very popular man in the House, was mentioned. His mother sold oranges at a stall in Bishopsgate. Her face got known, and City magnates used to nod to her as they went by, and through the kindness of one of these merchants she got her boy into an office without much difficulty. There her son rose to become a partner, and crowned his fortune by a successful speculation in linseed.

I remember, having received some kindness from Sir Thomas Dakin, calling some ten years ago on his sister, a little old maid. Her father had been butler to Mrs. Grey, and she and her mother used to keep a country post office. She was immensely proud of her brother, Sir Thomas, whose photograph in his robes as Lord Mayor adorned her little parlour. It represented him wearing the heavy chain and fine diamond ornament one has so often admired, and about this jewel Miss Dakin told me a curious story,

adding that it had been valued at many thousands of pounds. It was once lost—in Lord Mayor Cotton's time—and being City property he would have been under obligation to replace it. Three months afterwards, sitting in his library, the Lord Mayor saw sparkling under one of his chairs what proved to be the missing jewel. "And it doesn't say much for the housemaids at the Mansion House!" Miss Dakin quaintly remarked.

London, July 11th, 1891.—Dined at Lady Louisa Magenis's. My neighbour had been invited to Messrs. Thomas Cook's Jubilee dinner—the invitation card being decorated with every possible means of conveyance—express trains to camels. The original Thomas Cook was quite a humble working man. When years ago the first short railway was opened (somewhere near Loughborough, I think he said) he was digging in the fields, and stood with his foot resting on his spade to see the train go by with its cargo of Ministers and other distinguished people. And it came into his head what a fine thing it would be if he and his mates could have a ride in the same fashion. He went off to the directors and asked them to undertake a party of working men the next day at a shilling a head. The directors liked the idea and next day Thomas Cook presented himself with a party of five hundred and seventy. Five hundred and seventy shillings was the amount of his first excursionist venture, and now how many hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling a year pass through the hands of Thomas Cook and Son?

Talking of Mrs. Harrison ("Lucas Malet") and her book *Colonel Enderby's Wife*, Mrs. Meynell said that no woman could be so absolutely heartless as was Mrs. Enderby—that therefore the character was unnatural. "Surely," she had asked Mrs. Harrison, "you did not take that from the life?" "Well, yes, I did," was the reply; "but I drew it from a man. Thus it appears unnatural. And even he, I must admit," added Mrs. Harrison, "is better now he is married, and does really appear to have some semblance of a heart."

"Her father, Charles Kingsley," Canon Maccoll remarked to me once, "used to say, 'All that is totally improbable and unnatural in my books you may be sure is taken from life. It is only for the commonplace and prosaic that I draw upon my imagination.' "

On the subject of gambling an account is given of a respected Liverpool merchant whose unfortunate habit of secreting aces led to his banishment abroad, and the succeeding entries contain references to two cases, much discussed in their time, of alleged foul play at cards :

June, 1891.—Went to the great Baccarat trial—the Prince of Wales being present—Coleridge the judge—Lady Coleridge beside him, very pretty and smart with gay yellow plumes, nodding, smiling and whispering to her acquaintance in a way which methought not very seemly, considering the painful nature of the case. The Wilson family¹ sat silent and quiet, and the son, a nice-looking boy of twenty-three, though younger in appearance, gave his evidence in a clear straightforward way, which the opposing counsel tried in vain to shake. The complainant sat in a front seat in the body of the Court, immediately opposite to his former friend, the Prince of Wales, who was sitting above on the Bench—a most awkward position, especially during Sir Charles Russell's attacking speech. He would not look down, he would not look at the Prince of Wales, and so he lay back gazing at the ceiling in a constrained position.

August, 1891. Corkbeg Island, County Cork.—A most pleasant visit to the Fitzgeralds. Much interesting conversation on the state of Ireland. There were lights on the table as we went in to dinner, but through the windows might be seen fine stormy-looking clouds sailing across the sky. "I am glad you do not shut out the daylight," I remarked. "Yes, that's all very well now," said Mr. Fitzgerald, "but three years ago we could not safely have sat like this. No ! shutters barred then, with a gun on the

¹ It was at Tranby Croft, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, that the incident occurred.

table; that was the way we lived, and many a man has lost his life for lack of these simple precautions. For the last three years I have never been without a pistol in my pocket!" "And do you mean that was really necessary?" "With a pistol in hand you could stop many attempts at intimidation, when unarmed you could do nothing. I was able to check boycotting and cattle-laming in this district by a system of patrols. I used to go out night after night, arranging for the patrols to meet me at certain points. The cattle-maimers never knew where we would turn up next."

We spoke of the Land League settlement of New Tipperary. "Thirty thousand pounds sunk in shoddy-built houses, now already falling to pieces and deserted," said Mr. Fitzgerald. "The shopkeepers of Old Tipperary were quite contented, but the Land League would not allow them to pay their rent to Mr. Smith Barry, the landlord, and New Tipperary was built with a flourish of trumpets to receive them. Such was their terror of the Land League that they went through the farce of removing, but almost to a man went and paid their rent secretly to Smith Barry's agent, so that no other tenant might be put into the premises they had vacated. So for a year they paid rent for houses they were not living in. Then a few went back, and the rest followed en masse."

The conversation turning on the Baccarat case, I said I was surprised at the very general prejudice against the Wilsons; that, although personally I should very likely have done the cowardly thing and tried to hush the matter up, it would be better for Society if all dishonourable dealings were at once exposed, and that I could not but respect the Wilsons' courage in the matter.

"But how can you be sure?" said Mr. Fitzgerald. "There was a friend of mine; I lived with him four months in India, shared horses, shared the same bank at cards. Again and again he was suspected; I backed him all through, until at last I was forced to own myself mistaken. He never wronged me of a single penny, but he had a

curious sort of conscience; he felt no scruple in cheating those who he thought might cheat him. 'Those two fellows wanted to cheat me; why should not I be even with them?' he said when found out. It came about like this (at Monte Carlo, I think he said)—the cards once used are the perquisite of the attendants; they were all white, with the Club stamp, so easy of imitation. After a heavy night's play there may be fifty packs discarded for sale at secondhand dealers. It was found that instead of four there were often as many as eight knaves in every pack. The proprietor set men to watch. My friend used to place his pocket-book and cigar-case on the table, and under these the knaves, and then putting the case in his pocket would slip one of the cards dexterously into his hand. One of the most dramatic incidents I ever saw," continued Mr. Fitzgerald, "was the farewell interview between my friend, then a Major, and the Colonel of his regiment, who felt the disgrace keenly. 'Well,' said my friend as he entered the room, 'I suppose you won't shake hands with me now.' 'Yes,' said the Colonel, after a moment's pause, 'I will—but it must be to say good-bye.' "

The entry continues:—

I remember the Bishop of Gibraltar telling me how he had always refused to consecrate the church at Monaco so long as the gaming-tables were there, and added, oddly enough, that both Mrs. Wilson, who was a subscriber to the Gibraltar Mission, and the Prince of Wales had spoken to him on the subject. "And what did you reply?" "Well, to the Prince I said: 'did your Royal Highness ever hear what happened to Lord Harrowby? Some years ago Lord Harrowby went abroad, travelling for health with his son, and coming to Monaco spent two or three weeks there at a hotel. Before leaving, he sent for the bill. 'There is no bill,' was the reply. 'No bill?' 'Nothing to pay whatever, your Lordship.' 'But I don't understand; let me speak to the manager,' said Lord Harrowby. The manager presented himself bowing and smiling.

‘ Oh, my Lord, there is nothing to pay. Your presence here has given such an air of respectability to the place that I only wish we could persuade your Lordship to remain a little longer.’ Doubtless for a like reason the establishment of an English church at Monaco was so much desired.”

Mr. Fitzgerald was on the Prince of Wales’s staff when he was at Cambridge, and there were rumours of high play—mostly unfounded, but when the Prince Consort visited the town it was supposed he had come to inquire into the matter. It was shortly before his death, and Mr. Fitzgerald possessed an invitation to a ball that was to have been given by Lady Hardwicke, “to have the honour of meeting H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.” The printer, instead of putting the usual “R.S.V.P.” at the corner of the card, by some accident had printed the funereal “R.I.P.” And that ball never came off; it was stopped by the Prince Consort’s death.

August, 1891. Glengariff. Am told an amusing story of Magee, when Dean of Norwich. Despite having been grossly overcharged at a certain hotel, its landlord had the face to bring the Visitors’ Book and request the Dean to write in it. So the Dean, nothing loath, took the pen and wrote: “I was recommended here for change and rest. The servants have had the change, and the landlord has had the rest!”

It may be questioned whether the above saying—often repeated—is rightly attributed to Archbishop Magee, but the next is held to be authentic:—

At the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln¹ one of the principal questions in dispute was as to the exact “position” to be held by the priest during certain portions of the Communion Service. The trial took place at Lambeth, and after it was over the following notes were said to have been found on the seat occupied by Magee:—

“‘ The Piper played before Moses.’

“This *may* mean that the Piper played in front of

¹ Edward King, appointed Bishop of Lincoln, 1885. (*See Index.*)

Moses; or it might mean that he played before Moses was born; or it might mean that he played before Moses played; but what it *does* mean is that he played at the north end of Moses."

September 13th, 1891. Breslin's Hotel, Bray.—Describing the popularity of Father James Healy, of Little Bray, Breslin said to me: "He's that run after that if there were twenty-one days in the week he'd be asked out to dine for thirty of them." Mr. Breslin is a self-made man and quite a character. He began life with £400, took a contract for the refreshment department in the first Dublin Exhibition. "It began in April, and by June I'd pretty nigh lost all my capital. The Dublin people would take nothing but a bun or a sandwich, and I had forty servants to keep. 'Well, Ned, how are you getting on?' said a gentleman I knew to me. 'Faith,' said I, 'it's being ruined I am.' 'Hold on till the end of July,' he said, 'and you'll see things will be different.' He and his friends advanced me £900, and by the end of July the English began to come over, and things did begin to be different—luncheons and dinners and suppers instead of buns and sandwiches. By the end of the season I had repaid those gentlemen, and laid by on my own account over £2,000." Mr. Breslin is now the owner of a large hotel, of many of the lodging-houses in the neighbourhood, and next to Lord Powerscourt is one of the most considerable persons in this place.

London, October 9th, 1891.—The papers mentioned the arrest of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien for forfeited recognisances of £500 each. "I should think they would pay the money; they must have had enough of prison," said I. "No," said Mr. Lowndes, "some people like it. Sir Massey Lopes, who was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for bribery at an election, was let out after three months, when he sent in a bill for nine months' board and lodging."

Some amusing Irish traits were mentioned. At the time of the Parnell Trial the Irish were in a great state of

ferment and were constantly besieging the chambers of Sir Charles Russell—so much so that Mr. George Barnes, who was assisting Sir Charles, used often to invite them to his own rooms close by and beg them to sit there until Sir Charles could see them. At one time the Government had decreed that the Bank accounts of all the Irish M.P.s under suspicion were to be examined. Tim Healy came in in a great rage: "It's real mean, a downright shame! It's disgraceful of the Banks to allow it! But I shall withdraw my account," he cried, still fuming up and down the room. "I shall withdraw my account—at least when it's squared," he added with a smile; "at present it's a trifle overdrawn."

Mr. Augustus Hare, accomplished artist and raconteur, was among the most intimate of the friends of the lady who wrote these notebooks, himself a prince of diarists, whose reminiscences extend to no fewer than six volumes, published under the title: *The Story of my Life*. Perhaps Mr. Hare was fortunate in the period to which he was born. To a social world not sated with the reality of pain and tragedy, whose existence moved sluggishly along peaceful channels, where death approached with measured step, his spoken tales of dread and mystery—admirably delivered—were the more agreeable. He had leisure to please acquaintances by his talent for sketching, and to satisfy a spirit of adventure, which then contented itself with trips to Italy or Spain, by compiling remuneratively popular handbooks of travel. His home was in Sussex, a few miles from Eastbourne and Hastings, and there the author of these notebooks visited him from time to time.

I quote the account of one of these visits:—

October 20th, 1891. Holmhurst.—One might get tired after a time of the life we lead here, but it certainly has a fascination of its own. All over the house, every inch of wall-room, even in the kitchen, is covered with quaint old-fashioned prints, pictures, medallions, carvings, and oddities of all sorts, either picked up by Mr. Hare on his travels, or "left" to him in peculiar circumstances. For

each has its old-world story attached to it, old memories upon which it is his delight to dwell. Here is the lantern Mary Stanley carried when she went her night rounds through that hospital on the Bosphorus¹ which she had in charge while Florence Nightingale presided at Scutari—a folding lantern, flat as a coin when closed, but when open hanging like a long silk bag. There, in the housekeeper's room, its gilt all damaged and velvet faded, is George IV's favourite armchair, which became a perquisite of Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, as Clerk of the Closet, when the Pavilion at Brighton was dismantled. In the chicken yard outside is a beautiful white marble well, brought from a palazzo at Venice. It cost five shillings to bring from Venice to London (by sea), and eighteen pounds to bring from London here. And so on, and so on.

Every evening after dinner we go solemnly through one of Mr. Hare's innumerable volumes of sketches, and charming they are—calling for whatever country we please. And then Mr. Hare produces his Journal, which up to date consists of eleven fat volumes, and reads aloud to us until bedtime—a pastime so engrossing—varied as it is by conversational digressions occasioned by our questions—that by the time we look at the clock it is little short of midnight, the lights outside have long been extinguished, and the household are asleep.

“Do you mean to publish all this?” I asked; for some of the stories are very queer. “Not in my lifetime,” he replied. “Several people must die first—not a great many, however, now, after all.” Then he began to laugh, and said, “Last year I lent this house to my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Hare, of whom I am very fond. While I was in London my servants happened to want some particular paper—some document of some sort—and I wrote to Theodore telling him that it was in a certain drawer in my study, and asking him to be so good as to look it out and give it to them. This he did, and I thought no more about it. But when I got home I went to this same drawer

¹ The Koolali Hospital, Crimea.

and found lying conspicuously at the top of everything a paper inscribed by me with these words :

‘ To DIE
Mr. Theodore Hare
Mrs. Theodore Hare
etc., etc.’

It was just a list of people before whose death this portion of the Memoir could not be published.” “Did you write and explain?” “No, I never said anything to him, and he never said anything to me. Oh, he found himself in very good company. Still,” Mr. Hare added, laughing, “I often wondered what he thought of it.”

We were reading to-day that portion of his early life, when Murray employed him to write the *Handbook for Durham* and one of the neighbouring counties, and when he paid something like eighty or ninety visits to the principal country houses there. His visit to Lord and Lady Tankerville seems to have been one of the most delightful, and he spoke of Lady Tankerville and her charming little group of children with enthusiasm.

Then we branched off to other scenes. He was at Lord Macaulay's funeral in Westminster Abbey when, as sometimes happens on such sad occasions, people by a sort of rebound became remarkably merry and amusing, and occupied the time of waiting by telling a number of good stories. The sight of Lady Holland, daughter of Sydney Smith, and her daughters among the audience had reproduced the *bon mot* of Mrs. Grote, who—when asked how this Lady Holland was to be distinguished from the original owner of that name—said, “Oh, this is New Holland and her capital is Sydney.”

Mrs. Grote I remember myself as a somewhat tremendous personage in a turban, looking very much like a man in woman's clothes. Sydney Smith said the word “grotesque” was derived from her. I went to a children's party at her house, and I think she must have had a winning way with children, for in spite of her awe-

inspiring presence I have a pleasant recollection of her. She gave me a small coral necklace, probably the first trinket I ever possessed.

Talking of quickness in repartee a story of Sydney Smith was cited I had not yet heard. "Do tell me, Mr. Smith," exclaimed a rather gushing young lady, "what is *dogmatism*?" "My dear young lady," he replied, "dogmatism is only puppyism grown older."

I mentioned a story of Buckland, once Dean of Westminster and father of Frank Buckland, the naturalist. Paying a visit to Nuneham he was shown the heart of one of the early French Kings, kept as a most precious relic in a casket, and—to the unspeakable horror of the owner—suddenly pounced upon it and ate it up. I asked Mr. Hare whether he had ever heard of Dean Buckland's eccentricities, and how he used to crawl about the Deanery on his stomach, fancying himself an ichthyosaurus. "Oh, yes," said Mr. Hare, "after tasting the King's heart he ate through the whole of the animal creation, and averred that although a mole was somewhat disagreeable the worst creature of all to tackle was a blue-bottle fly."

Mr. Hare told us this good story. Lady Duckworth, wife of the Governor at Plymouth, was walking across the Green at Fort Wise, when she was stopped by the sentry. "Why—do you know who I am?" said she. "No, I don't," said the man; "but I *do* know that you are not the Governor's *cow*, and that is the only creature who has a right to walk across here."

Mr. Hare mentioned some little oddities of Kate Vaughan. At Llandaff, all the rooms in her house are called after the local Saints. "Your room?" she would say to him. "Let me see. You are to have St. Gubby!" Her four maids (however often she may change them) she has named permanently Serena, Theresa, Miranda, and Anastasia. Anastasia is always the kitchenmaid.

At one time there was a dead-set against Professor Jowett, and an attempt was made to have him removed from Oxford on account of his latitudinarian opinions.

Arthur Stanley took up the cudgels warmly on his behalf; and Mr. Augustus Hare related to us how one Sunday afternoon Stanley was hard at work engaged in writing a defence of Jowett, when Jowett himself entered.

"You needn't be shocked at finding me thus busy on a Sunday," said Stanley, smiling and pointing to his papers; "for this is a work not only of mercy but of justice."

"I see," quickly rejoined Dr. Jowett; "an ass has fallen into a pit, and so you think it right to pull him out on the Sabbath day!"

The two next anecdotes are among the stock of College stories :

Speaking of the crushing manner Jowett often adopted to young men, two examples were given. The first of an undergraduate, very shy, who had been told off to take a walk with him. To break the oppressive silence, the youth timidly observed that it was a fine day. Jowett gave an inarticulate grunt and spoke never another word until they reached home, when, turning on the steps, he said, "That was a very foolish remark of yours," and vanished into his house.

On another occasion another youth, doomed to be Jowett's companion, wishing to make himself agreeable had rather carefully got up two or three subjects in which he thought the Professor would be interested, and produced them one by one. "Indeed, you think so, do you?" was Jowett's only reply as one subject after another was introduced, and dismissed. At the end of the walk the Professor stopped, and addressing his companion, said: "You are a very impudent young man!" "Indeed," answered the undergraduate, by this time thoroughly exasperated, "you think so, do you?"

October 21st, 1891.—Mr. Hare to-night gave us an account of the death of the Prince Consort from descriptions by Sir Henry Ponsonby and the Dean of Windsor, who were both present at the time. The great difficulty was to make the Queen understand that there was danger.

She *would* not believe it, and no one dared tell her, until at last Princess Alice undertook the task. She persuaded the Queen to come out driving with her and during the drive expressed the fears of the worst that others felt. Seeing how grave the situation had become Sir Henry Holland drew up the following bulletin—"Hitherto there has been no anticipation of danger," for it seemed to him necessary to prepare the public mind in some degree for what he feared might happen. But the bulletin had to be submitted to the Queen, and she at once struck out the word "hitherto." She still would admit no suggestion of danger. She was with Prince Albert to the last, and when the end came she uttered one piercing shriek (that none who heard it could forget) and then stood silent, struggling to recover her self-command. Then, after a pause, she turned to her children, drew them to her, spoke to them, told them that they must rally round her, for they were all that she had left in this world to love.

I remember Sir Henry Holland telling me how when he first went down the Queen seized his hands in hers, and cried, "Oh, you will save him for me, Dr. Holland? You will save him for me, will you not?" But, alas! it was too late.

CHAPTER XIV

POET AND BANDIT AT HOME

(1892)

Death of the Duke of Clarence—The Queen as Granny—The Queen creates an Admiral—Tennyson's Home at Freshwater—Sydney Smith and the Tortoise—George Eliot Adulatory—The New Parliament—Neither a Drunkard nor a Tory—Lady Carlisle dons Yellow—The Corsican Bandit Bellacoscia—"Tombé en Malheur"—The Duel of the Poor—A Romantic Partie de Chasse.

London, January 31st, 1892.—Mrs. Eyton had heard from Lady Phillimore some details of the illness and death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. Dr. Laking, Prince George's physician, was at Sandringham and about to return to town, when Prince George said casually to him: "By the way, I wish you'd just take a look at my brother before you go. He has been out shooting, but he doesn't seem well to me." He had gone out shooting suffering only from a cold apparently—causing no alarm; but Dr. Laking found that one lung was already gone and the other touched.

Those who saw the Prince of Wales walking after the coffin of his son say that his grief was terrible. The Princess of Wales never left the Duke day or night throughout his illness. When he was dead she stayed by him. She was perfectly devoted to him. At one time there had been talk of his marriage to the Princess Hélène of Orleans, but a prince of Royal Blood cannot marry a Roman Catholic. He was of a gentle and retiring disposition, and some ladies watching the sports at Hurlingham could not help overhearing his conversation with a young American girl with whom he sat just behind them. He was confiding to his companion his fondness for a quiet country life, his distaste for the pomps of royalty, and telling her

how gladly he would throw over the whole thing for a modest three thousand a year.

March 16th, 1892.—Lunching with Lady Westbury. Sat next to Mrs. N. whose children are rather intimate in the royal nurseries, and were sent for the other day to see the Queen dressed for the Drawing-room. They waited in the Ward-room (whatever that may be) with the two little Battenberg children and the two little Albanys. The little Battenbergs seem very much at home with their Granny, and ran up to her directly she came into the room with “O Gan-Gan! You said we should come to see you dressed!” “Well,” said the Queen, “you see I have come to you instead. Now have a good look!” And she walked up and down before them, turning about so that they might see her well, and not forgetting to order some sponge cake and milk for her little guests before she went off to hold her more stately reception.

An amusing story was told of Lord Gainsborough, who, it seems, has a habit of kicking off his shoes. One day dining at Windsor he gave way to his habit just unfortunately at the moment the Queen was about to rise from table. He durst not feel about for the missing shoe lest he should encounter the royal foot, yet he had to accompany Her Majesty to the door, and could only console himself with the hope that his black silk stockings might enable him to escape detection. Vain hope! Arrived at the door the Queen stopped and said, “Now, Lord Gainsborough, you may go back and look for your shoe.”

Another trifling anecdote of the kind may be inserted here, told to the author by the Bishop of Gibraltar when she was staying with him several years later at Cannes :

The Bishop said, “Even the Queen cannot always get what she wants. I had the honour of dining with Her Majesty at Windsor shortly after the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg. She was sad and silent, speaking scarcely a word during dinner. At dessert a plate of biscuits was handed to her. The Queen turned them over

slowly with her finger. 'Not one,' she said in a mournful tone, 'not *one* of *my* biscuits! Will you see to it, Beatrice?' "

In October the author was staying near Plymouth, and a pleasant example of the kindness of the Queen is given in the ensuing passage :

Driving into Plymouth for the day my companion saluted a man, with short rather bent figure, about to cross the road. "Why, he looks as if he were deformed," I said. "So he is," answered Mrs. Bolton, and thereby hangs a pretty story. It was the figure of Admiral Grant, and this is his story. He came of quite humble parents. Early in her reign the Queen was out riding near Ryde, when overtaken by a storm she took shelter in a toll house or something of that sort. Presently in came a little crippled boy who conversed with her in such a frank and winning manner that the Queen was delighted. "Is there any way in which I could be of use to the little boy?" she asked. It appeared that his ardent desire was to enter the Navy, but his deformity was a bar. "If it were possible to get over that difficulty!" "It *shall* be possible," said the Queen, "and I will undertake to look after him until his pay is enough to live on." The royal promise was royally kept. The little cripple is now an Admiral, and, I understand, a valued and distinguished officer.

April 9th, 1892.—Staying at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, I saw a good deal of the Tennysons and their guests. To-day Mrs. Hallam Tennyson drove me with Professor Jowett to Brook Bay, where we got out and descended to the sands, she and I picking up shells, and the Professor talking all the time. He asked me if I remembered Sydney Smith. I said: Yes, but unfortunately was too young to appreciate his humour. I believed, however, that I was the original child that "stroked the tortoise."

"Why are you doing that, my dear?"

"To please the tortoise."

"Why, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's

to please the Dean and Chapter." "Well, it's very odd," said Professor Jowett, "but the late Sir Frederick Pollock always laid claim to that story. Probably he has not made many jokes in his lifetime, but that one he always maintained that he had made. There was another story of Sydney Smith's," continued Dr. Jowett, "which I don't remember having seen in print. An old friend—Mrs. Stanley, I think—went to visit him not many hours before his death. 'I am afraid,' said she, 'my dear kind friend, that I find you very ill.' 'Yes, I am indeed,' was the reply, 'not enough left of me to make a curate of.' It was Mrs. Stanley, I feel pretty sure, who told me that herself. At any rate, I heard it at the time."

That evening, walking back from Farringford with Mr. Hallam Tennyson: "It is curious," said he, "really how many people are incapable of understanding, even distinguishing a joke. I remember repeating Sydney Smith's remark 'to get a joke into the head of a Scotsman requires a surgical operation' to Professor Blackie, a Scotsman himself, by the way! 'Well,' he remarked, 'I don't see how that would help.'"

Farringford is a pleasant house, irregular and completely overgrown with creepers—a small but picturesquely undulating park and grounds, with green glades and informal avenues, and sheets of daffodils gilding the sunny slopes. The house is perhaps rather too closely overshadowed by trees, amongst others by a magnificent ilex, which has broadened out and divided itself so as to resemble five trees rather than one. The poet will allow no flowers to be picked, and no trees to be cut down.

I am sorry not to have seen more of him personally during my week's stay in this place. The very day of my arrival we were summoned to a Corney Grain party in the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Hallam Tennyson sent the carriage for us. We were to pick her up at Farringford on our way. On reaching Farringford about nine o'clock, Hallam Tennyson came to the door: "My father wishes to see you. Will you get out?" We rather demurred—were

we not rather late? "Come," said he, "out at once, both of you! My father wishes it." I was amused by recollecting some lines my grandfather was fond of quoting, for they seemed as fitly to apply to a poet as to a woman:

That man's a fool who tries by force or skill
To stem the torrent of a *poet's* will;
For if he will, he will, you may depend on't,
And if he won't he won't, and there's an end on't.

FitzGerald remarked of Lord Tennyson: "Alfred cannot trifle." When Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, was first introduced to him she began with some flattering reference to his work, when the poet suddenly interrupted her: "Old lady! don't be adulatory!"

Yet, if this rebuke be authentic, it seems scarcely consistent with an incident related to me by Lady Holland. George Eliot—Mrs. Lewes she was then, before her marriage with Mr. Cross—had long been anxious to meet Tennyson. The poet was rather reluctant but finally consented to Lady Holland's driving her over to see him. So one afternoon Lady Holland drove George Eliot over from Witley to Tennyson's house on Blackdown. George Eliot was very "adulatory," nor did the poet seem to take the adulation amiss. While he gave them a reading of *Maud*, in his level sonorous tones, George Eliot sat at his knees on the floor gazing rapturously up into his face.

When George Eliot settled down near Witley, with George Lewes, she was fond of calling in upon the Hollands; and after Lewes's death when she married Mr. Cross she renewed her youth and even used to play lawn tennis with the children.

There follow entries made by the Diarist while abroad:

Leghorn, August 18th, 1892.—I hear apropos of the new Parliament that the debate on the vote of Want of Confidence was disappointing, neither Gladstone nor Balfour at his best. Keir Hardie, the new Labour member, arrived at the House, dressed like a working man, in a car

with a very bad band playing what was meant for the Marseillaise. He walked up the floor of the House cap on head—till called to order, when he thrust it sulkily in his pocket. Gladstone left the House after Balfour had been speaking for only some minutes, which his friends excuse because of his age. If at eighty-two a single speech so much exhausts him that he has not sufficient strength to listen to a reply—how at eighty-three will he be able to lead the House, when opposed by an exceptionally powerful minority?

We are beginning to get papers giving particulars of Mr. Gladstone's new Ministry, and were amused by the remark, in a speech reported in the *Standard*, that Mr. Gladstone had probably made more Conservatives in his time than any other man. This reminds one of the saying of old Lady Stanley of Alderley, after paying a visit to her daughter Rosalind, Lady Carlisle—Radical and teetotaller to the supreme degree: "Well, good-bye, my dear, and thank you for all your hospitality. It is only by the grace of God I leave your house neither a drunkard nor a Tory."

The *Diarist* gives elsewhere, on the authority of Mrs. Dundas, another story illustrative of the zeal of Lady Carlisle, then known as Mrs. George Howard:

Talking of elections Alice mentioned the enthusiastic partisanship of Mrs. George Howard (Rosalind Stanley). At the election for the North Riding of Yorkshire she appeared clad in yellow from head to foot, and, when the Liberal candidate was defeated, walked back to the station turning round occasionally to wave a yellow handkerchief defiantly in the face of the crowd. "I would die on a barricade for the sake of the people!" she exclaimed on one occasion. "Yes, my dear," said a shrewd old lady who was present, "but you would put on a peeress's coronet to do it in!"

A further anecdote of the sort is given of another democratic peeress of the same family:

There had been a meeting of working men at Mr. Webb's where Lord and Lady Amberley were present. After the meeting Mr. Webb was about to throw open the window, when Lady Amberley interposed saying, "Oh, Mr. Webb, please don't; I like the smell of the sons of the soil!"

September 25th, 1892. Hotel Monte d'Oro, Foce di Vizzavona, Corsica.—I sent to the *Pall Mall Gazette* an account of our drive from Corte to Evisa, and of the remarkable appearance here of the famous bandit, Antoine Bellacoscia. But so much has since occurred, and we have heard so much since about him and his kind, that I am tempted to note down further particulars.

We have three judges staying in the hotel, M. Levis, President of Ajaccio; M. Levis Ramolino (of the family of Madame Bonaparte—Madame Mère), President of Corte; and our friends Madame and M. Cadella-Baye, the Premier President of Bastia. He is the Supreme Judge in Corsica, and his the only Court of Appeal. His name is said to be of Turkish origin, but he comes from the Hautes Pyrénées, and only last September was appointed to his present office. Then also staying in the hotel is M. Arena, a distinguished Deputy, with a party.

A second time the bandit has walked up here! We had scarcely finished breakfast this morning when our good hostess, who stood talking to us, exclaimed: "Why there he is again!" There can be no other "he" but the mighty bandit who is supposed to be in hiding and banishment at Marseilles. And, sure enough, there he was with his nephew, and petit-neveu in attendance. This time he walked straight into the salon! The *salle-à-manger* faces the salon across the little central court, and all the doors being open we could see perfectly what took place in the opposite room. Bellacoscia seated himself as if tired with his walk, his nephew posted himself on a chair where he could have a full view of the road, the petit-neveu, a lad of twelve to fourteen, clad like his elder in velveteen, a regular little bandit in miniature, stood leaning against the

doorpost, with slouching shoulders and hands thrust deep into his side pockets, also warily on the look-out. The salon was empty as they entered it, but soon the officious M. André (who is Arena's secretary, and seems to act as his go-between with the bandit) was in attendance with glasses and a bottle of absinthe. Madame our hostess stepped across the court to bid Bellacoscia "Good day," and the brigand emptied his pockets of some early walnuts which he had collected especially for her in return for his entertainment the other day. "He is so grateful, you know," said Madame to us; "when anyone has obliged him, he thinks he must do something for them. He has come to see Monsieur Arena." He had come to learn from the Deputy whether anything had been done towards the remission of the sentence that had been passed upon him. But Arena is a late riser—he was engaged to go out driving with two carriages full of ladies, and seemed to have but a few moments to spare for an interview. In fact he seemed a little put out by the reappearance of Bellacoscia, a little embarrassed by having this intimacy with an outlaw thrust publicly upon him under the eyes of the highest judicial functionaries in Corsica.

It was most amusing to watch the demeanour of the bandit and that of the different personages who passed in or out of the hotel, while he waited for Arena. Most of the ladies went and spoke to him. The only person who has taken no notice of him whatever, who has ignored him quietly and with dignity, is the Premier President Cadella-Baye. When President Levis, a stout and pompous individual came into the court, Bellacoscia rose at once and stood looking nervously towards him. Some officious guest having informed M. Levis of the bandit's presence he turned his back upon the salon and so remained talking for some time. When at last he could delay no longer, and had to pass through the salon to reach the high road, he could no longer pretend ignorance of the presence within. As he reached the door I saw a slight sideways movement of his head, which was not so much a nod of

recognition as a significant hint: "I ought not to know you are here: keep out of sight." In this sense Bellacoscia understood it, for he quickly moved aside out of the President's path. But when the Judge had departed the bandit and his two worthy nephews came again into evidence, and strolled up and down the road before the hotel while they waited for Arena, talked to the cook in his white cap and apron, or watched the children playing croquet.

We sat observing the tactics of the triumvirate. It was the duty of the nephews evidently to act scout for their uncle; the boy bandit slouching along, casting furtive glances from under the shelter of his broad felt hat—the picture of a dogged, determined little rascal; the older nephew, a sharp-nosed young man, as restless as the other was imperturbable, turning his head north, south, east and west, now scanning the road, now startled by an opening window. Bellacoscia himself, the only one who really ran any risk, sauntered along with a somewhat weary air, but scorning to betray any personal anxiety. There are as many dogs hereabouts as in Constantinople; and it was only when one of these gave tongue that Bellacoscia would lift his head quickly and glance with keen scouting along the road—the force of old association probably, as the bandits train their dogs to give notice of the approach of gendarmes. But no gendarmes appeared on this occasion. The newspapers even have accepted a hint to ignore his return. So his presence here remains an open secret; and after his interview with Arena, who, I understand, promises him the remission of his sentence within a month, Bellacoscia trudged off in the direction of Bocognano and once more disappeared.

Madame Cadella-Baye told us that Bellacoscia amused his leisure moments (of which he must have a good many) in carving wooden spoons, and that M. André had promised to procure her one of these. "You might order two or three for us," I said, thinking they would serve as amusing souvenirs. "I will try," said Madame, rather

doubtfully. "I suppose he is glad to sell them?" I said, noticing her hesitation. "Oh, no!" she cried. "He gives them as presents to his friends. It would be an insult to offer him money." "How does he live then, now that he is banished to Marseilles?" "His relations are well off. He has two brothers rich proprietors near here. He had quite a popular success at Marseilles. M. André took him to the theatre, where he was much struck by one of the ballerinas—'She was agile as a moufflon,' he said, thinking of the sheep of his own mountains. Some American offered him twenty thousand francs to consent to serve as a kind of theatrical exhibit. But Bellacoscia would have nothing to do with him; all he wanted was to come back to his native land." "And if it were permitted, would he settle down peacefully?" I asked. "The evil spirit is not laid; I fear it only sleeps," replied the old Judge, Cadella-Baye. "Only the other day when he came here in so-called disguise, he was told of some individual having protested to the Prefect of Ajaccio against the repeal of his sentence. 'If I can find out who it is,' said Bellacoscia, a wicked light in his eyes, 'I shall pass that way on my return!'"

Some good stories were told of Bellacoscia's daring and dexterity. On one occasion a party of gentlemen were out shooting in the mountains, and as they were enjoying their midday meal, the talk fell upon the bandit and his doings. "These must be his very haunts," said one. "What would I not give to see him!" cried another. "You will never see him," replied a voice that seemed to come from a distance; "but scatter a little" ("écartez vous un peu")! The gentlemen rose hastily from their hillside repast. A bottle stood in their centre—as yet uncorked. There was a shot! and the cork flew into the air.

The bandit of Corsica must not be confounded with the brigand of Spain or Sicily. It is not a question of plunder, but some personal or political quarrel that has brought him under the "ban." "Ce n'est pas question d'or—c'est de la vengeance," said the Chief Justice of Bastia to me.

"Oh, if he were hungry he might pick up a fowl from your farm-yard; if he asked for food, it would be *wise* to give it him. Their safety depends on terror, of course. No jury will convict, no witness speak. In the first excitement after a crime has been committed, at the first examination there may be several ready to testify: they were present—they saw the blow—they heard the shot. But before the actual day of trial comes, they have had time to reflect. They have heard nothing, seen nothing. Only last November," continued the Judge, "a sad instance occurred. The principal witness refused to speak until the Judge made a serious appeal to him—'We know that you were present; it is your solemn duty—to the dead man and to the State—to tell us what took place.' The young witness stood silent a moment; then, lifting his head, he said: 'Well, if it is my duty I will do it. But I know' (touching himself on his breast) 'that I am giving you my life!' It was too true. The bandit received a few months' imprisonment; and before the year was out the brave young witness was dead."

"But how is it," I asked, "that so distinguished a man as M. Arena should condescend to sit down and eat with a bandit like Bellacoscia?" "Eat with him! He embraces him! These bandits are a power in the State. They control elections—like your publicans. Only the other day Arena's brother was standing for Bocognano—the home of the Bellacoscias. Old Bellacoscia had eighteen children; that was at the beginning of the century, and by this time the clan must be numbered by hundreds. This fellow can put in whom he pleases, and, having given his influence to Arena, he claims his reward."

The sympathies of the people incline towards the criminal. When Bellacoscia surrendered and gave up his arms, the captain of the gendarmerie fell upon his neck and embraced him in token of amity. He was conducted to Bastia like a deliverer, was embraced and welcomed on every side. Only one man, the general in command of the troops, refused to shake hands with him. The lawyers

and the judges themselves "se fatiguent pour trouver des circonstances exténuantes."

"My father was a judge for years," said M. Levis, "and only on four occasions was the penalty of death enforced!" "And how many deserved it?" asked M. Cadella-Baye. "You might count them by twenties," was the reply. "It is not only the juries," Judge Levis continued, "but the sentiment of the people. They do not call the man a criminal, only unfortunate—'il est tombé en malheur.' The other day a drunken brawl ended in a murder. 'Save yourself! Be off!' the bystanders cried to the murderer. 'The gendarmes are coming.' He was too tipsy to understand; so they beat him with their sticks to make him sheer off."

So far from being a thing of the past this very day (September 26th) the newspapers give an account of two gendarmes being killed by bandits whom they were pursuing. Prosper Mérimée in his vivid Corsican novel *Colomba* makes his hero say: "The vendetta is the duel of the poor." This also is true; and a man will not assassinate his foe until the formal defiance has been offered: "Garde toi; je me garde!" Such are the sacramental words exchanged between two enemies before they lie in wait for each other's life.

But M. Levis also told us of the adroit way in which the two brothers Cucchi, villains of the deepest dye, were circumvented. They had found the neighbourhood of Ajaccio too hot to hold them, and schemed to take refuge in another district. The sea was rough, but they found a small boat on the shore, and compelled the boatman under threat of shooting him to put out. By a little dexterous management the boatman contrived to make his boat rock so violently that both of the bandits became vehemently sick. "Let me put you ashore," said the boatman, "at the Cap du Cavallo, and then I will row back to Ajaccio and bring you a better boat." "So be it," gasped the bandits, feeling anything was better than paroxysms of sea-sickness. The boatman duly returned

with a larger and better boat, but manned by four gendarmes disguised as sailors, who effected the capture of the brothers Cucchi.

Another story which M. Levis related, of a case in which he had himself been engaged as advocate eighteen years ago, had a touch of the ridiculous, showing that bandits sometimes choose to interfere even in domestic arrangements. There was then a famous bandit called Vuzzoni. He had taken a great fancy to a young man, poor but of good family, whose name I think was Lamaret—anyhow that name will serve as well as another. "What you need," said the bandit to him one day, "is a rich wife. I have a young lady in my eye, an heiress, only sixteen. You shall marry her." Young Lamaret was not unwilling, but asked whether she and her father would consent to the match. "Why not?" said Vuzzoni coolly. "You have rank, she has wealth—what could be more suitable? Leave it to me." A few days later he came to the young Lamaret: "I have arranged a *partie de chasse*. The young lady will be there." The *partie de chasse* took place; the proposal was broached; the young lady and her father received it amiably. Indeed to object would have been scarcely safe! The father, however, urged that the final decision should be deferred until after a second meeting; and a second meeting between the young people was arranged. Then the father, driven to desperation, as his only plan of evading the bandit's proposal, went and gave secret information to the police upon the place and hour of the rendezvous. The notice was too short to send for reinforcements. Only four gendarmes and two *gardes champêtres*, six men in all, were available, while the bandit's party numbered eight. Fortune, however, favoured the right. The rendezvous was at the house of a peasant friend of Vuzzoni; the bandit and his company were at dinner within—their dogs, usually so keen to scent a gendarme, with them. Only when the house was already surrounded did the dogs give tongue, and Vuzzoni start up with the cry, "We are trapped!" Firearms were

snatched up, and the battle began, those within shooting through the windows, those without trying to break in under shelter of a protecting balcony. At last a brave young gendarme offered to scale the balcony, and so draw Vuzzoni's fire, while a comrade of his took steady aim the while at the bandit. The brave fellow received Vuzzoni's charge in the breast; but Vuzzoni fell dead from a well-directed shot. The other bandits surrendered when their leader fell. And there in the house, looking very foolish, was found Mr. Lamaret in smart attire decked for his intended bride.

CHAPTER XV

THE MANNERS OF PROFESSORS AND GERMANS

(1893)

Professor Jowett plucks the Curate—Dr. Whewell in a Passion—Dr. Thompson's Sarcasms—Spurgeon deals with Interruption—The Eloquence of O'Connell—The Son of Apollo—Dr. Playfair entertains Sisters—Hogarth's "March to Finchley"—Douglas Jerrold's Witticisms—Rivals on the Northern Circuit—Englishmen out for Amusement—Bismarck at Dinner—*Die Barbaren*.

Canterbury, January 5th, 1893.—Dined at the Bishop of Dover's (Eden). A most pleasant dinner. No one there except Mr. Appleton, a Cambridge Don, and Miss Payne Smith—both clever and amusing. Mr. Appleton told us several University stories. I remember a couple about Jowett and his crushing retorts. A certain Mr. Gower or Gore had gained a prize of some sort at Balliol and thought it would be interesting to have the Master's autograph; so, not aware of doing anything unusual, he left his prize book at Jowett's house with a note begging the Professor to adorn it with his signature. The next morning the book was returned (blank as before) by Jowett's footman, with a polite message to the effect that the Master "hoped Mr. Gower was better."

Jowett's usual plan during the vacation was to retire to some out-of-the-way place, to some cottage lodgings where he could walk and poke about and study undisturbed. But his goings-on were sometimes so odd that, on one occasion, his prosaic landlady got anxious and consulted the curate about her lodger, "as she really thought he must be a little off his head." At her request the curate agreed to call upon her strange guest, in order that he might judge of his condition. He went upstairs, opened the door, and saw an old man crouching over the fire. While hesi-

tating how to approach him with least offence the old man looked round suddenly, and, after one glance at the intruder, calmly remarked: "I think I plucked you in Smalls."

Of course most of the stories had to do with Cambridge and Trinity College—one of Whewell, when Master, and his nephew. The nephew, entering by the big gate, walked straight across the Great Court to the Master's Lodge, with a cigarette in his mouth and his gown tucked under his arm. Dr. Whewell saw him out of his window, and came down to meet him in a towering rage: "Is this intended as a studied insult to me, sir; or are you totally devoid of any sense of moral decency?" The unhappy youth, quite taken aback, hesitated to reply, but, after a minute, convinced that the first alternative was too tremendous to be entertained, stammered out: "I—I believe, sir, I'm lost to all sense of moral decency."

To Thompson, Whewell's successor, a wealth of caustic sayings are attributed—among them the famous snub to an opinionated and recently elected Fellow, "None of us is infallible, not even the youngest among us." I mentioned the story my nephew had told me; how Thompson, preaching at the University one day on the parable of the talents, looking round him, said quietly: "In this congregation it will be superfluous to consider the case of the man who possessed ten talents, or even that of him who had five. We will confine ourselves therefore to the case of the man who possessed one talent!" But Mr. Appleton said he was afraid this popular version would not stand examination; that he had looked through Thompson's MS. sermons and searched for this one on the talents. He found it did not open in the way cited. But there was a passage in it—somewhere towards the middle of the sermon—that did more or less justify the story, which ran something like this: "We now come to the case of the man who had but one talent, the case which will probably be the most interesting to the majority here."

Professor Jebb, a somewhat vain and careless man,

Thompson sarcastically described as "devoting such time as he could spare from the adornment of his person to the neglect of his duties." Some stories were told of Provost Little of Oxford. He was something of an epicure as to coffee. "There are four points to be observed in making coffee," he was fond of announcing. "First, it must be black as ink, secondly, as clear as crystal, thirdly, as hot as hell, and—and the fourth point I have forgotten!" And however often he repeated the formula he always began with four points, and always forgot the last.

He had a way of rolling out his words with his head lowered and bent sideways. An undergraduate was brought before him for some offence that the boy denied. "You will take my word for it, I suppose, sir?" exclaimed the youth indignantly. "Yes, I will take your word, sir," said the Provost, blinking at him with his head on one side, "but I shall act as if I didn't!"

Scant justice is done to the religious zeal of Spurgeon, the celebrated Baptist Minister, in the following extract, except for the tribute to his admirable gift for handling irreverent interruption:

May 23rd, 1893. Saltash.—Talking of Dissenting preachers, Mr. Willy Bolton said that Spurgeon's death was announced in this way: "10.30 a.m. Spurgeon left for Heaven." One of the comic papers copied the announcement and added: "Heaven, 11.30 a.m. Spurgeon not arrived. Getting anxious.—PETER."

Only once I heard Spurgeon preach. He struck me as having a rather vulgar and repulsive appearance, but powerful, of the bull-dog type. His preaching, too, had something of the bull-dog character from the way he went straight to his point and the tenacity with which he held on to it. His enunciation was excellently clear. His illustrations were daring, sometimes even comic. It was a charity sermon, for Missions, I think; and as he reproved his congregation for stinginess he would point a finger now at one and now at another of them, with some satirical observation. "There sits a lady who has joined lustily in

our hymn—‘ Let fly abroad the Gospel ’ ; but when the collecting-plate comes round to her, she will forget to give the Gospel wings to fly with ! ”

As an instance of Spurgeon’s ready wit the following incident was mentioned. Three young swells, who ought to have known better, made their way into his Tabernacle and there took up a prominent position, keeping their hats on. The deacons, incensed by this mark of disrespect, were for turning the offenders out forcibly. “Nay,” said Spurgeon quietly, “leave them to me.” He then began his sermon, speaking on the subject of reverence—reverence of mind, of gesture and of habit. “Different people,” said he, “express their reverence in different ways. The Mus-sulman when he enters a place of worship removes his shoes, the Christian uncovers his head, the Jew, on the contrary, expresses his reverence by keeping his hat on his head—an illustration of which custom we have in the behaviour of our three friends now sitting below me.” The hats were hastily removed.

London, June 12th, 1893.—Dined with Mrs. Meynell; Lady Frederick Cavendish, Mr. Charles Dalison, Mr. Maccoll, etc. Mr. Maccoll full of stories. He spoke in high praise of the articles of T. P. O’Connor, recommending us to get his newspaper, the *Weekly Sun*, if only for the sake of his weekly article on “The Book of the Week,” giving an admirable idea of whatever book it reviewed. He spoke also of Sexton’s wonderful powers as an orator, of which he had received testimony from two men of totally opposite opinions, Plunket and George Shaw Lefevre. It was on some occasion when the Irish members were trying to weary out their opponents by an all-night sitting. It was three o’clock in the morning when Sexton was put up to speak. There were but four men on his side of the House, so he had no party applause to encourage him. The reporters had gone, so he knew that no word of his speech would reach the public ear. Hartington was there and Cross and a few others of the Unionist party half asleep on the benches and cursing him in their hearts,

when Sexton began his speech of two hours' duration—so eloquent, so closely argued—such a masterly specimen of reasoning, that one and all awoke, sat up, and listened with unflagging interest until Sexton sat down at five a.m.

I mentioned how Mr. Locke King had himself witnessed a scene—at Exeter Hall, I think—showing the wonderful power of O'Connell's oratory. The meeting was about emancipation, and Sir Robert Inglis was in the chair. To the dismay of the conveners of the meeting O'Connell appeared on the platform and announced his intention of speaking. They posted people about the hall to hoot him down. But such was his charm of manner that the very first sentence he uttered so fascinated the audience that he held them enthralled. In despair of putting him down in any other way the committee directed the organ to strike up in order that his voice might be drowned.

Canon Maccoll told an amusing story of Mr. Arthur O'Connor who had been in some department of the public service that was abolished, the officials being offered either a small retiring pension, or the right to commute it for a sum down. O'Connor chose the lump sum. Later he was inveighing at a public meeting in Ireland against the iniquity of those whom he stigmatised as "Pensioners of the Government." "But, Misther O'Connor," cried a voice from the crowd, "do ye not receive a pension yourself?" "I?" exclaimed the indignant orator. "I, receive a pension? No, indeed. I was offered a pension, but I scornfully commuted it!" And the mob cheered and were satisfied.

Talking of Father Healy, the Irish priest, whose humour is said to resemble that of Sydney Smith, the Lord Lieutenant asked him one day: "What is the origin of the custom of kissing under the mistletoe?" "I am afraid I can't tell you," returned Father Healy, "because when we priests indulge in that pastime we do it under the rose."

Mr. Maccoll argued, the conversation passing on to Irish bulls, that English bulls were just as good. He in-

stanced a hospitable gentleman who said to another, "You will be within ten miles of my house. Mind you *stay* there."

As a matter of repartee, he told a ridiculous story of Ayrton. A lady asked him—when the Shah of Persia was over here with several wives—"But what do they *call* the wives, Mr. Ayrton? Are they Shahesses?" "No," said Ayrton roughly, "she asses!"

Then another showing the readiness of Bishop Magee. Teignmouth Shore was preaching. "Well," said one of the congregation to Magee as they came out, "what did you think of the sermon? He is not exactly a Chrysostom, is he?" "No," said Magee, "Chrysostom means Golden Mouth, you have only had Tin Mouth (Teignmouth) to-day."

Another repartee he related of an Irishman convicted, not of bigamy, but sexagamy. He had married six wives, and they all appeared in Court to prosecute him. The Judge, commenting upon the enormity of the crime, said to the prisoner, "How could you do this thing? How could you ruin the lives of all these poor women?" "Please your honour," was the reply, "I was trying to find a good one."

"Sounds so reasonable too," said I. "Yes," said Mr. Maccoll, "as reasonable as the lunatic in a town in Holland—I forget the name—that has for generations been devoted to the treatment of lunatics. An English gentleman went there on three or four occasions to study the method of treatment. On his second visit he was talking to a lunatic and asked him who was his father. 'I am the son of Jupiter,' said the man. 'Indeed,' said the visitor, 'but how is that? Last time I was here you told me you were the son of Apollo.' 'Yes, yes, so I am,' replied the lunatic, 'but that was by another mother.'"

An example of a Scottish bull: Two Scotsmen, leaning over the gate of a burial-ground, discussed its attractions and demerits until the argument grew warm. "I'd rather dee than be buried in siccan a place," exclaimed one.

"Weel—I differ entirely," said the other, "for I'll be buried in nae ither—if I'm spared."

Another story followed: A Scotsman who was very ill was giving directions to his wife about the future care of their children. "Hoot, man," said she, "get on wi' your deeing and I'll tak' care o' the bairns."

A case of insanity was cited where a man took a preference for his right leg over his left, decorating the one with ribbons and abandoning the other to rags, and another where a man fancied himself a crumb of bread and had a mortal terror of sparrows.

This reminded me of a curious story told me by Dr. Lyon Playfair of two sisters, both mad on the same point. He was living at Edinburgh, when one morning he was called out from breakfast to find two young ladies—sisters, nice looking, well dressed, but appearing exhausted and even half famished. They told him they were in circumstances of great danger and difficulty, and knowing his great reputation had ventured to apply to him for assistance. The fact was—the Queen had given orders that they were to be poisoned! "For several days past," continued the ladies, "we have scarcely dared to touch food. We crossed over from Ireland yesterday, but so stringent are Her Majesty's orders that we have ventured to go to no hotel. We have only gathered some lettuce leaves and some watercress we found in the ditches. We also bought a bottle of salad oil, but are afraid to use it, and have brought it here to ask you to do us the favour of analysing it, so that we may be assured that it is not poisoned." "Well," said Dr. Playfair, deeply compassionating the poor girls' condition, "I will analyse the oil for you, but first come and have some breakfast." They demurred with signs of terror until he reassured them: "Even if I had received the Queen's orders to poison you I should not choose to obey. I was just sitting down to breakfast when you arrived, so that there has been no possibility of my tampering with the food." Once induced to enter the breakfast-room the girls ate ravenously, and during the

meal confided some of their history to Dr. Playfair, and that they had a brother, an officer, living in the Isle of Wight. After breakfast Dr. Playfair took them to some lodgings that he knew of, and telegraphed to the brother to come immediately. The next day the brother turned up, and carried off his sisters; and Dr. Playfair never heard anything more of the party.

Another anecdote of a lunatic is related elsewhere in the diary on the authority of a chaplain to Archbishop Benson, who amused himself by making a collection of the innumerable letters written by lunatics to the Archbishop:

An aged clergyman, looking rather wild, tried to insist upon seeing the Archbishop upon a matter of the utmost importance which for a long time he refused to disclose to the chaplain. At last, however, the chaplain persuaded the visitor to confide in him. "The fact is," declared the old clergyman, "the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have condemned me to death, and have sentenced me to be boiled alive." "Oh, they must not do that," said the chaplain. "I will see that is prevented." And the old gentleman, fairly satisfied with this assurance, was courteously induced to take his leave. But after three months he turned up again. The chaplain was talking to a friend, to whom he had told the story of the earlier visit, when he recognised his eccentric visitor. "I must see the Archbishop himself to-day, it is most urgent!" "The Ecclesiastical Commissioners again?" "Yes, they have brought a cauldron of oil, and have lighted a fire under it, the oil is getting hot. They will boil me before evening." The chaplain gave a significant little nod to his friend, who promptly intervened. "Allow me," he said, "to settle this matter without troubling the Archbishop. I will give you an order to present to the Commissioners, and when they see my handwriting they will not venture to trouble you further." So in a businesslike way he sat down at the writing-table, and wrote the following: "The Ecclesiastical Commissioners are hereby instructed that

they are not to boil the Reverend ———, formerly Vicar of ———, alive without previously communicating with me. By Order.” There was no signature, but the old gentleman took the paper, placed it carefully in his pocket-book, and went away perfectly satisfied.

July 18th, 1893.—Dined at Lord Hobhouse’s, and sat next Mr. Peek, who told me some interesting details about the Foundling Hospital with which he has a good deal to do. “We have a valuable possession in a picture by Hogarth representing the ‘March of the Guards to Finchley.’ It was painted for the benefit of the Hospital and was to be raffled for at £100—one hundred £1 tickets. Ninety-seven tickets sold, but three were left over. These three Hogarth took up himself, and presented to the Hospital. When the prize was drawn it fell to one of these three numbers; so the Hospital got its £100 and the picture as well. It is actually insured for £10,000,” added Mr. Peek, “and would fetch more than that if it were put up to auction.”

Mr. Peek went on to say that they had had a curious-looking Oriental vase at the Foundling. None of them thought much of it, nor knew whence it came. But one day a gentleman who was calling offered the Secretary £25 for it. Then, on one excuse or another, he came again and again, raising his offer until it reached £150, when the Secretary thought it worth while to get the vase valued. Ultimately they sold it at a price sufficient to keep three children in the Hospital in perpetuity.

While staying in Switzerland during the autumn of 1893 the author notes in her diary a couple of Douglas Jerrold’s repartees that may be included here :

September 26th. Schweizerhof, Lucerne.—Dr. Atkinson, who for the first week never opened his mouth except to put food into it, suddenly developed a desire to talk; he had evidently read a good deal, and the last day told some good stories which I, at least, had never heard before. The absence of fish at dinner was remarked upon. “That

reminds me," said Dr. Atkinson, "of Jerrold's remark to Warren (the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*) who was ever boasting of his grand acquaintance. 'That was the only great house I have been at,' said Warren, 'where there was not fish at table.' 'Ah!' said Jerrold drily, 'they had probably eaten it upstairs.' When Jerrold had a good thing to say," continued Dr. Atkinson, "he was not careful as to other people's feelings. For example, when someone of not much ability, speaking of a well-known public character, exclaimed: 'As to that, he and I are in the same boat!' 'But not using the same skulls,' quietly retorted Jerrold."

Met Mr. Justice and Lady Barnes here. Sir Henry Norman having accepted, and then (a month later) declined the post of Viceroy of India, we were wondering who would be sent out. Judge Barnes said he thought Lord Herschell would like to go; that he was rather bitten by India when he went there last year, and is still greedy for work. He mentioned the extraordinary feats of strength and endurance performed by Herschell and Sir Charles Russell when they were on the Northern Circuit with him. They would be in Court all day at Liverpool arguing cases, until at five o'clock they would come out of Court and catch the express train to London; appear in the House of Commons to vote, or take part in a debate; be back in Liverpool by ten next morning for the opening of the Courts. Although a night or two of this sort made Russell look a bit yellow, Herschell would look as fresh as paint, and stroll up the street after his breakfast smoking a cigar appreciatively.

Venice, October 4th, 1893.—Made a pleasant acquaintance here in the person of Mrs. Eden, *née* Jekyll. She inhabits a charming Palazzo—Baverigo—which two years ago was very nearly tumbling into the Grand Canal. The foundation walls were all soft like a rotten pear, and the whole house simply held together by cohesion. Bit by bit the water was pumped out and the foundation walls were rebuilt. One night while this was proceeding there

came a tremendous shock. Mrs. Eden jumped out of bed and rushed to her drawing-room—crying out: “The front wall has fallen”—to see the extent of the disaster. On finding it intact she came back happy to her husband—“It was nothing, merely an earthquake!”—and they went contentedly to sleep. Meanwhile the whole population had turned out into the streets and her friends had passed the night in their gondolas; but she had been so relieved to find that what she had feared had not happened, that she paid no attention to the earthquake.

Then Mrs. Eden has also a delightful garden, opposite, however, to the asylum for female lunatics; the establishment for men is a bit to the north. She told us that a large proportion of the male patients were cured by good feeding, instead of existing upon polenta which does not sufficiently nourish the brain. The women do not recover in the same proportion: “Sono sempre cattivi. Gridano sempre,” said our boatman as we passed the island one day.

At the Grand Hotel met and made acquaintance with a pleasant family with the somewhat ponderous name of Featherstonhaugh-Frampton—a genial father who had seen and done a good many interesting things, and known a good many interesting people.

On one occasion Mr. Frampton gave me a curious account of his visit to Paris immediately after the Commune. The Germans having retired, it occurred to him it would be an interesting moment to go over, and his friend, the Reverend Mr. Damer, agreed to spend a clergyman’s week—*i.e.*, Monday to Saturday—with him. When he tried to get tickets at Southampton, however, he was told that none but “officials” could go over. “Oh, but I *am* an official,” said Mr. Frampton gravely with his imposing manner. “I am a Deputy-Lieutenant, and I must go attended by my chaplain.” They did not know quite what to make of that—none of them was at all sure what a Deputy-Lieutenant was; still it was a token of eminence that he should travel with a chaplain in attendance. “Any-

how they brought me a lot of declarations and papers to sign," Mr. Frampton continued, "and when Dawson Damer turned up, and found me with our tickets and all those documents, he was immensely diverted. When the steamer stopped at Havre we were the only two of the passengers allowed to land without further parley, and were respectfully saluted by the half-dozen officials on the quay. It was hard to keep one's countenance walking down the plank, with Damer pushing me on behind and whispering ' They take you for Gambetta ' into my ear.

"Paris was still burning when we got there; at least we could see the smoke still rising from many public buildings. The streets were almost deserted; it was a sad sight to note the respectable bourgeois—terrorised first by German foes, then by the furies of the Commune—passing by with downcast, and still hungry, angry looks.

"When we reached the Hôtel Mirabeau the door was on the chain, and the proprietor replied unwillingly to our repeated summons, with an alarmed expression of ' What next ? ' in his countenance. When he learned that we were actually English travellers—travellers on pleasure bent—the first that had re-entered his hotel since the commencement of the siege, the revulsion of feeling was so great, that he hardly knew how to make us sufficiently welcome. The question of food was a difficulty. But no! he could arrange that; he could manage to make us an omelette!

"We visited the fort that was the last resort of the Communards, whence they were driven by the French troops, who shelled them from Mont Valérien"—a distance, I think he said, of three miles. "The shells came dropping, dropping, dropping—neatly, continuously, like rain into the fort, which was absolutely a mass of ruins; but so perfect was the aim that not one of them had fallen short, and we noticed that not the smallest damage had been done either to the crops or farm buildings that lay in the space between.

"We then went off," Mr. Frampton continued, "to St. Denis, still held by the Germans, being the last place they

evacuated when leaving France. As we approached the town we encountered an outpost, and expected to be stopped and questioned. But, strange to say, they took no notice, appearing as though they had not seen us. Again and again we met sentries, but each man as we approached turned his head aside, or gazed away from us. It seemed odd; but thus unchallenged we walked through the town until we arrived at the principal hotel, which was full of German officers. We walked upstairs into the dining-room, and there looking round I noticed a smart and superior-looking officer sitting at the head of the table; so I stepped up to him, apologised politely hat in hand for our intrusion, and asked him whether we could get anything to eat.

“‘No, I don’t think you can,’ he replied. ‘What can have brought you here?’”

“‘Simple curiosity,’ I said. ‘We are Englishmen out here for amusement—that is all.’”

“‘Well! you English certainly are the most extraordinary people,’ said the officer laughing. ‘Here, take this fork. Your only chance of getting any food is to go down to the kitchen yourself—stick the fork into anything you may see lying about, and carry it off then and there.’”

“I took his advice and the fork; descended into the kitchen where a host of French cooks were busy over their stew pans, and after a hasty survey speared a couple of cutlets, with which I triumphantly retreated.

“The German officers were so amused with the success of my culinary raid that we soon got into pleasant conversation. We asked them several questions about the Iron Cross, which many of them wore; then, amongst other topics, mentioned what to us seemed the very unusual behaviour of their sentries. ‘Oh, they are acting under orders,’ said the chief officer. ‘We are anxious to avoid all unnecessary friction. The French are buzzing around like a swarm of angry wasps, ready to sting at the smallest provocation. They can hardly pass a German without making some offensive grimace which our men would be bound

to resent. Therefore they have orders not to look at any foreigners, but to turn their heads away whenever they see any coming. There are only two ways to keep the peace with these people—to terrorize them, or to ignore them.'

"Of the former method we had a specimen during luncheon. One of the officers asked the French waiter, quite civilly, to bring him some salt. The man scowled and took not the smallest notice of the demand. Upon which the officer rose, took him by the collar, and shook him like a dog, until in abject terror he had apologised and promised obedience in future."

Cannes. October 29th, 1893.—Mr. Berkeley said the only trait he had personally heard of Bismarck was from Mr. Vandervelde,¹ a descendant of the famous artist, an artist himself, but also a bit of a doctor, a clever man, who spoke eight languages, and acquired some fame by a suggestion that he had put forward at the Geneva Convention. While the Franco-German war was raging the Dutch Government sent him in charge of a hospital train, with doctors, nurses, etc., to Versailles. When the Germans occupied Versailles they assumed possession of the hospitals, and turned the French wounded out into the street. Upon this Mr. Vandervelde went straight to the Crown Prince Frederick, the future German Emperor, who at once gave orders for their reinstatement, himself constantly going to visit them, with his pocket full of cigars, which he distributed amongst them.

Bismarck was there also, and at dinner it was one man's business to fill his glass with champagne as often as he drained it. In this way Mr. Vandervelde had himself seen Bismarck swallow *six* bottles of champagne at a sitting, after which he would stick a big cigar into his mouth, and then sit up and work all night.

Bismarck's powers were no doubt phenomenal, although it is possible that the manservant privately facilitated his

¹ This gentleman, however, bore the name of Van de Velden (*see* Index).

master's feat. A pretty story of an incident of the war may be transferred here from a later notebook :

I mentioned to Mrs. Petre my having seen a striking play at Dresden called *Die Barbaren*, a realistic episode out of the Franco-German war. The scene a French château wherein some German officers were quartered; the Germans, first spoken of as "barbarians," ultimately winning the hearts of their involuntary hosts and the hands of their lovely daughters.

This reminded Mrs. Petre of a touching little story she heard from a sweet old French lady whose acquaintance she made in the railway, travelling across France. A sort of provincial grande dame, apparently accustomed to hold a salon, she did the honours of the railway carriage as if it had belonged to her, introducing Mrs. Petre to the other occupants : "Une dame anglaise des plus aimables," etc.—and led the conversation.

She told Mrs. Petre that during the war she had any number of wounded Germans under her care—in her dining-room, drawing-room, bedrooms. "How kind of you !" said Mrs. Petre. "Ah ! peut-être," said the old lady. "You see my son was a prisoner interné, perhaps also wounded. I may have thought, 'perhaps if I am kind to these poor Germans, someone will also be kind to my boy.' And one night I was standing by the window, the wounded Germans lying close by, when I heard a voice outside, saying : 'Mère, petite mère ! Ouvrez donc !' and I knew it for the voice of my son—a prisoner on parole. If he were taken he would be shot ! I stole to the door and opened it. There he was, and he flung himself into my arms. 'Go back, go back !' I cried in agony : 'Fear not, little mother,' said he. 'Je me suis sauvé—I stole away—just to give you one kiss.' But I pushed him away ; made him go at once ; and the terror of that moment ! I shall never forget it ! "

CHAPTER XVI

SOME AUTHORS AND MUSICIANS (1894 and 1895)

Lord Houghton's Assurance—Dean Stanley and the Chicken—Sir Charles Hallé interrupts Conversation—Madame Neruda's Violin—A long Wait—The Pick and Shovel Test—Napoleon's Birth-place—Madame Mère—Bishop Durnford's Memory—Archbishop Benson's smiles in Church—Pusey's trick Phrase—Calverley at Oxford—From Servitor to Bishop—Wit and Wisdom of Bishop Stubbs.

AMONG the few passages worth quoting from the diaries for the years 1894 and 1895 are further references to Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, the historian of the Eastern Church, and to Bishop Stubbs, whose work on the *Constitutional History of England* ranks among the masterpieces of historical research :

London, February, 1894.—Dined with Mrs. Charles Buxton. Went down to dinner with Mr. Wemyss Reid, author of several biographies, amongst others that of Lord Houghton. He spoke of Lord Houghton's collection of autographs, and the delight with which Lord Houghton had exhibited to him a letter from Sydney Smith. It was in answer to an angry note written by Monckton Milnes—as he was then—complaining of some supposed facetiæ at his expense, and it began thus : “My dear Milnes—Keep your temper ! I never did call you ‘ The Cool of the Evening ’ or ‘ London Assurance ’ (and there followed a string of other ridiculous names). But if I had ! ” Lord Houghton read the letter aloud, chuckling with amusement, emphasizing each phrase, and finally exclaiming : “Isn't that good ? Did you ever hear such a capital rebuke to so foolish and conceited a young fellow as to mind good-humoured raillery ? ”

Rogers said of Lord Houghton : " Who is that obscure young man who is always to be seen wherever you go ? "

I told Mr. Wemyss Reid how Sydney Smith said to Lord Houghton when the latter was going to dine at a public dinner at Lambeth : " Now, Mike, let me give you a little advice before you go—don't address His Grace as ' Canterbury ' before the second course."

Lady Molesworth had a tale how Lord Houghton came to a party at her house uninvited. She was receiving her guests and the Prince of Wales was standing by her. She turned to him and said, " Lord Houghton, Sir, gives us the honour of his presence as an uninvited guest," upon which the Prince laughed and replied, " Oh, but Houghton can do what he likes." And he proceeded to tell Lady Molesworth how he had been staying at the Tuileries and was conducting the Empress in to dinner—a ceremonial function—when, just after they had started, Lord Houghton rushed up to the Empress and shook her warmly by the hand and paid his respects, causing the whole procession to come to a stop.

Mr. Reid mentioned some amusing traits of Arthur Stanley—his boyish ignorance of the value of money. When in the Holy Land he was deeply moved by a sermon from some local chaplain, making a special appeal to alleviate the sufferings of a certain Christian tribe. " Really, really, such a state of things is terrible," exclaimed Arthur Stanley to his friend when the sermon ended. " One must indeed try to do something for them. Can you lend me a franc ? "

Or again, of Stanley's intense interest and absorption in literary talk to the exclusion of any practical matter he might have in hand. He was dining with a friend, and a chicken was placed before him to carve. Wholly engrossed with the topic he was then discussing, Stanley took up the knife and mechanically attacked the bird the wrong way, cutting at right angles to the breast-bone. The chicken, resenting this mode of dissection, leapt suddenly into Stanley's waistcoat. He, however, nowise dis-

concerted, merely picked it up and put it back on the dish, flapped his shirt front with his napkin, eagerly pursuing his discourse the while. His friend offered to relieve him of the dish. "Oh, what?" said Stanley, a little annoyed at the interruption. "It's only a chicken. I can carve a chicken." And again he renewed his onslaught—this time with such vigour that the bird fairly jumped out upon the floor. But Stanley leaned down, plunged his fork into the victim, speared it and replaced it a second time on the dish, continuing his remarks as placidly as though no such unusual little incident had occurred.

Mrs. Petre gave me a droll instance of absent-mindedness the other day—an account of a Girls' Friendly Society meeting where she was present. These meetings begin with prayer, and they all had kneeled down in a devout frame of mind. But the secretary is sometimes a little "distracte" and her head was full of the Society's business. So, being also on her knees, she began in a slow and solemn voice: "I will now read the minutes of the last meeting." The sudden uplifting of heads at this unexpected exordium made the secretary hastily alter her theme, but an involuntary shaking of shoulders made the after responses of the kneelers less audible than usual.

After dinner I had some conversation with Mr. Murray, the publisher. He gave me a charming account of a voyage he had taken in company with Hallé and his wife, Madame Norman-Neruda. "Has Hallé written his Memoirs like Santley?" I asked. "No. I believe not, but they would be quite as entertaining, for he was full of curious stories as to people he had come across. As a young man, he told me, Lord Cardwell—then Mr. Cardwell—proposed to engage him to play at an evening party he was giving. 'But I should like to know first what *sort* of playing yours is?' questioned Mr. Cardwell. 'What sort?—I beg your pardon. I don't think I quite understand?' 'Why, the last pianist we engaged played so loud that people could scarcely hear themselves talk.' 'Indeed,' said Hallé modestly, 'then I am afraid I

should hardly suit you, for when people talk I can scarcely play.'

" 'However,' said Hallé when relating this, 'I must say that I am not often troubled by people talking while I perform. There is only one person,' he added smiling, 'who always talks through everything—and that is the Prince of Wales.' "

Hallé gave the following account of how Madame Norman-Neruda came into possession of her especially beautiful violin. For some time before he was engaged to her Sir Charles Hallé acted as her agent. As a débutante she wrote to him from Paris to ask leave to perform at his concerts. Sir Charles, not knowing anything about her, went to consult Joachim as to his reply. "All I can tell you," said Joachim generously, "is, that when you have heard *her*, you won't think so much of *me*! "

She came, and Hallé was enchanted with her performance. When she returned to Paris he undertook to open and forward her correspondence. One day he opened what looked like a sort of begging or circular letter. After one glance he was about to throw it into the waste-paper basket—only there did not happen to be a waste-paper basket in the room. He thought of the fire, but no fire had been lit, and not liking to litter the grate with papers, he stuffed the letter into his pocket, meaning to get rid of it later—and went about his business. He visited Scott's Bank, and in taking other papers out of his pocket, he must have whisked out this letter, too, for after a day or two it was returned to him—"With Messrs. Scott and Co.'s compliments—Found in their office." A movement of curiosity induced him at last more deliberately to examine the letter he had thus been a second time unable to get rid of. It proved to be an ill-written scrawl from some dealer in Glasgow, who professed to have an unusually fine violin, if Madame Neruda would like to purchase it. Hallé thought nothing of the offer; she was accustomed to receive many such every few weeks. Yet, on the whole, he settled to reply to the dealer, saying that Madame Neruda was

coming over to England shortly to play at his concerts at Manchester, and if he would bring or send the violin there for her to see she would be willing to inspect it.

The dealer came, and at the very first sight and touch of the violin Madame Neruda uttered a cry of astonishment and delight; the shape, the tone were perfect. "How much did the dealer ask for it?" "£500," was the reply. Alas! that was more than Neruda could venture to spare at that period of her life. Yet, unwilling to lose sight altogether of so delightful an instrument, she arranged, after some bargaining, to hire it for a few weeks at £20.

One afternoon during these weeks she was engaged to play at a concert at Dudley House at which the Duke of Edinburgh, himself no bad performer, was present. When the concert was over the Duke came up and complimented her. "And what a glorious violin you have! May I look at it?" A little unwillingly—for she did not like parting with it even for a moment—she handed the instrument to him for inspection, but added: "It isn't mine. It belongs to a dealer, who values it at £500. I can't afford that yet; but I like it so much that I shall try to buy it some day."

The Duke was standing between Lord Dudley and Lord Hartington. "Don't you think," said he, looking from one to the other, "it would be a very nice privilege for us if we three were to present Madame Norman-Neruda with this violin?" The others graciously assented, and that was the way Madame Norman-Neruda became the fortunate possessor of the instrument on which she now plays.

I am reminded of a characteristic story of Garcia, the politest of masters, when applied to for tuition by an aspirant with a voice of no certain promise. "Ah vell! you must wait," he said after hearing her sing. "Wait?" said the lady. "Yes, you must wait." "But how long?" "Ah! you must wait some time." "Yes, I understand. You are busy. For some time! But tell me how long must I wait?" "You must wait—you must wait some time—a long time—you must wait always!"

May 9th, 1894.—Went to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Holcombe Ingleby at his place in Norfolk near Kings Lynn. I had not seen him since he was knocked down by a hansom cab at the corner of Piccadilly and, after a slow recovery, gave up for a time living in London and married a clever and agreeable Miss Rolfe of Norfolk. It was pleasant to renew a friendship so long interrupted, and, although the weather was not altogether amiable, we managed to see and do a good deal.

Among other incidents of our stay was a visit to Sandringham—the beds in front of the long terrace one lovely blue sea of forget-me-not bordered with the rosiest ragged-robin. The new additions to the Duke of York's house in the park were being taken down, it having been discovered that the number of cubic feet allowed for His Royal Highness and household failed to reach even the minimum amount required by law for every pauper in the workhouse! Mrs. Harvey kindly took us into the church. The Royalties sit on one side of the chancel, in a long pew only distinguished from the rest by a little brass plate let into the book desk at one end, bearing an inscription touching in its simplicity: "This place was occupied for 28 years by my darling Eddy, next to his ever loving and sorrowing mother."

At Heacham church above the arch of the chancel stands a large old wooden cross, and beneath it the words "Fear God, Honour the King," a loyal inscription one hardly expected to find in a county that returns Joseph Arch for its member. Various stories were told of his arrogance. Captain Digby met him at a country house, where Arch mentioned that he had come down with a view to selecting a place suitable for a harbour of refuge; he "was rather in favour of Brancaster." Upon this Captain Digby, to whom every yard of the Norfolk coast is familiar, remarked that, owing to the shifting nature of the sand banks, Brancaster could never be adapted to accommodate any but small fishing-boats. "Ah!" said Arch contemptuously, "have you ever worked with pick and shovel?"

No? I thought so! Well then I *have!* " This he seemed to think a sufficient answer on all occasions and upon all subjects—the ability to work with a pick and shovel carried with it a patent of wisdom.

In 1894 the author again spent several weeks in Corsica and gives an account, which is quoted here in a much abridged form, of her visit to the First Napoleon's birth-place :

One whole morning at Ajaccio we devoted to sketching in the home of Napoleon Bonaparte. M. Charles Bonaparte (father of the great Napoleon) was a busy lawyer with eleven children, a supporter of Paoli, and lavish in hospitality—a tradition confirmed by his home boasting a spacious ballroom with no less than twelve windows. In this hospitality the lawyer and politician was warmly seconded by his wife, Laetitia Ramolino, the beauty of Ajaccio, afterwards known as Madame Mère. Casa Bonaparte is well provided both with cellars and street doors, and it was by a trapdoor in the floor of his bedroom that the young Napoleon descended into one of the cellars, and thence was able to escape to a vessel lying in the port, when Paoli sent to arrest him as a traitor to the Corsican cause.

The drawing-room is large and pleasant, and M. Bonaparte's business-room showed that the lawyer possessed a very pretty taste in furniture. Even his bureau was made of inlaid woods, jewelled along the borders and pigeon-holes with elegant little plaques of lapis lazuli and other stones. In another room hangs a little etching of Napoleon on horseback, a schoolboy performance of the Prince Imperial. The house now belongs to the Empress Eugénie, and there is something pathetic in the jealous care with which she has sought to link the memory of her son with that of his most illustrious predecessors. The most interesting of all the apartments is little more than a passage-room, for here the great Napoleon was born. Madame Laetitia was attending mass on the Feast of the Assumption, and while in the cathedral the pains of labour

came upon her. Fortunately her sedan-chair was in attendance; the lady was carried home and placed on the nearest couch in this passage-room; but so rapid was the march of events that there was no time for further preparation, and on a little spindle-legged Chippendale sofa Napoleon the Great was born.

Many portraits are extant of Napoleon's mother, but to know what his father was like we must go to the hôtel de ville, "where," says our Murray, "he is represented in his lawyer's dress." If that be so, it is the first time I ever heard of a lawyer practising in white silk breeches and crimson velvet coat thickly embroidered with gold. Yet that is how he is depicted. A fine-looking man, not strictly handsome, with clear complexion, black hair, large black beady eyes, a weak mouth, very unlike the firm-cut lips of his most famous son. On the other hand, it is worth pausing for a moment before Canova's charming little bust of the King of Rome to note how marked, even at that curly-headed age, in the child is the strong full throat and firm square jaw of the father.

Laetitia Ramolino, Madame Mère, lies in a vault beneath the chapel erected by her brother, Cardinal Fesch. A pretty girl, aged fourteen, marries a man as little known to fame. They have a numerous family, and it becomes a matter of serious anxiety how their children are to be provided for. "And lo!" says Gregorovius, "these same children one day put forth their hands one after the other, and grasp the mightiest crowns of the earth!" Napoleon, Emperor of France; Joseph, King of Spain; Louis, King of Holland; Jerome, King of Westphalia; Caroline is the Queen of Naples; and Paulina and Eliza wedded to Princes of Italy. These almost incredible facts are pompously recorded on the wall to the north of the high altar, and justify the proudly simple inscription on the marble tomb beneath: "Here lies Laetitia Ramolino, the mother of Kings (Mater Regum)."

June, 1895.—Went for the first time on a visit to Chichester, and enjoyed seeing the cathedral and sitting out

in the palace garden—magnificent ilexes and the largest flowering acacia I ever saw—with the Bishop (*ætat* 92!)¹ and Miss Durnford. A wonderful old man he is, keen and vigorous, walking briskly, scarcely deaf at all, full of interest in every possible subject, and eager to elicit information from everyone he comes across. To give an instance of his excellent memory: a silver teapot had been sent in for repairs from one of the neighbouring country houses to the silversmith at Chichester, with an inquiry as to its date. On deciphering the marks, the silversmith pronounced the date to be 1655. "Oh, nonsense!" said the old Bishop promptly upon being told this judgment. "Tea was not introduced into England until 1658." The matter being referred to authorities, it appeared that the Bishop was correct as to his date—Pepys had his first cup in 1660. But although not generally introduced until then, it had found its way as a curiosity into the houses of the rich a few years earlier, and as a fact in the year 1655 or 1653 two silver teapots had been manufactured of the shape then used in China—with a perfectly straight spout. One of these pots was in the South Kensington Museum; the fate of the other was unknown until it appeared unexpectedly in the jeweller's shop at Chichester.

I was told that the only time Archbishop Benson had been known to smile in Church was an occasion when he had been asked to preach on behalf of a children's charity called "The Guild of St. Mark," or some such title. The children came marching up the church proudly headed by their new banner with a representation upon it of the Lion of St. Mark. But instead of the conventional griffin standing on end, which usually represents that Saint, the artist had painted the resemblance of a real lion with hungry yawning jaws and bristling mane. And the text beneath the lion ran thus: "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

In conversation about preachers and tricks of speech—such as the constant repetition of "don't you know" or

¹ Richard Durnford, appointed 1870, Bishop of Chichester

“eh!”—it was mentioned that Pusey’s trick phrase was “What I mean to say is this.” Whatever he said he immediately desired to qualify, and on one occasion one of the company present calculated that the phrase was reiterated as many as seventy times.

I forget who it was who told me of his having accompanied Mrs. Charles Buxton and Lady Trevelyan to hear Father Ignatius preach. “Yet there are ladies,” declaimed Father Ignatius, “sitting here who will clothe their hands—those miserable hands so soon to crumble into dust—with gloves at three and six a pair!” “Oh!” sighed Lady Trevelyan, “I *wish* he would say where one could get them!”

The author seems to have discovered, only long after the events, when staying with the Bishop of Gibraltar at Cannes, that the scepticism as to the authenticity of the Bulgarian atrocities, fashionable enough at the time, was as ill-founded as many other fashionable opinions:

October 23rd, 1895. Bishopsbourne, Cannes.—Talking at breakfast of Turkey, Bulgaria, etc., the Bishop of Gibraltar said that shortly after the atrocities he was staying at Philippopolis with Mr. Mitchell, the English Consul, when Mr. Mitchell pointed out to him a tree on which every morning there were hanged by order of the Governor eight to ten unfortunate Bulgarians.

“Then you believe in the Bulgarian atrocities?” I asked the Bishop.

“Believe in them? Certainly I do. The policy of our Government being to support Turkey, everything was done to disparage and minimise the effect of the evidence brought together by the Commission of Inquiry; but no one—not one—who had been in Bulgaria at the time could have the slightest doubt of the truth of these outrages.”

Speaking of the poet and parodist Calverley, the Bishop of Gibraltar told me that, before entering upon his brilliant career at Cambridge, he had been sent down from Oxford for crowning a convivial evening by an assault upon a

porter. These lines by Bartlett of Balliol were posted up on the occasion :

Why was his time (now running short)
Cut prematurely shorter?
Because he first did floor his port,
And then he floored the porter.

Bishop Stubbs, the Bishop of Gibraltar went on to say, was a servitor at Oxford at that time, the servitors then holding such a degraded position that they wore a distinctive dress, had literally to serve at the Dons' table, and were debarred from dining at the same table or time as other undergraduates. But young Stubbs, although handicapped by such disabilities at Oxford, so greatly distinguished himself that he succeeded in getting a scholarship and then a fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge, became acquainted with Archbishop Longley, and was appointed his librarian at Lambeth. There he married; was presently nominated Historical Lecturer at Oxford, and ultimately Mr. Gladstone, who wanted him in the House of Lords, promoted him to the episcopal bench. He returned as Bishop to Oxford, where he had not been held worthy to eat with his fellow-students.

As an instance of his ready wit, the Bishop of Gibraltar quoted the following : Bishop Stubbs arrived one day at Manchester, when a porter running up to him said, "Shall I look for your luggage, my Lord?" "Yes, do," said the Bishop. "How many articles, my Lord?" "Thirty-nine," was the immediate response. Away went the porter somewhat astonished, and soon came back more disconcerted. "Very sorry, my Lord, I can only find six." "Ah," said the Bishop with a good-humoured grunt, "you must be a Dissenter."

The Pope sent over the year before last a Special Envoy to rededicate England to St. Peter and The Virgin. Bishop Stubbs, who had been spending a holiday in Italy, on seeing this announcement said: "I also have been very busy. I have just been over to rededicate Rome, and to

place her under the special protection of St. George and *the Dragon*."

A couple more stories of Bishop Stubbs may be added to this chapter, although told to the author at a later date by Mr. Carter, Honorary Canon of Canterbury, before he left England for South Africa to take up the duties of Dean of Grahamstown Cathedral :

Canon Carter said : "Bishop Stubbs was one of the few people who dared to break a jest with Lord Grimthorpe. They met in the lobby of the House of Lords on one occasion while the Divorce Bill was on, as to which Lord Grimthorpe was taking an active part. 'Well,' he said coming up to the Bishop, 'I believe I shall get my Clause in.' 'I have heard they are sharp enough,' replied the Bishop.

"But Bishop Stubbs," Canon Carter continued, "could not always keep his wit within bounds, was not always so discreet as he should have been. On one occasion he had to preside over a missionary meeting, which much bored him. It was to be addressed by a bishop who had done very distinguished work in Central Africa. Bishop Stubbs in introducing him began in this fashion : 'You will all be pleased to hear all that the Bishop of Central Africa has to tell us—whether he has ever come across a place called "King Solomon's Mines," or met a distinguished personage of the name of "She."¹ It was a little awkward after such an exordium for the Bishop of Central Africa to take up the serious business of the meeting."

But with all his wit there was, Canon Knox Little told me, something sombre, something of despondency in Bishop Stubbs's disposition. "Hope! Hope! Hope!" said the Bishop to Canon Knox Little one day. "Ay, hope is the disease we die of."

¹ The titles of two of Rider Haggard's romances.

CHAPTER XVII

ARCHBISHOP AND MRS. TEMPLE (1896)

Stories of Bishop Temple—Sermons after the Burial of Archbishop Benson—Dean Farrar's Autographs—The Career of Canon Page Roberts—Bulgarian Atrocity Campaign—Christmas Alone in London—The new Archbishop of Canterbury at the Deanery—Enthronement of the Archbishop—The Organist's Selection—The Resurrection of Dr. Keith—A Lengthy Vigil—A Corpse Reviver.

THE later notebooks contain several anecdotes concerning Archbishop Temple, whose masterful downright character was almost matched by that of the lady who wrote them down. In earlier notebooks also some of the many stories that attached themselves to the virile personality of Bishop Temple occur disconnectedly, and among them the following :

At luncheon many stories as to Bishop Temple's gruffness of manner and voice, his provincial accent, etc. A young candidate for Orders was rejected, and questioned the Bishop's chaplains as to what could possibly be the cause. But they evaded the question, and the youth could get no satisfaction. At last he took courage, and applied to the Bishop himself to know for what reason he had not been passed. "*Your vice!*" was the stern reply. "*Vice!* my Lord?" cried the unfortunate candidate, imagining that he was the victim of some horrible and unfounded slander. But the Bishop was only alluding to his *voice*, which was the more unkind as he himself must surely have been excluded from the Church had he been treated with equal rigour.

Another funny story of a lady who was taken down to dinner by Bishop Temple at the house of a mutual friend. Anxious to suit her conversation to the occasion she turned

to her companion and said: "You believe in the interposition of Providence, my Lord?" "Ugh!" the Bishop snorted (an unintelligible reply). "Because," continued the lady placidly, "a most remarkable instance occurred only the other day in my own family. An aunt of mine had made up her mind to go to America. The ship was chosen, the ticket taken, her outfit provided, her luggage packed, the last adieus had been said, and all the final arrangements made, when suddenly it was borne in upon her, as it were, that she had better not go. She did *not* go, and that vessel was wrecked! Now was not that a truly wonderful interposition of Providence?"

"Ugh!" grunted the Bishop again. "Can't say; didn't know your aunt!"

Or again, in another of the notebooks:

Many were the good stories told, especially by Bishop Penrhyn (of Vancouver Island) who was staying in the house; some of course about Bishop Temple.

A rather conceited young clergyman had been preaching before him, and, rejoining the Bishop afterwards, inquired with evident complacency, "I hope your Lordship was satisfied with my discourse?" "Well," said the Bishop, "I have no fault to find with the *text*."

On another occasion a certain clergyman desired the Bishop's permission to make use of incense, and met with a peremptory refusal. "But, my Lord," said he, protesting, "surely that decision is somewhat arbitrary. In the case of Mr. So-and-so [a neighbouring clergyman] you allowed *him* to make use of incense, and why should it be forbidden to me?" "Sir, he *works*!" was the uncompromising reply.

On Sunday the 11th of October, 1896, Archbishop Benson died suddenly in church during the Morning Service. The Diarist gives an account of the memorial service in Canterbury Cathedral, of the enthronement of his successor, and—in this and subsequent chapters—of

several meetings and conversations with the new Archbishop and Mrs. Temple.

Canterbury, October 18th, 1896.—Sunday after the interment of Archbishop Benson. Wonderful crowds at every service. Three very striking sermons. In the afternoon from the Dean (Farrar); morning and evening from the Archbishop of York (Maclagan) and the Bishop of London (Temple), both mentioned as among the “possible” successors to the Primacy. It was curious to see them facing each other, and to speculate what was passing in their minds, as they gazed around the glorious Metropolitan Cathedral where one or other of them might one day be sitting enthroned.

The three sermons were all curiously different, though all, of course, on the same subject. Dean Farrar gave an interesting condensed life of the late Archbishop. The Archbishop of York indulged in speculations as to the state after death: “What was he doing now? Had he joined the company of the blessed? Had he *seen* the long row of old Cornish saints whose names were fast falling into undeserved oblivion? Had he *talked* with his favourite St. Cyprian, whose story had been the delight of his leisure hours? We spoke of his having entered into his rest. *Was* he at rest? Or had he already been given other work to do? Work that would be the sequel to and development of that which he had done on earth?”

“Oh!” said my companion afterwards, “it quite took my breath away to listen to him. I do hope I shall be allowed to lie quiet for 100 years before I am set to work again.”

Bishop Temple’s sermon was more spiritual than personal. He took for subject “The Communion of the Saints,” the influence for good that emanated from a good man, radiating in ever widening circles. One man would be influenced by another, and his life would insensibly be changed. No one could tell how or when that subtle influence began; but the second man would presently in

his turn begin to influence others, and the third man, who knew nothing of the first, who perhaps had never even so much as heard his name, would yet, by this mysterious process of transmission, be affected by his life and example. Thus, when a good man dies, his work lives on, and no one can say to what remote ages or to what distant countries his influence for good may not extend!

Under a later date there is this further comment upon Archbishop Maclagan's sermon :

With reference to the Archbishop of York's sermon on the 18th, after praying that the hearts and minds of those who had the responsibility of naming a successor to the Primacy might be rightly directed in their choice, he proceeded to lay down the general principles by which that choice should be guided, "especially at the present time" (just after the Pope's Encyclical). "He should be a man in the prime of life, with all his faculties about him, vigorous in mind and body, and young enough not only to initiate the various reforms in Church government that were so much needed; but with a long life still before him wherein to fashion and bring those reforms to perfection." As much as to say, "*We* two old fellows—you, Temple, and I—are out of it. At all events *you* are!" And, after all, it was the semi-blind old man of 75 who was chosen!

But to return to the entry in the Diary under the date of the 18th October :

In the evening went to tea-supper with the three preachers at the Deanery. I sat by the Bishop of London, and talked of various functions we had seen, the Queen's Jubilee, etc. I found that to start conversation with Bishop Temple was not exactly easy. The funeral and events of the last days suggested themselves as natural topics; but obtained nothing more than a grunt in reply. Suddenly, to my surprise, he wheeled round in his chair, and in the harshest of tones demanded: "Do you like

flowers or jewels best?" "Flowers, I think," said I, "because of their smell." "Ah!" said the Bishop, "I like jewels best! I go to all the Court functions to see the ladies' diamonds." It was absolutely *à propos de bottes*, but after that we got on better.

Later in the evening the Dean was showing Mrs. Temple his book of autographs. "What an interesting collection you must have," said I. "Ah! we are only beginning one here," he replied. "At Westminster we had indeed an interesting collection—only a dreadful thing happened. A lady staying in the house, walking in her sleep, got hold of the book and tore out many of the most valuable autographs—Tennyson's and many others." "How clever of her! I wish I had been that lady!" "No—it was no theft—she was genuinely asleep. She did not keep the autographs. We found them all torn up. It was impossible to say anything, and there was nothing to be done!"

Although the Diarist was to be numbered among Archbishop Temple's most whole-hearted admirers, she does not fail faithfully to record a conversation that illustrated his disregard of the lesser courtesies of life:

Canon Page Roberts came to tea with me, and was most agreeable. Speaking of the new Archbishop's appointment, he said: "I admire him greatly, although I might be excused some resentment. He never has taken the slightest notice of me, ever since I have been in his London diocese. When I was for a long time almost at the point of death the Bishop of London never so much as sent to inquire after me. When I published a book of sermons I sent him a copy with a respectful note, begging his acceptance of it. He never so much as acknowledged the receipt of it through his chaplain. When I was promoted to the Canonry at Canterbury I had the kindest letters from Archbishop Benson, the Bishops of Gloucester and Winchester, and others; but from my own Bishop of London—not a word."

Canon Page Roberts went on to give some account of his own career :

At the age of twenty-six he became the parish priest of a considerable living in Eye, Suffolk, and was there for fifteen years. Being a bachelor, he visited about a great deal at Brome Hall, etc., the Kerrisons, Lord Barrington. "At the end of fifteen years," he said, "I began to think that unless I intended to remain a parish priest all my life, it was about time to make a change. Lord Barrington was then able to return both the borough and county Members to Parliament, and was therefore a person of some political importance. The living of St. Margaret's and the Canonry usually attached to it had just become vacant, and he applied to Disraeli for them on my behalf. Disraeli replied that to give both to a man unknown in London would probably cause an outcry—I must be content with one or the other;—still that he understood he was to do something for me. Then Mr. Howarth, Rector of St. George's, offered me the chapel of ease in South Audley Street, but, when I was about to accept, added: 'I can present you, but there are the two churchwardens who have a veto in the matter.' 'No,' I said, 'that won't do for me. I can't run the chance of going back to my people at Eye, and telling them I have been rejected by two churchwardens.' Shortly afterwards came the offer of Vere Street Chapel."

After chatting pleasantly for an hour, he said he must go back and read "Henry VIII" to his family. He makes it a rule to read poetry to his children for an hour before dinner—and he is an admirable reader.

Temple Newsam, November, 1896.—Canon Maccoll the only guest beside myself. Talking of Gladstone, he said how Gladstone told him that when he went to Eton, the first day he was there he took his Prayer Book to Chapel, and, on coming out, was kicked "as a hypocrite." The second day he went to Chapel without his Prayer Book, and, on coming out, was kicked "as an atheist."

Mrs. Meynell gave a curious instance of Gladstone's self-deception. George Howard—now Lord Carlisle—told her that at the time of the Bulgarian atrocities he went to Gladstone and asked him whether it would not be well to get up some meetings in order to arouse public attention to the matter before Mr. Gladstone made it the subject in Parliament of his great attack.

"Yes," said Gladstone, he thought it would be very desirable. "But mind and keep off the wires!" he added. Thus forbidden to use the telegraph, George Howard, Sir William Harcourt, I think, and three or four more sat up half the night writing and dispatching letters to all the wire-pullers of the Liberal Party throughout the kingdom, desiring them to agitate and get up meetings. They did so, and in due course the meetings came off.

The next time George Howard met Mr. Gladstone the latter exclaimed as he shook him warmly by the hand: "Is it not gratifying to have this *spontaneous* outburst of feeling throughout the country against these terrible atrocities?" This said to the very man he had employed to get up this spontaneous burst of feeling!

However real the current of public opinion, to reach the surface and gain expression a channel must be provided for it, and there is more force and justice in a criticism quoted by the author under an earlier date:

Mr. Cowen, M.P., is a powerful speaker, and in almost every speech of his there are one or two phrases worth remembering—for instance, one from a speech of his the other night answering Gladstone, who wished to hurry on his resolutions for closing debates: "The desire that every change shall be made at once—this *idolatry of the immediate* is the greatest danger of the age."

Christmas Day, 1896.—An outbreak of mumps stopped a visit at the last moment, so being left "Alone in London," Dr. Butler Smythe kindly asked me in to dinner—two or

three female forlornites—Dr. Percy Kidd and his wife being the only married couple among the guests. I had been to church at St. Anselm's, and apropos of the service, Dr. Percy Kidd asked me if I liked Gregorians, and then told this American comment upon them. Someone learned in Gregorians was explaining that they were in fact the primeval form of music, the sort that David probably sang. "Wal, stranger!" said the Yankee, "then I guess I know why Saul flung his javelin at him!"

As an illustration of American humour the story was given of a young lady who squinted so much that, when she cried, the tears ran down her back.

A laughable story told of a bursar of Trinity, Cambridge, who never could get his accounts right. "I wish you'd look over this," he said to another Fellow of the College one day; "I have been through these accounts several times, but I cannot get the columns right." "How much are you out?" "Well—really—really I am afraid it's over £1,000 out." "H'm!" murmured the friend after a few moments' pause for their consideration, "you need not have added in the year!"

On the Thursday after Christmas day the Diarist was again at Canterbury:

I took train, reaching Canterbury at half-past 9 p.m., changed my dress in ten minutes and went on to the Deanery, where Mrs. Farrar was holding a large reception in honour of the new Archbishop. Everything was beautifully done, and we drove up between a coruscation of red, blue and green lamps placed upon the ground, very useful in showing the intricacies of the approach, especially as it was a pouring wet night. We found at the drawing-room door the Dean first; then the Archbishop—both beaming. Then Mrs. Farrar and Mrs. Temple, looking a trifle oppressed. Mrs. Temple was so genuinely glad to see the face of a London acquaintance that she kept me standing by her for some time. She was nervous about

to-morrow's ceremony. "It was so involved—required so much organisation!" But I was able to comfort her by saying that everything was so perfectly done at Canterbury that she need apprehend no hitch.

She then opened out on the subject of Lambeth. From what I hear it would seem that the first great question which every newly-made Bishop has to tackle is that of "drains!" All the old palaces seem to be pretty bad, but according to Mrs. Temple, Lambeth beats the record. "Mrs. Benson is in ecstasies over the beautiful brickwork of the pre-Reformation period," said Mrs. Temple in her gentle voice, "and of course we are very glad she should take *that* view of the matter! But bricks *do* decay, and everything has had to be opened up!" Here we were interrupted by a rush of people to shake hands and bow their "Good nights." The last of the group being a lady with a tuft like a cockatoo on her head. "Who was that?" I inquired. "I haven't a notion," said Mrs. Temple. "Only if anybody looks as if they wished to shake hands with me, I do it, that's all."

The party was slow to disperse, for few people in Canterbury have private carriages, and the five or six flies on duty went in and out of the Precincts setting down one family at a time and coming back for another, the sea of mud rendering it impossible to walk. So the Dean and Bishop and the Chaplain stole off by different staircases to bed, and I sat on the stairs with Mrs. Farrar till the block in the hall cleared. We got home about midnight.

And it was pretty hard work getting up next morning in time for the Litany at 8. And the Dean and the Archbishop were late! The Archbishop entered with Mrs. Temple as a private individual, and took his place on the front bench of what in some churches would be called the free seats, kneeling upright on the hard floor, without any desk in front of him, and rejecting the hassock offered by a vergier.

Then home to breakfast, and by 11.15 we were in the

Cathedral again—crowds of people, but not nearly so packed as on the last occasion, the funeral of Archbishop Benson.

At 11.30 the organ began with a sort of roll of “muffled drums!” How? What? (We looked at each other.) Is he going to play the Dead March in *Saul*? Whether the organist’s head was full of the last occasion, or what I know not; but probably his assistant nudged him, and after floundering into two or three utterly wrong chords, he suddenly burst into the almost equally inappropriate Wedding March of Mendelssohn, to the sound of which the long procession began.

Now, between the last seat of the choir and the throne there is a sort of extra stall, raised a step above the others, and when the procession halted near the throne the Archbishop took up his stand in the front of this stall, practically mounting therefore the first step of the throne before he had been inducted. This would never do! For a bewigged official, standing on high by the eagle lectern, was about to pronounce the throne *vacant*—by the death of Archbishop Benson. So his Grace was made to descend and enter Mrs. Farrar’s pew where, kneeling, he disappeared entirely from public view till the bewigged individual informed us that Dr. Temple had been chosen as successor to the vacant See, when the Bishop of Dover (Eden) advanced and, offering his hand, conducted him in most courtly fashion up the steps of the throne, where the Archbishop remained for a moment standing until, by a second gesture, Bishop Eden invited him to sit.

The next little point of interest was when (after the service) the Cathedral body proceeded back again to fetch the Archbishop out of his own throne, and take him round to Trinity Chapel to be enthroned in St. Augustine’s chair. On this occasion Dean Farrar offered his hand, and, grasping that of the Archbishop (who was carefully picking his way down the steps), shook it three times up and down so heartily that, completely taken by surprise, the Archbishop nearly lost his footing.

The Benediction was given from the Dean's stall, where his Grace was enthroned (for the third time) "in sign of possession." Archbishop Benson had decreed that the Benediction might be given with hand raised, but without the sign of the Cross. Archbishop Temple gave the Benediction without even raising his hand. I also noticed that, when the long procession of some 400 clergy filed out, only about one in five bowed or turned his head as he passed in front of the altar.

I have forgotten to mention the incident which occurred as the procession first entered through the nave. A man (in imitation of the Brown John protest) tried to interpose, shouting out: "Dr. Temple! this is all a long drawn out lie." He had to be hustled out by a posse of vergers aided by a policeman—not before, however, he had disseminated several of his cards (with offensive inscriptions) amongst the audience, whereby it appeared that whereas the original protestor was *Brown John* this one was *Greenwood of Greenwich*.

An odd incident is related in the passage that follows concerning Dr. Keith, an Aberdeen divine, a writer upon prophecy, who travelled much in Palestine and Eastern Europe, dying in the year 1880:

London, December 28th, 1896.—Had a visit from Mrs. Thomson, widow of the Archbishop of York. I spoke of my visit to the Millennial Exhibition at Budapest this year, and Mrs. Thomson asked whether I had heard anything of Dr. Keith and his adventure there, which everyone was talking about when she had visited Budapest several years ago. Dr. Keith, it seems, was a great traveller and had just published a book giving an interesting account of his discoveries. He arrived at the hotel at Budapest feeling unwell, deciding to rest there until he had got over his indisposition.

A few days later a lady arrived and, seeing Dr. Keith's name on some luggage in the hall, exclaimed: "Is Dr. Keith staying here? I am hoping to make his acquaintance." The landlord looked grave: "Yes, Dr.

Keith has been staying here, but—he died this morning.” The lady, greatly shocked, asked had he friends or relations in Pest? “No,” replied the landlord; “no one was with him, he was all alone.” “Oh, but that is really too sad,” cried the lady. “Such a clever, interesting man, and then to die in this way. Someone should see him for the sake of his friends—might not I just have one look at the poor fellow: it might be of some consolation to them?” “If you wish to see him,” said the landlord, “I will take you to his room at once.”

Long and earnestly the lady stood gazing at the silent figure that lay upon the bed, and at last, turning to her companion, said: “Do you know, somehow, I feel almost certain this man is not really dead.” “You must not be uneasy,” said the landlord; “good doctors have seen him. Indeed he’s to be buried to-morrow.” “Oh! but that must not be,” cried the lady in great agitation. “You must put off the funeral. Think what a terrible thing it would be were he to be buried alive!” “Impossible!” affirmed the landlord; “no one but the Landgravine could order the funeral to be put off.” “Then I will appeal to her,” said the lady, and forthwith started on her benevolent mission. She crossed the bridge, climbed the steep of Old Buda, reached the palace at the top, and there pleaded so earnestly that she overcame the customary phlegm of Court officials and was admitted to the presence of the Landgravine.

Here again the lady so strongly urged her conviction that the Landgravine’s interest was aroused: “I will send my own physician back with you and, if he thinks with you that there is any doubt about the man’s being dead, the funeral shall be delayed as you desire.” Greatly relieved, the lady expressed her gratitude and returned to the hotel accompanied by the Court physician. But his examination confirmed that of the previous doctors. “There could be no question about it; life was wholly extinct.” He admitted that there was no visible sign of decay and, at last, overborne by the lady’s pleading, and

moved by her genuine distress, consented that the funeral should be postponed until some such appearance should occur.

The lady at once constituted herself watcher-in-chief. Day after day went by, the appearance of the body remained unchanged, and for something like a month the devoted woman maintained her lonely vigil, when one day the body stirred, the man—reputed dead—sighed and said: “Ah, me! Will those bells never cease?”

Dr. Keith had been speaking of the bells just before he fell into a trance, and it is supposed that so soon as the circulation of blood, then arrested, began to stir again, the impression was reproduced in his brain. And so the lady’s intuition was vindicated.

Having heard these particulars when they were fresh in the minds of people at Budapest, Mrs. Thomson was much interested when many years later the son and daughter-in-law of Dr. Keith were introduced to her at Oxford. They confirmed the truth of what she remembered, and brought their father to call upon her the following day. Thus she had the satisfaction of hearing from his own lips the history of his extraordinary adventure. Needless to say, he had ever afterwards maintained the warmest friendship for the lady who had so bravely rescued him from the grave.

As a pendent to the foregoing account of the rescue of Dr. Alexander Keith, an anecdote from the notebooks may be quoted here, which at least deserves to be authentic, of a more speedy revival from an apparent state of death:

When Sir Thomas Acland, the great grandfather of the present Baronet, a celebrated hunting character, died, or was supposed to have died, the corpse was laid out and the servants took it in turn to watch the body. At night it was the turn of the coachman, a drunken old fellow who did not at all like the job, but took care to provide himself

with a supply of brandy wherewith to beguile the midnight hours. Presently, getting jovial, he staggered up to the bier, and hiccoughed out : " Well, old chap ! Have a drink before we part company ! " So saying he emptied half a tumbler of brandy down the throat of the supposed corpse. Never was doctor's prescription more effective in cure. There was a gurgle, a twitching, a convulsion, and behold the body sat up.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE TRIALS OF ACTORS AND ARMENIANS (1897)

The Jameson Raid—Mary Anderson fills her Box for a First Night—Heated Performers—A Gathering of Bishops—Bishop Thorold malingers—The Lord High Hereditary Tea Maker—Some Oddities—An Obi-ist Defendant—Armenian Massacres to Order—The Fate of Four Brothers—Armenian Peasants and Citizens—The Constantinople Massacre.

London, February, 1897.—Everybody much excited about the Commission to inquire into the conduct of Mr. Cecil Rhodes with regard to Doctor Jameson's Raid towards Pretoria. Mr. Sydney Buxton is on the Commission. He and his bride had been engaged for some weeks to spend one Sunday with Lord Rothschild in Buckinghamshire, when they heard Rhodes was to be a fellow-visitor there. Mr. Buxton knows and likes Rhodes, but he had to excuse himself from paying the visit, nor ought Lord Rothschild to have included them in the same invitation.

Captain Armstrong (home on leave from India) dining with us told us that he had come across several of these Cape "filibusters." One of them told him how he had spent the last few nights before the Raid trying to put together rifles, of which they had an ample supply, only they had been sent to them at Johannesburg in pieces. They could not betray themselves by handing them to the gunsmiths, and all the while they knew that Jameson had started, that they could not stop him, and yet that they were not ready for him.

The other excitement of the day is the disastrous expedition against the King of Benin—the whole party, except I think two, murdered. Captain Law gave us his experience of the difficulty of keeping peace among the various tribes of the Gold Coast; how some years ago the

gentlemen of one tribe persisted in singing disrespectful songs of a lady of another tribe. The lady thereupon cursed the gentlemen with all their relations, male and female. The curse did them so much damage that the first tribe determined to go to war on its account. The British Governor intervened and insisted upon the lady's removing the curse, but when Captain Law sailed for home the crisis still continued, for the gentlemen refused to cease singing their offensive songs.

June 1st, 1897.—To dine and sleep at Wimbledon. Met Mary Anderson and her husband, Mr. Navarro; both very agreeable. They now live at Broadway. She told me a good story of a conceited young pianist playing before the German Emperor—acting the little drama as she spoke. "I have heard many great musicians in my time," said the Emperor. "I have heard Wagner (a profound bow from the pianist), I have heard Mendelssohn (a still deeper inclination), Rubinstein (the performer's back was bent double), the Abbé Liszt (lower and lower he bowed, with hands across his breast), but," continued his Imperial Majesty, "I have never yet seen anyone *perspire* so much as you."

The story has its partner in the saying attributed to W. S. Gilbert. Beerbohm Tree, after his first night of Hamlet, returned to the green-room followed by the plaudits of a packed house. To him enters Gilbert. "Well?" said Tree. "Admirable!" was Gilbert's verdict. "Your skin acted wonderfully."

Macaulay's story of the tiger who regularly ate the postman was capped by the tale of a civilian in a hilly district in India, who wired to the next station: "Calcutta mail due. Tiger in ticket office. Take measures accordingly."

Mary Anderson told us that, when acting, she had always refused to claim a number of seats, only retaining on occasions one stage-box for her friends. She offered it for a first night to some friend, and a few days afterwards, meeting Hamilton Aidé, who expressed a great wish

to see the play, gave him her card, and said: "Pray make use of my box!" forgetting it had already been offered. This was not the end. Omitting to make a note of either promise, a day or two later she met Lord Lytton, who told her exultingly that he and Lady Lytton had secured two excellent stalls, and were looking forward keenly to the occasion. "What nonsense!" cried Mary Anderson, who was very intimate with the Lyttons. "It is too bad of you to buy stalls, when you know my box is entirely at your service." She made them give up their stalls; and thus quite unconsciously presented her box for the night to three sets of people.

And the night came, and when the play began Hamilton Aidé and a friend were sitting comfortably in front of the box. She saw them there as she appeared first before the audience. Presently to her horror she noticed the friend whom she had first invited enter the box, with a party of young ladies dressed in white behind him. It was with the greatest difficulty she could fix her attention on her part. Already a murmur of expostulation reached her from the box. And now, as she looked again, behold! Lord and Lady Lytton had appeared upon the scene. Poor Mary Anderson! Her colour rose, her head began to swim, the words of her part to fail her. She could only just manage to finish the scene, while each of the three contending parties was exhibiting her card to each other.

Frantically Mary Anderson rushed to her manager, explained the state of affairs, and cried: "Do something to get me out of this mess, and you shall have the most beautiful set of pearl studs to be bought in London." The house was packed, not a seat vacant; but luckily in another box the manager espied two close friends of his own. Upon them he burst in like a thunderbolt, appealed to their generosity and friendship, and promised them seats for another night if they would help him to earn his pearl studs. Meanwhile Hamilton Aidé and his friend had retired, and the Lyttons were transferred to this other box.

When Mary Anderson told this story to Henry Irving, he assured her that he also had made the same mistake. "But not so often as me," said Mary Anderson; "he is far more methodical and careful than I am."

Seldom has there been a larger gathering of Anglican Bishops than on July 4th, 1897, at Ebbs Fleet to commemorate the landing of St. Augustine :

The thirteen hundredth anniversary of the landing of St. Augustine began with an excursion to Ebbs Fleet—as regarded railway arrangements, very badly managed. The train, half an hour late, landed its load of bishops and ourselves at the top of a high embankment; the process of detraining occupied nearly half an hour besides, the passengers being picked out one by one like periwinkles. The Bishops then processed to a field, where stood rather a fine cross on a mound. Although the procession was a poor affair, none but the Archbishop being robed, the scene around the cross was in its way striking. At the foot of the cross and covering the mound was a mass of great white daisies, out of which the cross seemed to rise. The white-surpliced choir were on either side, the Archbishop opposite to it, with all the Bishops standing round. And they had fine voices. When the hymn arose they joined in, and a splendid burst of sound went up, stirring one's heart with a sense of strength and vitality.

The next day, Saturday, the Archbishop gave an Allocution to the Bishops in Canterbury Cathedral, and on Sunday we had two remarkably fine sermons from Alexander, Primate of Armagh, and Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon. I enjoyed several walks with a variety of Bishops, and heard some good stories, especially from Penrhyn, Bishop of Vancouver Island.

There was one of Bishop Thorold, who had peculiar methods of testing candidates for ordination. "Now suppose I am one of your parishioners, and you have come in to lecture me," said he suddenly to one candidate, throw-

ing himself on the sofa, "how would you begin?" The candidate was not at a loss; but stepping forward briskly, and giving the Bishop a hearty slap on the shoulder: "Get up, Anthony!" said he. "Get up! You're malingering!" The Bishop changed the subject of instruction.

Then a droll story of Lady Warwick, who invited the Bishop of Worcester to stay with her. But thinking it might be dull for him, as Lord Warwick was away, she invited the Rector of Leamington to come and entertain him. But she also wrote to her trainer or commission-agent by the same post, desiring him to put £100 on a certain horse, and contrived to put the letters into the wrong envelopes. So the Rector of Leamington got the order to put £100 on the favourite, and the trainer the invitation to meet the Bishop.

Not unlike an incident within my knowledge of a Canon who had secured the services of the Duchess of Bedford for the occasion of the opening of a school. He wrote to the Head Mistress instructing her to write to the Duchess about some arrangements, and added humorously: "Perhaps you had better not address her as Mrs. Bedford." He then accidentally enclosed this letter in an envelope he had directed to the Duchess.

Another story of some Bishop who had preached a powerful sermon on the "natural depravity of man." "Ah!" said an old lady who had been much impressed. "A very comforting discourse. If only one could but live up to it!"

Yet another—of Bishop Blomfield—who entered into conversation with the sexton of a church where he had been preaching, who was known to be a character, with a turn for scoring sily off his superiors. "You have lived here so long that you must have heard many different preachers?" said the Bishop. "Ay, that I have, my Lord; come man, come boy, sixty years; and heard many a one preach, clergy and Bishops, too; but, thank heaven, I am still a Christian!"

The gratuities for service rendered in Japan, most polite of nations, seem such as cannot outrage the most sensitive natures if the incidents next recorded receive credence :

August 16th, 1897.—With the Madans at West Hallam. Miss Webb, of Newstead Abbey, gave us an amusing account of the difficulties of “tipping” in Japan, the delicate distinctions to be drawn between one individual and another. On one occasion a humble individual had done a good deal for them, and they were about to reward him for his trouble, when their guide hastily interposed : “No ! No ! No ! He very proud, he very pleased. You no give him nothing.” On another occasion they had been shown over the Imperial tea gardens outside the town by a magnificent official, who their guide took care to inform them was “very great man, very great noble man.” “Then we are not to give him anything ? ” “Oh yes, you may. You nō put it in his *hand*. No ! you leave it under ze cup, and when he take ze cup away he find it.” “But how much should we put under the cup ? ” feeling that it would be awkward to offer so exalted an official anything less than gold. “Oh, well ! . . . You put twopence. He be very pleased.”

They were then told that whenever the Mikado wished to confer very privately with his Ministers, he invited them to the kiosk in this particular tea garden. Our friend the Lord High Hereditary Tea Maker to the Imperial Family was in attendance ready to pour out the tea and hand round the cups while the Mikado and his council discussed their secret affairs. So soon as their wants were satisfied, and the last cup had been handed, the executioner (who had been waiting outside) stepped in and chopped off the Hereditary High Tea Maker’s head, in order that he should not repeat any of the State secrets that he had just heard. “Dear me, that must make him rather nervous while he is pouring out the tea.” “Oh, no ! Him very pleased, very proud. Great honour for him. And then his son he take his place.” “What ! and have his head chopped off in his turn ? ” “Yes, and then his grandson, and then

his nephew. They very pleased; a great honour for family."

Mr. Madan related two or three oddities. Some benches at a seaside watering-place bore this inscription: "These seats were presented by Mr. Smith. 'The Sea is His and All that Therein is.'" Over the chancel arch of a church was an inscription: "This is the Gate of Heaven." And next to it hung a placard: "No entrance, except at the North-west corner." There was also this curious announcement made in church: "Let us pray for So-and-so and family, now upon the sea . . . and for other sick people."

There follows an entry referring to a lady of high social rank, who was then still living:

This lady, according to her own account, is an Obi woman. Obi-ism is a sort of witchcraft still practised by certain negresses in some parts of America. They make a waxen image of the person they desire to destroy, and—as did the witches of old—proceed to stick pins into it and to melt it before the fire to the accompaniment of mysterious incantations. The individual represented by the image is supposed to die within the year. This lady comes from a district in America that is the head and centre of Obi-ism. She affirms that her family have practised Obi-ism for several generations, and that she herself has the power of Obi in a remarkable degree. She has obi-ed this person and that, and they have died within the year. The other day she accused her housekeeper of theft, and turned her out of the house at a moment's notice. The housekeeper brought an action against her for defamation of character. The Judge, before whom the action was tried, pronounced absolutely in favour of the plaintiff, and rebuked this great lady in open Court for her unwarrantable behaviour. The lady left the Court furious: "A wicked, abominable Judge; but he shall be sorry for it. I have a power he must reckon with."—And now—within the year—the Judge is dead. He was an elderly man, it is true; but the solicitor who told the story was evidently

nervous of further complications arising detrimental to those who gave offence to the lady.

In the course of her Diary of the previous year, the author records how on her return journey from Budapest she had some talk with a business man whose affairs took him often to Constantinople. He had been there during the then recent massacres, when he himself had counted no fewer than forty-one carts go by heaped with dead bodies, mostly children. He showed the author a letter that he had just received, stating the number of victims at Constantinople alone at twelve thousand. A fuller account of the massacres is given in the ensuing extracts :

London, November 8th, 1897.—Mr. Lionel Holland dined with us and gave us an account of his travels in Asia Minor and Armenia with Lord Warkworth and another friend. He had returned, after a journey of several months, within the last few days. He spoke of the terror under which the Armenians lived, of the Sultan's spies being everywhere, even in the most remote villages in the interior. They even tracked him and his friends, and caused their detention—a most polite imprisonment—at one point for several days until the Ambassador intervened, and they were authorised to continue their journey. Mr. Lionel Holland went out with a decidedly friendly feeling towards Turkey, and a general impression of the accounts of the massacres being greatly exaggerated. But now, after questioning right and left, from Sir Philip Currie, our Ambassador, to the dragomans and Consuls, even the native Valis or Governors, and the officers of their escorts, it was always the same thing—one tale of horrors, with the Sultan, who must be a perfect fiend—but in his view practically insane—the directing mind.

At Erzeroum there were one thousand orphans left, the result of one day's work. In one grave a multitude of bodies had been buried. The inhabitants had suspected something was brewing; but for a day or two before the massacre were reassured. Troops arrived and the streets were patrolled by soldiers, as the people imagined, for their

protection. Thus they quieted down. On the morning of the day appointed the soldiers attended service at the mosques, and remained there so long that a feeling of uneasiness was again engendered. At noon the soldiers came out of the mosques, a trumpet sounded from the fort, and the massacre began. The soldiers assisted, until the streets ran with blood.

The Consuls—at Erzeroum we have a particularly able Consul in Mr. Graves, who, among his other distinctions, is the owner of two superb white Angora cats—and even the Valis, who both at Erzeroum and Trebizond were men of some character and credit, endeavoured to interfere, and urgently appealed to the commander of the forces to stop the massacre. He merely shrugged his shoulders: “What can I do? The soldiers are excited, etc., etc.” At four o’clock the trumpet sounded again, and the butchery stopped at once, showing that the soldiers were not only under control, but were acting deliberately under orders.

One Armenian shopkeeper showed Mr. Holland the hole close to the chimney into which he had crept as the troops were approaching his house. His assistants piled some faggots before it to conceal him, leaving a tiny aperture for outlook. Then they themselves took refuge in the garret. The soldiers came in, looted, and, seeing nobody, were about to leave, when unluckily one of the assistants moved. In a moment they were back again, pulled the two men from the loft; and the shopkeeper saw through his narrow loophole the Turkish soldiers dashing out their brains against the wall.

At Erzeroum also, I think it was, resided four wealthy Armenian brothers, of high character, occupying important positions in the town. Of these only one escaped. One brother took refuge in the municipal buildings. He was deliberately thrown out of the window and sacrificed to the fury of the marauding crowd. The third, being surprised in the street, took refuge in the house of a Turk who owed him some five pounds. He offered to release the Turk from this debt if he would let him lie hidden until the troops

had gone past. "Enter, enter, by all means!" said the Turk. But when the soldiers came opposite his door, he cancelled the debt in simpler fashion by thrusting the wretched merchant into the street. The fourth brother occupied a house outside the town. The Colonel of the Turkish troops knew him intimately, and had been hospitably entertained by him. On the day of the massacre the Colonel visited him, and gave him a hint of what was going on within the city. "The best thing you can do," said he, "is to get together the valuables you most prize, and come with me. I will put you and them in a place of safety." Before they had got more than a few hundred yards, the Turkish Colonel pulled out a pistol, shot and robbed him; then turned back and looted what he could find in the Armenian's house.

"Even in most trifling matters," said Mr. Lionel Holland, "you come across evidence of the way Christians are treated. For a time we had a most unsatisfactory lot of porters, as idle and obstinate as their own mules. We complained of them to the Kavass. 'What can I do?' he replied. 'If they were Armenians I could thrash them.' But they were Turks."

He spoke of the grotesque Commission that was supposed to be investigating the outrages, under the guidance of Zecchi Pasha, almost as cruel a monster as the Sultan himself. Its approach was hailed with dismay in every district. It was a mere excuse for further robbery and oppression for the enrichment of Zecchi Pasha.

The massacres in bulk had stopped, but outrages continued in detail. As his friends and he rode up to an isolated Armenian farm dwelling, where they intended to eat or to rest, they saw a Turkish officer and two troopers mount and ride off in haste. On entering they found an old Armenian father and his family in bitter distress. Their arrival had only just been in time to save a daughter of the house from outrage.

He said that it was a mistake to lump Armenians together as parasites and moneylenders. The town Arme-

nians had the disagreeable faults, the shiftiness and servility of an oppressed and restless race. But the Armenian peasants—the vast majority of Armenians—were a sturdy race, and in one district, where alone they were able to retain their arms, proved a match for the Turks.

He said it was possible that Russia connived at an Armenian revolt, and promised assistance that she found herself unable to render; but the European States that had guaranteed good government to Armenia had played a pitiable part. There should be carved out an autonomous Armenia under Turkish suzerainty. And in Europe, too, our support of Turkish misrule only kept alive a fire of unrest. The Dardanelles should be freed, Constantinople a free port, and Turkey in Europe dealt with much on the lines of Egypt under some arrangement agreed by the Great Powers.

He also mentioned how he and his friends had come across the tracks of the great traveller, Miss Bird, whose visit to Japan Sir Harry Parkes once described to me. She had been through Asia Minor the year, or a year or two, before. Her courage was unconquerable. They heard how she had returned from Mosul along the route they were following towards the city. She was weak with fever, but refused to rest, and had to be tied to her saddle.

Some months later occurs the following entry :

Sat at luncheon by Captain Pelham, who had been with his ship at Therapia and Constantinople just before and during the massacre of the Armenians. He gave me an amusing account of some sports the English held at Therapia just before those terrible days. But he said that he was in Constantinople during the massacre, and that it was too awful for words! If I remember right, the numbers killed were estimated at 8,000—all of the Orthodox Church—not a Roman Catholic touched; it was done deliberately "by Order of the Sultan." Captain Pelham had gone to the British Consulate. While he was there a Turkish official came in with this message for the Consul :

“I have to tell you confidentially that all this” (meaning the massacres then actually going on) “will stop at sundown to-morrow.” “How do you know?” asked the Consul. “It’s official, you know,” the Turk answered; and he had come direct from the Palace. True enough the massacres ceased next day at sundown, showing the whole thing was done “by order,” corroborating Mr. Lionel Holland’s account of the massacres at Erzeroum and Trebizond which began and ended with a bugle-call.

CHAPTER XIX

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE AT TEA (1898)

At Canterbury—Tea in the Palace—The Multiplication of Saints—The Archbishop's First Rise in Life—Temple as Pope—Dinner at the Deanery—A Controversy about Noah's Ark—Mrs. Creighton insists upon the Truth—Intellectual Giants—Sydney Smith Witticisms—Protestantism in France—The Shaving of Father Benson—A Sensitive Monk—The Eloquence of a Chancellor—Porpoise and Great Seal.

*Canterbury, April 6th, 1898 (Wednesday in Holy Week).—*Went down for Easter. The day after my arrival I went to call on the Archbishop and Mrs. Temple, who had taken for three weeks Becket's old palace, adjoining the Cathedral. Sir James Lyall, who rents it, is now in India. At the time of his enthronement Archbishop Temple expressed his earnest desire if possible to find a residence in Canterbury, or at least very frequently to return thither. The last Archbishop (Benson) had said precisely the same thing, but very rarely showed himself in Canterbury at all, and then only for two or three days at a time. But the Temples, beginning their reign with the sale of Addington and the purification of Lambeth, seem really in earnest about finding a residence here. Sir James Lyall had offered the loan of the palace when first the Archbishop came down. "But at that time," said Mrs. Temple, "we were new to our position; and thought we could not move without two chaplains and a whole retinue of servants; and it was supposed there would not be sufficient accommodation. But afterwards, when it was offered us for Easter, we resolved to try, and it really does for us very well. If we could get a little more land so as to make an entrance on the western side,

and build four or five more rooms, I think we should gladly make this our permanent abode."

The present accommodation at the palace consists mainly of two fine large rooms, one above the other, projecting forwards into the court something like the hull of a ship, very light, with three windows on either side, and a great bow window at the end, big enough to contain a full-sized billiard-table. The broad and hospitable arch of a huge stone fireplace occupies the centre of the fourth, and only inner, wall; and the blazing hearth contributes its share of light, which, on a sunny day, seems literally flooding the room. The ceiling is traversed by black oaken beams whereon, deeply carved, are Latin inscriptions. The two or three other rooms that remained of the once extensive archiepiscopal palace were equally large, but in order to give more bedroom accommodation each huge sleeping-chamber was divided in half by a light partition, the broad hearth being also cut in two, each half of the room being then provided with a modern grate thus uncomfortably wedged across the corner.

Such was the palace when I went to call on Mrs. Temple, the two great bow-windowed rooms being the only reception-rooms of any kind. The dining-room below was occupied by two or three young sons, who, with the chaplain, were amusing themselves at the billiard-table. The drawing-room above, or, rather, a portion of it, was given over as a study for the Archbishop. Mrs. Temple, therefore, received me in the passage, where she was undoing an enormous parcel which proved to be a hot-water cosy. It was not until every knot was untied that she led the way to the drawing-room. The Archbishop sat—his fine, stern head looking very picturesque against the light—at a table placed near the window beyond the fireplace. "We have come to tea, my dear," said Mrs. Temple, "but we will not disturb you till you are ready." He waved his hand twice, without rising; I waved mine in return, and we passed on to the tea-table, set out in the great bow window.

"The Archbishop has to consent to work with us in the room," said Mrs. Temple, "for there is no other place for him in this house."

"You do not get much chance of using the piano," said I, pointing to the instrument (which, however, stood open).

"Oh, I do not play myself, but the boys do constantly; they are devoted to music; and it doesn't disturb their father; he doesn't mind in the least."

One of the sons had followed us upstairs, a nice Rugby boy of 16 or 17, with a rather heavy head, but with his mother's sweet smile and pleasant manners. A large heavy sofa stood alongside the tea-table. In a few minutes the Archbishop threw down his pen, and strode across the room (somewhat as Dr. Whewell used to do) with all the lighter furniture flying before him.

"Isn't my tea poured out?" he cried in stentorian tones, as he flung himself on the sofa by his young son.

"What? Do you like your tea poured out before you are ready for it?" I asked.

"Yes. I do!"

"No, he doesn't," said mother and son at the same moment, whereupon the Archbishop with pretended ferocity doubled his fists and squared up to the boy, tapping him playfully. The boy behaved quite respectfully and did not retaliate.

"The Archbishop has a separate teapot," exclaimed Mrs. Temple, "just half a spoonful of tea"—suited the action to the word—"filled up with water and poured out again directly." So saying she all but filled a large cup with the hot water scarcely coloured. His Grace seized the milk jug and poured freely, till the mixture overflowed the cup and filled up the saucer, too. He drank it with avidity and held out the cup for more.

"That is the way they drink tea in Russia," I said; "freshly poured out, but without milk."

"Without milk! Ugh!" from the Archbishop.

"One gets to like it after a time."

"One may, but another doesn't. *I* shouldn't," very gruffly spoken.

Like all formidable people, I knew he liked those who were not afraid of him; so said I politely: "Well, I'm sorry to contradict an Archbishop, but I believe you would get to like it, especially if the alternative were goat's milk." And after that he settled down to talk most pleasantly.

We talked about Canterbury, the palace and its advantages as his residence. "But, after all," said he, "almost any of the Canons' houses would do, and there are usually two or three to spare. They are all sufficiently near for one to get into the Cathedral in good time after the bell stops."

"Yes, that is the *great* thing," echoed Mrs. Temple.

"Ah! But"—turning upon her—"some people think there is not only time to get into the Cathedral after the bell stops, but time to go and get ready to go to the Cathedral as well, which is a very different thing."

"Now, my dear, my dear, don't wash our dirty linen in public!" from Mrs. Temple.

"Did you ever hear the story of St. Probus and St. Grace?" queried the Archbishop, turning to me.

"No," I said.

"Well," he started, "St. Probus and St. Grace were very good friends. They each lived at the top of a tower some miles apart; but there was one subject of controversy between them, and that was the exact limits of their respective dioceses. At last they agreed upon an amicable way of settling the dispute. They were both to rise early the next morning, and starting at six precisely each was to set out walking towards the other's tower, and the spot where they should meet was thenceforward to be the boundary line. St. Probus rose, and set forth at six precisely, and walked and walked till he came close to St. Grace's tower. Just as he reached her door St. Grace stepped forth and met him. She had been so long putting on her hood that she lost the whole of her diocese. St.

Probus's boundary line was extended right up to her door."

"Those were Cornish Saints, were they not?" I asked.

"Yes. Bishop Benson used to get up all the stories of the Cornish Saints, and whenever he visited a parish for a confirmation, or some such ceremony, he used to delight the people by telling them all about their particular Saint. But my father and mother were both Cornish people. He was a soldier, and they lived out of England for twenty-five years. I remember his telling me that when they left England there were only three Saints in Cornwall—St. Ives and two others I forget—quite old and respectable; and what was their astonishment on coming home to find Cornwall perfectly swarming with Saints of new-fangled names—sometimes simply the name of the parish with a Saint tacked in front of it! But in each parish the clergyman was determined to have a Saint, whether a right one or a wrong one."

Two days later we dined at the Deanery. It was an odd day for a dinner party—Saturday in Holy Week; but the Dean was starting for Rome on Easter Tuesday, and it was the only opportunity he had of receiving the Archbishop. Though Mrs. Farrar sent out her invitations, so she said, "in fear and trembling," only two of the invited guests, I believe, declined from conscientious motives. Four little chorister boys in purple were drawn up in the hall to receive us, and, again, on descending to the dining-room, we found them in front of the hearth, and while we stood around the long table, bedecked down the centre with waves of sea-green satin, a Latin Grace was sung by them in parts, the while our soup stood cooling on the sideboard.

I sat between a Colonel of the garrison and the Archbishop. We talked of drilling, discipline, etc. I said what a good thing it would be if all the slouching youngsters one sees in the streets of London could be under military discipline for three years before taking to their several trades. The Archbishop agreed: "Yes, to make

them hold up their heads, widen their chests, keep themselves clean, be quick and smart in their movements; to teach them to obey without a word, to respect their masters. It would be very good for them indeed."

"But," objected the Colonel, "it would cost the country I don't know how many hundreds of thousands in uniforms."

"Surely," said I, "a red shirt and a band round their caps would do."

"Oh!" said the Archbishop, "nothing can be done without a uniform. You may see it in every country parish. Let the clergymen try never so hard to get up a good village choir, he won't do it until he puts them into surplices."

The next topic that came up was that of tact, of prompt recognition, of Lord Dufferin, Lady Waldegrave, Lady Palmerston—the wonderful gift they possessed of saying to each the right thing.

"And Lord Palmerston," said the Archbishop, "he was a wonderful man. I always ascribe my rise in life to him. I was at school at Tiverton, where politics ran high. One day, when Lord Palmerston was expected to come down, every boy was asked after prayers: 'Are you a Whig or a Tory?' If he said a Whig, he was sent down to the bottom of the class; and I, being in those days an ardent Tory, was sent up to within two of the top. Thence I soon reached the top itself, and once there—there I remained. I remember I thought it a most righteous proceeding, that the Whigs should not only be sent to the bottom, but kept there."

"Boys always go in for things so heartily."

"Yes, and they are always cocksure that they are in the right. From fifteen to twenty-five is the age of infallibility."

He went on to describe humorously some of his contests of opinion with Benson, who always took the opposite side: "I once wrote to him that I had summoned an Œcumenical Council of one, where, after careful consideration

of the arguments to be adduced on either side, it had been solemnly decreed that I was thenceforth infallible, and therefore that it was no use his disputing further."

"What did he say to that?" asked Mrs. Farrar.

"I don't remember; but I know that in my next letter I trounced him on a literary matter. He had divided the word 'against'—'ag' at the end of one line, 'ainst' at the beginning of the next. I told him that no one who showed such ignorance as to the derivation of words had any business to offer any opinion on any point at all."

"Well," said I laughing, "it seems to me that your Grace would have made an excellent Pope."

The little jest was of course intended only for his Grace's private ear; but at that instant there occurred one of those sudden mysterious silences which sometimes fall over a dinner-table. The words were therefore plainly audible, and gave rise to a general laugh headed by Mrs. Temple and the Dean. For a moment the Archbishop looked disconcerted, but recovering himself, he joined in the laugh, and said, "Oh, as regards *infallibility*, I dare say I should have done very well!"

The conversation then turned on inventions. "I am dreading the time," said the Archbishop, "when it will be considered discourteous not to have a telephone beside your writing-table, to which your friends can switch themselves on at pleasure. Imagine the nuisance of having every few minutes now a friend from Cornwall, then a friend at Edinburgh switch themselves on with 'Hullo! are you there?—I want to have a little talk with you.'"

"And with all these wonderful inventions," I said, "they have never yet found out the one thing which everybody desires, and that is: How to be in two places at the same time."

"H'm . . . yes," said the Archbishop. Then, suddenly looking up, "would you choose to be *visible* at both places? Suppose someone was to endow you miraculously with a third eye? Where would you choose to have it placed?"

I said, as most people would: "At the back of my head."

"No!" said his Grace. "At the tip of one's little finger! No one would suspect it. And how it would wriggle, look behind and before, and round the corner, and up above, and down below"—suited his action to the word—"ay! and even under the table."

Dean Farrar showed us the unbroken series of portraits of Deans of Canterbury—pointing at one of them—a man of aristocratic bearing, the first who did not wear a wig. He named him as Dean Bagot, a splendid pluralist, at once Dean of Canterbury, Bishop of Oxford, Canon of Windsor, incumbent of two livings, and—Master of the Meynell Hounds!

I related to Dean Farrar a conversation I had with that most agreeable person, Mr. George Russell, when I sat by him at luncheon with Mrs. Dugdale. The talk was about the use and meaning of words and preaching. "Some preachers," said Mr. Russell, "seem to object to the name of God. They prefer any other form of words, such as—'The Power that lies behind phenomena!' Speaking of this in a lecture to some medical students I said to them, 'It is as though, instead of using the word heart, I spoke of that 'mysterious muscle which regulates the life-blood.'"

Also apropos of the meaning of words he repeated a good story told him by Mr. Gladstone with reference to the new Dictionary of the Bible. With the very first letter A they came to a stumbling-block in the word "Ark." Whether it ever really existed? What it was like? etc. The controversy raged so hot that the authorities agreed to postpone the question for a while; so opposite the word "Ark" they wrote "See Deluge." But when they arrived at D the point was still undecided, so opposite the word "Deluge" they wrote "See Flood." Arrived at F they were still no nearer a solution, and, determined to allow themselves a long breathing-space, opposite the word "Flood" they wrote, "See Noah." And by the time

they came to N they contrived to reach some kind of conclusion.

“Yes, that is true enough,” remarked Dean Farrar, “and I was the author of the article that gave rise to so much discussion. The end of it was that they took it away from me, and gave it to another man, who said precisely the same thing that I had said, only in much less intelligible terms.”

The entry concludes with a joke inserted abruptly :

One Canon of Canterbury on announcing his appointment to a friend wrote as follows: “The drains are bad, but we must follow where God leads ! ”

After which the diary continues :

On Saturday I had a pleasant drive with Mrs. Temple. She told me her husband and the late Archbishop (Benson) had been great friends, and she believed the latter owed a good deal of his advance to Dr. Temple. For when the Prince Consort was much perplexed as to the choice of a Master for Wellington College, he consulted Dr. Temple, who suggested the name of Benson for the appointment.

Speaking of the present Bishop of London (Creighton) Mrs. Creighton was mentioned as a clever, downright person. “She always insists on absolute truthfulness,” said Mrs. Temple. “When she sent out her invitations for a meeting of something or other the invitations ran simply : ‘ Mrs. Creighton requests the attendance of So-and-so.’ ‘ Is not that rather abrupt ? ’ it was suggested. ‘ Would you not say : Mrs. Creighton requests the *pleasure* of So-and-so’s company ? ’ ‘ No ! It would not be true. It’s *no* pleasure,’ was the half-serious reply.”

London, October 11th, 1898.—Just before starting for Cannes I dined with the Butler Smythes; he urging me to write my reminiscences, I asked if he had read George Russell’s *Collections and Recollections*. This led him to compare past and present. Speaking of Sydney Smith and Macaulay, he said there were giants in those days who

stood intellectually head and shoulders above their contemporaries. Now there were no such prominent figures, partly perhaps because the general standard of excellence was so much higher that the difference was not so great between men of the first rank and of the second. "It is wonderful," he went on to note, "what a vast amount of talent, and profound knowledge, too, is to be found here, there, and everywhere among men wholly unknown to the world." He mentioned having gone as a visitor to some club when there entered a worried-looking newspaper correspondent. "Here, can any of you fellows tell me anything about this place in India where there has been a row? I have got to write an article about it before the morning, and I haven't a notion even where it is." A man half asleep, partly tipsy, lounging by the fire, woke up: "Get a piece of paper," he stuttered, "and write down what I tell you." And then followed an amazing outpouring of erudition and knowledge until the correspondent burst out with: "Here, hold hard! I've not got to write a history in six volumes!" Dr. Butler Smythe commented: "It struck me as so queer that all this mass of information should thus suddenly be poured upon the world—as happened the next morning—coming from a perfectly unknown and half tipsy man."

Some lines were quoted written by Sydney Smith on Mrs. Howard, after staying with her in a country-house during a snowstorm:

So fair was she 'twere hard to know
Which was the lady, which the snow.
You foolish poet, hold your jaw—
We'll tell you when there comes a thaw.

Sydney Smith said, of Lord St. Germans, that he had all the stiffness without the occasional warmth of the poker. And of Harrogate, that there were only six mangy Scotch firs there, and they turned away from it.

The writer's mental antagonism to the Catholic Church of Rome may already have been remarked. It is displayed

in several passages, such as the following, and, in some aspects, will seem a shade ridiculous to a generation that has lived to witness how that faith has inspired the devoted service rendered to the wounded and dying by Catholic priests, and ennobled the verses of such poets as Cammaerts, when surely, if slowly, the husk of formalism is being shed, and men begin to realise that God does not dwell in the patter of creeds and constrained observances, but in the hearts of men and the soul of things living :

Cannes, October 28th, 1898.—Mr. Berkeley to tea. He is one of the oldest inhabitants of Cannes; ten years constitutes almost a generation, and he has lived here nearly fifteen years. He spoke of the atheism and demoralisation of all classes in France. Nearly all these rascally chiefs of the Army—Boisdeffre, Esterhazy, etc.—have been educated by Jesuits and believe nothing. The majority even of the priests have no belief. The only way that they can get the churches served is by getting hold of small children. They don't educate them in any real sense of the word, they don't, of course, permit them to read the Bible, but they just teach them enough to serve the Mass. Monsieur Martin—a remarkable man, a Protestant who serves what is called the Free Church here—was driving towards Napoul, and, catching up a priest trudging along the same road, offered to give him a lift. The priest accepted and in the course of conversation the name of God was mentioned. The priest thereupon, putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out a hundred-franc note. "This is my God," said he, holding it aloft. "It is, is it?" said Mr. Martin. "In that case you may get out of my trap."

A good number of nominal Roman Catholics come to Monsieur Martin's Church, and he has a class of some forty young men—so-called Roman Catholics—who come to his Bible lessons and are anxious to learn. The so-called Reformed Church of France, Mr. Berkeley said, was very dead and little doing. These Free Churches are the only ones with anything like life in them—but then they are few, not above forty in all France.

Visiting the Bishop of Gibraltar and Mrs. Sandford, Mr. Hitchcock, a rather eloquent man, who had been preaching last Sunday at the Church here, gave us some amusing particulars about Father Benson, the founder of the Cowley Fathers. He was the most untidy, most dirty-looking of men. "Really, Benson, you ought to shave!" said a friend one day to him. "Shave! Do you shave? How do you do it?" "Why, haven't you got a razor?—you must get one now." The next day Benson appeared, an awful object with his face cut and gashed. "I have only been doing what you told me—it was you who wanted me to shave." "But didn't you have shaving soap?" "What! Do you shave with soap?" The wretched man had been at work with a dry razor; indeed he and soap were little acquainted. At one time he was ardent about missionary work, and declaimed in exalted strain on the glory of such martyrdom as being devoured by cannibals, impelling one of the Brothers to break the Rule of Silence. "It is no use, Brother," he murmured; "they would never be tempted to eat *you*!"

Mrs. Boyle asked a Roman Catholic friend, whose relation had entered a Trappist Order, whether the discipline was not very severe. "What do they *do*?" "They pray." "Surely, they can't pray all day long." "Oh, yes, they can: they pray like steam." This friend also told her of an acquaintance—of a very refined and sensitive nature—who had become a monk. It was his fate in the monastery to sit every day at meals next to a peculiarly coarse and vulgar fellow, who ate his food in a fashion so repulsive as to fill the newcomer with disgust. For thirteen years the gentleman sat at the table next the man—and then he turned and stabbed him.

October 30th, 1898. Cannes.—Mr. Berkeley at lunch spoke of the witty and agreeable men whom he had known. Lord Cairns, the Chancellor, a wonderful debater, was much admired by the then American Minister, who was himself almost too witty, nor could forbear his joke. "I never heard a better speech, my lord," said he once to

Lord Cairns, after listening to a splendid oration in the House of Peers; "it was as good as anything that could be said by a fairly well-educated American."

Then Mr. Merewether, an eminent barrister, he named as one of the wittiest of men, instantaneous in repartee. When going circuit it is not considered etiquette for a barrister to get into the same railway carriage with the Judge and still less with a Lord Chancellor. Mr. Merewether arrived late at the station; he was very stout, and went panting up and down the platform looking in vain for an empty seat. The Lord Chancellor of the day was there, in a carriage by himself, and, seeing Merewether's distress, called out to him, inviting him to get in. "Well, my friend," said the Chancellor, "I am afraid you are becoming very stout. Why, you are puffing and blowing like a porpoise." "Just so, my lord," said old Merewether; "all the more fit company for the Great Seal."

CHAPTER XX

HIERARCHY AND SQUIREARCHY (1899)

“Adieu” and “Bonjour”—Mr. Underdown advises a Forger—A Royal Academy Incident—The Wicked Lady Salisbury—The Polite Thing—A Column of Dust—Some Epitaphs—The Manners of the Squirearchy—A Dutiful Wife—Ninety-seven Widows—More Irish Stories—Luncheon with Archdeacon Sinclair—Miss Marsh admonishes a Curate—An Inappropriate Text.

London, January, 1899.—Met Mr. Aplin, a sort of roving Commissioner in West Africa. He and a French Lieutenant in those parts had been privately instructed by their respective Governments to take possession of a certain native settlement about two hundred miles from the place where they were quartered. Being on friendly terms together the Frenchman, having first secretly made all his preparations for a forced march, came one morning to Mr. Aplin's tent to bid him adieu. He found Mr. Aplin in bed, and told him a cock-and-bull story about his going south—or giving some totally wrong direction; but Mr. Aplin appeared to be too sleepy to listen to him, and only just turned over on his side and grunted “Adieu!”

So the Frenchman went off chuckling, and by putting on all speed contrived to reach the native town in question by the end of four or five days. When he got there, the first thing he saw was the English flag flying from the top of the citadel, and, just below it, a tent—with Mr. Aplin in bed (as before), just sufficiently awake to turn over on his side towards the Frenchman, when he looked in, and grunt “Bonjour!”

March 14th, 1899.—Mr. Underdown dined with us, and, as usual, was very agreeable. Apropos of Lord Herschell

and the Ullathwaite murder case,¹ he said a man once came to him to retain his services in a libel suit against someone who had accused him of forging his mother's will. "I don't know what impelled me to ask," said Mr. Underdown, "but I said to him, 'and did you forge your mother's will?' 'Yes, I did,' was the unexpected reply. 'Oh well,' I rejoined, 'in those circumstances I can hardly advise you to bring an action for libel.'"

"Then, besides regular clients," continued Mr. Underdown, "there are the people who come to consult one 'as a friend' and then bombard you with letters disputing your advice. I am not the only one who suffers in that way. The same thing has happened to the Lord Chancellor [Lord Halsbury]. A man asked his advice, and then proceeded to argue the point. 'No, my dear fellow,' said the Lord Chancellor, 'my advice I will give; but as to *arguing* the case without a retainer, that I must decline.'"

The author of the Diary spent the Easter of 1899 at Canterbury, and gives these notes about her stay, and a couple of stories about Disraeli related to her by Dr. Temple:

On Sunday evening Archbishop Temple preached in the Cathedral—the congregation so packed that the King's Scholars in their white surplices were sent to sit within the altar rails. The screen, all regilt and blazoned with angels (though somewhat gaudy by day) looks very magnificent when lighted up at night, and the six rows of white-robed scholars ascending the lofty steps to the great golden glory above had such a striking effect that, for the moment, it seemed like a vision from the Revelations.

Building operations were in full swing at the Old Palace, where I went to tea with Mrs. Temple and found there the boy who had been so ill, grown almost beyond knowledge. He and his father gave an amusing account of a wedding at which the latter had lately officiated. "After it was all over," said the Archbishop, "the relations

¹ See p. 108.

kissed each other, and then to my confusion insisted on kissing my hand." "But I think, father," said the boy, "that you might have taken off your woollen mittens, so as to let them get at your hand; or, as there is a hole in them, you might have turned that side uppermost, so that they might kiss the hand *through* the hole." "H'm," said the Archbishop (always charming with his boys), "it strikes me you are getting better."

A few days later I went to tea with the Temples again, and the conversation turned upon Disraeli and Gladstone and the antagonism that reigned between them. The Archbishop described a Royal Academy Dinner at which they were both present. In his after-dinner speech Disraeli descanted in mellifluous tones on the "high privilege it was to be thus surrounded by works of imagination and art!" But as he went downstairs afterwards leaning on Lord Rowton's arm, he turned to him and said sneeringly: "Uncommonly little imagination, and still less art!" This was overheard and repeated to Mr. Gladstone, who exclaimed warmly, "Now I call that diabolical!"

"I saw a good deal of Gladstone at one time," continued the Archbishop, "but Disraeli I only came into contact with on one occasion, when he gave me a taste of his quality. I was Bishop of Exeter then, and it was concerning the question of creating the Bishopric of Truro—a question that found no favour in the eyes of Disraeli at all. I was asked to head a deputation to him on the subject. But I only heard of the matter the day before, and Disraeli fixed an early hour—ten o'clock—to meet us, with a view, I verily believe, of making it as inconvenient as possible. However I went, and meditating to make the application as impressive as might be, I began by describing the long journey from Exeter to London. 'And yet,' I said, 'in order to give some idea of the extent of our labours I may state that during the greater part of that journey I was travelling through my own diocese.'

"'Dear me,' said Disraeli, 'you *must* be tired. Take a chair!'

"Such a damper!" remarked the Archbishop. "Took all the spirit out of one's speech."

I was reminded of a story that my father used to tell. He went to see the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, shortly after the death of some Bishop or other. Lord Melbourne was in the habit of "damning" everybody and everything. "Well," said my father, "you have got another appointment to fill up." "Yes, confound it!" said Lord Melbourne, "I think these Bishops die on purpose to spite me. Damn the whole Bench of Bishops, say I!"

A curious fact was mentioned in connection with Lord Salisbury's career. He came into his title in 1868, and was actually speaking in the House of Commons (on some Irish question, if I remember right) when his father died. So that he began his speech as Lord Cranborne and ended it as the Marquis of Salisbury. The *Times* in reporting his speech the next day concluded with "The noble Marquis then resumed his seat."

Lady Humphery once gave me some amusing particulars of old Lady Salisbury—called the "Wicked Lady Salisbury" because she had card-parties on a Sunday,—the grandmother of the present Marquis. She used to go out hunting at the age of eighty in a scarlet habit, and, as she was quite blind, her horse had a leading rein held by the groom who accompanied her. Whenever they came to any obstacle the groom would say: "Ditch, my lady!" or "Hedge, my lady!" or "Hurdle, my lady!" as the case might be—and would then put his horse at it and hers would follow. She never went to church; on one occasion she made the attempt, but so mistook the hour that she reached the church door just as the congregation was coming out. "Oh! well my dear," she said to her daughter, "anyway we've done the civil thing!"

She was burned to death in the fire that destroyed the west wing at Hatfield. Lady Mildred, sister to the present Lord Salisbury, can well remember the occasion. She and

her sister, Blanche, used as children to go down to the library to pull off their father's boots for him when he came in from hunting. On that day they had scarcely accomplished the task before the alarm of fire was given. Lord Salisbury ran off to try to rescue his mother, but it was too late; the whole of the west wing was completely gutted, and the "Wicked Lady Salisbury" perished in the flames. The splendid pearls that she wore round her neck were destroyed, the gold of her rings was melted, and there remained nothing of her but a little heap of ashes and one big diamond which she had worn on her finger, which the present Lady Salisbury now wears in her turn as a ring.

Calling upon Mrs. Petre, she related to me an incident told her by Mr. Gilham—the head of a somewhat famous furniture shop at Canterbury—who combines with his more regular business the office of undertaker. He was sent for to arrange the funeral of an old lady, who had left instructions that she should be buried in the family vault at a little village near the sea. He found the village to be no more than a tiny hamlet—a little old church standing in a little overgrown churchyard, with just a cluster of cottages nestling around.

The first thing was to discover the whereabouts of the family vault. The sexton was a new man and could give him little help; the vicar was away on his holiday. They examined the registers in vain, the monuments and tombs. They adjourned to the village inn and questioned the landlord. At last they chanced upon an old washerwoman, Betty Martin, who had lived there for seventy years and "had a wonderful head for marryings and buryings and such like." Her directions were perfectly clear: "Ye will stand in the church porch and look at the old yew. Ye will take twelve long steps across the grass, and ye will come to a square stone with an iron ring in it. That's the vault ye're looking for."

Armed with pickaxe and crowbar the sexton and a labourer loosened the edges of the stone until, by the aid

of the iron ring, they were able to pull it up. Then, bending over, they saw that the vault was full of black coffins, piled up almost to the level of the surrounding grass. For one minute they gazed. The next there arose slowly from the vault *a thick purple column of dust*. The men fell back in dismay and the purple column rose and rose till it reached the height of the church tower. It was impossible to replace the stone while the grave, in this appalling fashion, was giving up its dead, so (feeling extremely ill) Mr. Gilham and his companions betook themselves once more to the little inn. With refreshment their spirits returned and, seeing from the window that the vault was no longer smoking, they returned back to the scene of their adventure. "There is one thing *quite* certain. Your old lady can't be buried in the tomb of her ancestors, for it's full as full can hold," said the sexton as they set out, and Mr. Gilham assented. By this time the purple cloud had all cleared away. Once more the men bent over the opening. The coffins and their contents *had entirely disappeared!* "Imagine our astonishment!" said Mr. Gilham. "The vault was absolutely empty, and as clean as a new pin." "So the old lady *was* buried in her family vault, and there is room for plenty more of the family if they desire it," said Mrs. Petre.

Old Mrs. Gilham was the daughter of Wellington's chief vet., and was born at Salamanca just before the battle. One day two ladies came to the Canterbury shop when Mrs. Gilham, in her son's absence, was doing the honours. The talk worked round to Spanish furniture and Spain. "Well," said the elder visitor, "I was born in Spain—just before the battle of Salamanca." "Indeed, Ma'am," said Mrs. Gilham, "so was I!" "Really? Well General Dalbiac was my father. My mother was sent off hastily to a place of safety, but before she got there I had made my first appearance in the world." "And I," said Mrs. Gilham, "was the daughter of the Duke of Wellington's chief vet." "What," cried the lady. "Why, then it was in *your* father's cart that I was born!"

As a pendent appropriate to this sepulchral anecdote I will here give three of the epitaphs that are recorded at random in the Diary :

Epitaph at Ripon :

Here lieth the mother of children five,
Two of them died and three are alive;
The two that died preferred rather
To go with their mother than stay with their father.

Here lies John Smith, and what is somewhat rarish,
He was born and bred and hanged all in this same parish.

Epitaph on a dyer :

He dyed to live, while others live to die.

May 20th, 1899. Whitsuntide at Cresselley, Mr. H. Seymour Allen's. A pretty journey beyond Bath, over hill and dale, the gorse breaking through everywhere and trying to turn the fields into common land again; at the bottom of each valley, along the beds of old mountain streams, zigzag rivers of yellow bloom. The guests I find here are Lord and Lady Molesworth, with Lady Molesworth's pleasant sister, Miss Dove, Lady Helen Miller and a pretty niece, Miss Chichester, a fat Mr. Englishman and a young Mr. Irishman, and Sir William and Lady Humphery (Molly Alderson). Lady Helen told me how her brother-in-law Colonel Chichester was fairly worried to his death by the troubles in Ireland. His dearest friend was murdered, his own life threatened. Yet he always maintained a bright and cheerful demeanour, and Lady Helen said that his funeral was attended by the whole countryside. In reality, all except a handful of malcontents loved him.

From Irish landlords the talk passed to the Welsh squirearchy and clergy. Mr. Allen said in these parts they were thirty years behind the rest of the world. One squire, a Master of Hounds, having a quarrel with his rector, took his pack of hounds with him into church. Then one old parson strongly advocated the policy of wife-beating—in

moderation. He said that women were not to be reasoned with, but controlled. He felt deeply the death of his wife, his partner for fifty years, but attributed all his married happiness to the fact that shortly after their union, when she had ventured to disagree with him, he had gone out into the woods and cut a hazel switch, which he had forthwith applied to her shoulders. They never disagreed again.

Miss Dove quoted some verses less complimentary to the sagacity of the male :

A man's a fool
 As a rule.
 Not content with what he's got,
 If it's cool he wants it hot,
 If it's hot he wants it cool,
 As a rule.
 A man's a fool.

I related that Mr. George Lefevre had been to call upon me and bemoaned the death of so many of his generation. "Why, how many widows do you suppose we have on our visiting list?" he said. "Widows of men I have known long and intimately, like Mr. Gladstone, Lord Herschell, etc. We were counting up last year, and there were ninety-seven of them! And since then I believe there are six or seven more. Strzelecki used to say that for every old friend one loses, one ought to put a young one in at the other end."

June, 1899.—Went to stay at Lyne with Miss Broadwood and her brother. At dinner talked of the Dreyfus affair—he is expected to arrive from the Île du Diable in a few days—and the extraordinary upsidedownness of the French character, the notion that, for the sake of the country or for the honour of the Army, falsehood and forgery are not only permissible but honourable.

Miss Broadwood said that there was some similarity between the French and Irish races in matters of right and wrong. She mentioned the case of a relation, agent for some Irish estates during the troublous times. Under Mr.

Forster's Act he was placed under police protection; but when there was a fair going on at Galloway eluded his escort and walked by himself among the crowd. Within a few minutes he was struck on the side of the neck by a bullet, which however only grazed his neck. He turned round to see a man in the act of jumping over a hedge and pursued him. There were numbers of people about, but not one of them joined in the pursuit. A number of suspects were arrested, and out of some score of them the agent picked out one, who—under the special regulations in force then—was detained in prison some ten months before being set free. Directly he came out he was struck by paralysis. Then the people began to say: "It was the hand of God." They had known perfectly well that he was the culprit, but none would betray him. This judgment from Heaven, however, was sufficient to establish the agent's authority, and to render his duties easy and safe.

In another district of Ireland a thief, being detected, ran off across some field, where a number of men were digging potatoes, hotly pursued by the farmer. "Why didn't you stop the rascal?" the farmer cried as he came panting up to the men. "He has stolen two of my chickens." "Thieving is it, he was after then, the black-guard? Sure we'd have stopped him if we had known." "Didn't you hear me shout?" "Yes, but we thought maybe he'd only just been having a shot at somebody."

London, July 9th, 1899.—To lunch with Archdeacon Sinclair, where it was my good fate to sit by the Archdeacon of Durham. The conversation turned upon the inappropriateness of some attempts at conversion and upon inappropriate remarks. Archdeacon Watkins said he had once encountered Miss Marsh, the celebrated Evangelical mission lady. It happened to be in a railway train. She sat opposite to him and gave him some good advice, and then proceeded "to speak a word in season" to other occupants of the carriage. Finally she crossed over to a rather shy, lanky young clergyman and, placing herself by his side, began: "Now, will you allow me to say a

few words to *you?* ” “Certainly, madam, if you like,” he replied, looking rather uncomfortable. She then proceeded to hold forth on the subject of pride. “I bid you beware of pride. That is your besetting sin.” “Indeed, madam,” said the poor young man, as soon as he could get in a word, “you are mistaken. I am neither clever, nor rich, nor well born. I know I am a miserable sinner. You see, I have nothing to be proud of.” “Oh, yes! you have,” said Miss Marsh. “You are proud of your beautiful young wife over there, and of your pretty little daughter. But have a care. Your wife may be taken from you; or it may be you will be punished by losing your little daughter.” “My dear madam,” cried the unfortunate curate desperately, “that lady with the little girl got in at a different station from me, and I saw neither of them before in my life.”

Pursuing the subject of inappropriate remarks, Archdeacon Watkins said he was present at the unveiling of the memorial to Archbishop Benson in Canterbury Cathedral the other day. Among those in the front rank stood Temple, the present Archbishop; and the preacher, describing the glories of Heaven, took for his text the words: “And I saw no Temple there!”

CHAPTER XXI

TALE OF A HAUNTED PRIORY (1900)

The Queen and the French Ambassador—A Christmas Tree at Windsor—Mr. Hare's First Visit to Warbleton Priory—The Curse of the Skulls—Eighteen Years Later—The Valley of the Shadow of Death—A Fourth Chapter—Canon Knox Little as Army Chaplain—Swearing something Awful—Christmas at Hoar Cross—The Boy in Buttons confesses Sins—Oliver Cromwell as High Churchman—Death of Archbishop Temple.

January 2nd, 1900.—Came to the Abbey, Abingdon, for the New Year. Yesterday, talking of a hood possessed by the hospital here, it appears that the Queen makes with her own hands and presents two garments every year to the hospitals. From time to time she has what are called "ladies' dinners," said to be most delightful—no gentlemen present, no standing, no formality. After dinner the Queen sits over the fire knitting "woollies" and talking comfortably with the elder ladies, while the younger play patience, etc. The Queen makes herself very agreeable, putting things in a quaint, original way, with a good deal of humour and a most musical laugh.

The French Ambassador said he should never forget the way in which the Queen received him after the assassination of President Carnot, and the words she uttered. She came forward with both hands extended and the tears running down her cheeks, and in two or three phrases which would live for ever in his memory she seemed as it were to "crystallise" the general feeling of grief and indignation.

But her remarks can freeze as well as crystallise. There is a tale of the unfortunate equerry who ventured during dinner at Windsor to tell a story with a spice of scandal

or impropriety in it. "We are not amused," said the Queen when he had finished.

When it was settled the other day that the Court was to remain at Windsor over Christmas the Queen decided at once that there must be a Christmas tree for the wives and children of soldiers engaged in the War. There were only three days to get it ready, but the Queen would not allow the servants to touch it. No! It must be done entirely by the Princesses and her ladies; so they all had to set to work, the Duchess of Albany, the tallest and strongest of the party, being the most useful assistant. They had the tree lighted by electric lights—probably the first time that electricity has been so applied. The Queen gave away the presents herself.

London, July 1st, 1900.—Augustus Hare dined with me and told an extraordinary story about Warbleton Priory, a picturesque old farmhouse with thick walls and well-vaulted rooms, supposed to be part of the remains of the original Priory, some three miles from Mr. Hare's home at Hurstmonceaux. As a boy he used to go about with his adopted mother and his Uncle Julius, Archdeacon Hare. One day their rambles took them to this lonely building, standing high up, commanding a view to the sea at Hastings. Although a little fellow of six, Mr. Hare remembers vividly his first visit to this house of violence. For murders have stained its floors with blood, and tradition tells of a duel between two brothers, who were both killed; one with his sword slashed off the other's jaw, but received at the same time a slash across the head that killed him. The two skulls are preserved, placed in a glass case upon a niche in the wall on the ground floor at the end of the building. As they walked through the house Mr. Hare's adopted mother tried to check the talk of horrors with "Hush! remember the child!" But of course this warning only served to accentuate his keenness to ferret out the details of the mystery.

Gradually he learned that a sort of triple curse was attached to the skulls. One: should any stranger look

fixedly upon them there would be a terrific storm. Two : should anyone dare to touch them he would "pass through the Valley of the Shadow of Death." Three : should they be buried every animal on the estate would die.

Report said that twice they *had* been buried—once in the churchyard—but had been dug up again and replaced after a number of animals had died. The place had got into disrepute ; no one would live there ; the house "seemed full of wickedness."

So much for the legends of the past. And now for Chapter Two. Up to the age of twenty-four Mr. Hare did not revisit Warbleton Priory. His home passed into the hands of 'strangers, hospitable people who, after many years, invited Mr. Hare to visit them. When his hostess asked him what in the neighbourhood he would wish to see again, he replied : "One place particularly, that is, Warbleton Priory." "The only place you could have mentioned," said my host, "about which there may be some difficulty. So many unpleasant things have happened there that the owner is chary of allowing people to see it." However, leave was obtained from the owner. They drove to his house on the way, and were handed a rusty key by his butler, with the ominous speech : "I think it right to warn you that nobody ever visits Warbleton Priory."

The drive, after they had unlocked and passed through the iron gates that led to the Priory, looked like the approach to the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty. All unkempt, the tall rushes, the straggling brambles and vagrant branches of trees and shrubs swept the panels of the carriage on each hand as it passed along. Finally they came to the open meadow and yard where stood the picturesque building called Warbleton Priory, the shapeless ivy covering the remains of what had been the ecclesiastical buildings. It was a lovely day, never a cloud to dim the glorious blue of the sky. "We need not be afraid of the thunderstorm prophecy to-day," said Mr. Hare's hostess. They spent some time sketching before they entered the Priory, and, passing through the vaulted

chambers, stood gazing curiously at the case with the grinning skulls. They then climbed the creaking stairs, wandered through the upper chambers, seeking the dark stains on the floor—the reputed “pools of blood.” “Suddenly, as we stood there,” said Mr. Hare, “came a vivid flash of light, followed by a mighty crash of thunder. We looked up. The sky was black with storm clouds, the wind was howling, rain pelting against the windows.” This unexpected fulfilment of the prophecy was highly exciting and, of course, made an excellent pendent to the story.

Now for Chapter Three of the tale. “In November last (1899),” said Mr. Hare, “I had a young fellow staying with me who had two young friends of his own staying in the neighbourhood. They grew wildly desirous of visiting Warbleton Priory. ‘You must let us go. We could spin over on our bicycles in no time. We would not touch the skulls; and, as to looking at them, even if we were caught in a thunderstorm what would it matter?’ So they begged and prayed and insisted, until at last I said they might go, not without a secret hope that they might be refused the key.

“On the morrow off they went, and my young friend returned at 6.30 in high spirits. They had been all over the Priory—seen the skulls, the ‘pools of blood’—no, they didn’t touch the skulls. ‘That’s all right, go and dress,’ said I. We dine early at Holmhurst, and I was already dressed. Presently I went into my young friend’s room to ask a few more details as to the expedition, and for some reason repeated my former question: ‘You didn’t touch the skulls?’ ‘No,’ he said more doubtfully. ‘We didn’t touch them. We promised we wouldn’t. But Frank and I did lift down the glass case and took it to the window to get the light upon the skulls as it was so dark.’ ‘You shouldn’t have done that.’ ‘Well, perhaps not,’ he replied; ‘but you see no harm has come of it.’

“At dinner Walter was very merry, entertaining my little company of guests with a history of his adventures. Then in the drawing-room after dinner we looked through

some volumes of sketches, and I thought nothing of it when the young fellow slipped out of the room. I supposed he wanted to smoke a cigarette out of doors. But we gradually became conscious of trampling and running about overhead, and then the laundry maid—of all people—burst into the room: ‘Oh, sir, will you come directly?’ I tore upstairs and there beheld Walter extended apparently lifeless on the floor, the housekeeper bending over him. He had come to her looking ghastly, complaining of feeling unwell. She had given him a little brandy, when he said that he felt better. But a moment later threw up both his arms, crying out: ‘Oh, what is the matter with me?’ and fell insensible to the ground.

“We got him to bed, tried restoratives and, of course, sent for the doctor, but it was a couple of hours before he arrived and by that time the lad’s heart apparently had ceased to beat. The doctor looked at him gravely: ‘It is all but over, although he may linger through the night.’ ‘But can nothing be done?’ ‘Nothing more than you have been doing. Your treatment was perfectly right. I will come back early in the morning. It is no use my remaining now.’ And with that the doctor departed.

“You may imagine my despair. I sent my guests to bed and took my place in the sick room. And what a painful vigil it was, thinking, thinking how on earth I was to break the news to the lad’s mother next day!

“At last, about two in the morning, came a slight movement; the head turned feebly on the pillow. My housekeeper with gentle touch began to stroke his forehead. Presently he opened his eyes, and then began to weep, tears in quick succession rolling down his cheeks. The next thing that happened was that he was seized with a terrible attack of sickness; and it was then that the doctor returned. The doctor was astonished to find him alive. ‘Well,’ he said, ‘the worst is over now. But it was a near thing. He has passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death!’—repeating thus the very words of the tradition.”

By degrees the patient was decidedly on the mend,

but was troubled with anxiety about his friend—the friend who had helped him to lift down the glass case. He became so uneasy on this score that Mr. Hare telegraphed off an inquiry. The answer came back—had been very ill, seized with strong convulsions. The third friend, who had not touched the glass case, had remained quite well.

There is yet a fourth chapter that can be added to the story, less dramatic in incident than those already recorded, but showing that even a few years later an atmosphere of mystery still hung about the place. It was in the late summer of 1903, when Mr. Augustus Hare had been dead some months, that two friends bicycled over to Warbleton Priory, sceptical, yet wishing to view the site of the narrative. On approaching the locality they sought direction from a farmer's lad. He pointed out their road, and informed them that the Priory had lately been taken by a Yorkshire farmer. Had it been empty long? Yes; "because of them skulls." And were the skulls there now? No; they had gone. It was supposed that they had been taken by some young men who had bicycled over to visit the house. The friends went on their way, passed the gates, and so on down the avenue, and, dismounting, lingered in the sunshine in the courtyard of the Priory. The old place seemed deserted, but after a time came the farmer home from market in his cart, and his wife, emerging from the house, proceeded herself to unharness and stable the horse. The farmer, a shrewd north-countryman, was approached, and the inevitable topic raised. He had been warned that if he took the place he would get no servant or labourer to live in the house, nor could he do so. The skulls had gone, although they had been there when he first viewed the farm. It was his business to work up derelict farms, and houses reputed to be haunted were no new thing to him. But this was "the toughest job he had handled!" Yes, it was an uncanny house—the spring was the worst time of the year for it. He had heard a woman's shrieks of terror. Perhaps it was the wind? Wind! It was pretty windy last night (and indeed the bright day had been preceded by a boisterous night), but there had been no shrieks. "You can tell the difference between the noise of the wind and the cry of a terrified human being. Come and stop here

if you will, and see how you like it." But the friends were due back where they were staying, and since that date, now so many years ago, have never revisited the scene of Mr. Hare's narrative.

The Diarist spent Christmas of 1900 with Mrs. Meynell-Ingram, the sister of Lord Halifax, at her residence in Staffordshire, and a service at the church there gave occasion later for some expression of Archbishop Temple's views upon the value of certain religious observances :

Christmas, 1900.—A most pleasant Christmas and New Year's visit at Hoar Cross.

Canon Knox Little gave me an account of his experiences in South Africa. He volunteered to go out as an Army Chaplain; but was peremptorily told he was not wanted. A few months later he received a peremptory order to start in ten days. With great difficulty he managed to get together in time a case of prayer-books and hymn-books, but the case had to be left behind at Cape Town. He used to get the soldiers together as best he could, and was delighted with their pluck, simplicity and endurance. He tried to induce the men not to swear. "Get up, you bloody daffodil!" said one soldier to another who was lying in his berth. "We mean nothing by it," said the man. And they don't; it is just a stupid habit. The Canon said that he received the highest compliment he had ever been paid in his life, when he overheard two soldiers discussing their chaplain. "That bloody old father," said one, "is a damned good sort!"

The lower orders really have no idea what is bad language. I remember Lady Trevelyan—a very quiet-mannered, deliberate person—the sister of Lord Macaulay, saying how she had rebuked a girl who had just told her a flagrant untruth: "How can you come here with such a tale? It is very wrong to tell me what is false, it does harm to yourself and your mother; it might injure your prospects." The girl listened with apparent submission, and then went and told her friends that Lady Trevelyan had been "cursing and swearing at her something awful!"

Mr. Wood capped my anecdote with these admirably moral lines :

Naughty little cuss words,
Such as "hang" and "blow,"
Just as much as wuss words
Take a man below !

The church at Hoar Cross more beautiful than ever, the last addition being a lovely little chapel, opening with two arches out of the chantry chapel; but probably intended as a confessional as there would scarcely be room for more than one person besides the priest. The services, however, I did *not* enjoy; matins made as dull as possible, no chants, no hymns, no sermon. At the early Celebration it was too dark to see to read one's prayer-book; and the chaplain—being a good way off and standing with his back to the congregation and mumbling—neither could one hear. The whole glory of light, music and incense was concentrated on the midday Celebration, when Canon Knox Little receives by himself, or possibly with one or two specially selected. But as the congregation generally is not allowed to partake, I did not care to stop. In the early services at the private chapel in the house, we used Edward the VIth "His Prayer-book," with all the old spelling; and as he directs that the Confession shall be said by *one* of the congregation, or by the "Server," we all held our peace, while the boy in buttons (who happened to be "Server") confessed our sins for us.

On my return to London I found a kind note from Mrs. Temple asking me to come and see her at Lambeth one morning, as she was obliged to keep quiet in the afternoon. So I went and spent a pleasant hour with her, greatly struck by her tact and clever good sense. I told her of my visit to Hoar Cross, and she spoke very plainly as to the Archbishop's opinion of the early services: "He thinks that when people go, as they do at that early hour, half hungry, half sleepy, they are not in a fit state to receive the Holy Communion. He does go, of course, when there

is no other; but he prefers the midday sacrament, and always volunteers to take it himself when he is at Canterbury." She said she thought people often injured their health by their religious observances, unfitting themselves for the duties of life. "The necessity of receiving the Holy Elements fasting was taking such a materialistic view of the whole matter. The High Church party do not hesitate to eat an excellent breakfast immediately *after* receiving the Sacred Elements. What can it matter whether they occupy a lower or an upper stratum within one's body, since all the food must be eventually mixed together?" But only the other day, she said, they had received a flood of literature on this subject, which was really quite repulsive: "Advice to Children about to Receive for the First Time: Take care to eat a large supper the evening before, as it may be a long time before you can get your breakfast. Before receiving, it is better not even to rinse out your mouth, for fear you should swallow some water!" "Lord Halifax," said Mrs. Temple, "came with a large deputation to see the Archbishop the other day. Amongst other odd arguments in favour of incense, they cited the fact that even Oliver Cromwell used incense at the funeral of his mother. 'H'm,' said the Archbishop quietly, 'do you then consider Oliver Cromwell a great authority on Church matters?' The Archbishop threw in a remark now and again, but didn't say much—it is of no use with that party. They came to talk themselves, not to hear anything that conflicted with their views."

This conversation is followed, completing the day's entry, by an agreeable little anecdote, which the Diarist may have heard from Mrs. Temple:

One of the pleasant characteristics of Queen Victoria is her kindly sense of humour, and she herself repeated the following: When Lord and Lady Roberts went down to Windsor after his return from South Africa the Queen sent a carriage and four horses to bring them up to the Castle. One of the horses became restive and tried to bolt, causing

rather a sensation among the bystanders. In the course of the interview which ensued the Queen turned graciously to Lady Roberts and said: "I am afraid one of my horses behaved rather badly this morning." To this Lady Roberts nervously replied: "Oh, not at all, Madam; it was nothing. I daresay it was not accustomed to much cheering!"

There is a last touching glimpse in these notebooks of the old Archbishop Temple, too feeble to sustain his part during the Coronation Service of King Edward VII. In a characteristic sentence he denied the rumour that through faintness he had been unable to rise from kneeling. "If one Bishop," he said, "had given me his arm, I could have got up easily, but *three* of them came, and hustled me about."

Two more summers were still to pass before another Archbishop mounted the throne of Canterbury, which the self-reliant, sagacious, rugged personality of old Dr. Temple had filled for seven well-ordered years. An appreciation, typically Yankee, of his personality is quoted:

At the late Conference (1897) at Lambeth one of the American Bishops gave a good description of the Primate: "He thinks, and he speaks, and he speaks what he thinks. There is no froth about him. You may drink him entire."

CHAPTER XXII

THE PASSING OF A GREAT QUEEN (1901)

Lord Roberts sees the Queen—The Brave Heart gives Way—London in Mourning—The Queen's Funeral—An All-perfect House—Sir Richard Temple preserves the Vista—Old Clo'—A Hot Time—A Garrotting Incident—Watts and his Critics—A Black Dose—Dreaming the Winner.

WITH the close of the nineteenth century we come to the last two notebooks kept by the author, and they contain few entries worth recording here. The old order was changing; the author's contemporaries and the public figures she had known were disappearing from life's stage :

London, January, 1901.—The first rumours of the Queen's serious illness appeared in the papers last Thursday, January 17th, and in less than a week she is dead: Tuesday, the 22nd. The fact that she had sent for Lord Roberts within a fortnight after their first interview created some wondering comment at the time, but in truth it was "the beginning of the end." For it was the Boer War that has hastened her death. She had felt deeply the beginning of hostilities and all our early reverses, but soon her natural courage returned to her. She accepted the inevitable, and her fortitude, her calmness, her constancy were the greatest comfort and support to her Ministers, and to all who had to approach her. It was only towards the end that the strain became too great, and the brave heart gave way. She cried out for the War to be stopped.

January 23rd.—The day after Queen Victoria's death. London looks very sad to-day. Already everyone in black; there is scarce a bit of colour to be seen. It was almost startling, when I went to luncheon at one o'clock in Eaton Square, to find Lord Knutsford in gorgeous attire just

starting to attend the first Privy Council of the new reign. The wording of the summons was from the *King*, but the official telegrams posted about the town stated that the Prince and Princess of Wales would arrive in London to-day. Although actually King, he is not so officially until he has issued the Proclamation giving his style and title. That will appear to-morrow, but numbers of people were gathered opposite St. James's Palace, expecting to see it posted to-day.

I went round to Marlborough House at twelve o'clock to inscribe my name. There was a constant flow of black-robed people pouring into the lodge where the Visitors' Book is kept. And all the while a little brown terrier and a black cat, in contrast to the general grief, were having a rollicking game of play, scrimmaging round and round the court, and tearing up the gravel beneath our feet. Someone called the attention of the policeman on duty to their pranks, but he only nodded benevolently and said: "Oh, they are all right, they are old friends." From time to time a footman in magnificent livery stepped forward with a rake or broom to smooth down the havoc they had wrought.

The Royalties were expected, but there was such a crowd I was afraid to wait. I have since seen two people who say they did see the Prince arrive. One of them reports that he sat back in a closed brougham; the other that he was standing up in the carriage (most improbable!) bowing. So difficult is it to write history. Both accounts agree that he was received by the crowd with hats off, but no cheering.

Not many days later I witnessed the funeral procession, as it passed through London. The crowds were a marvellous sight to see. But the one point that stands out above all others in memory was the approach—the first sight—of the funeral car. I might no doubt from the papers have been better informed, but with the remembrance of the only other public funeral I had seen—the Duke of Wellington's with its monstrous ungainly car, all draped

in black—in my mind, I had anticipated vaguely something of the same sort. I was fairly taken by a surprise which seized me by the throat, when the low gun carriage with its little, little burden hove into sight—the tiny coffin draped in softest white satin—the whole thing so pure, so tender, so womanly, so suggestive of her who lay sleeping within—that every heart, one felt, must needs go out to meet her. The majesty of her presence was never more strikingly acknowledged than in the hour when, for the last time, she passed through the serried ranks of her sorrowing people.

There follows this description of a visit to the country-house of Sir Richard Temple, whose services to the State in India and the House of Commons were perhaps less renowned than his vanity, to which reference has already been made.

April 4th, 1901.—Went to stay with Sir Richard Temple at The Nash, a picturesque Elizabethan house with step gables in Worcestershire. It does not at first sight give one the impression of a large house, but it is so thick and massive that it holds a labyrinth of rooms, one more quaint than the other, full of pretty things which Sir Richard delights to exhibit. Never was a man more entirely satisfied with his own possessions. Morning, noon and night we were called upon to admire, and to admire so minutely, standing about on our hind legs, that we ladies had to organise a system of relays, our kindly host being quite indefatigable in his efforts to amuse and instruct us.

At dinner he has restored the good old custom of showing the table—large enough to hold twenty-two guests—and very lovely it looked, the splendid dark mahogany polished like a mirror, reflecting the silver things that bordered the inside edge of the strip of table linen—all presentations for some public service rendered and duly described by our host, great silver boxes containing addresses on parchment rolls, a huge silver-mounted pickaxe, trowels, candlesticks, vases, salt cellars of all descrip-

tions and histories. Everything that Sir Richard had himself added to the house was, of course, super-excellent, a fact that led to some funny consequences. For instance, he had re-floored the long drawing-room and adjoining library from the wood of two oaks on the estate. And never before had there been an oaken floor even to compare with it! No carpet must cover it, no rug, no chair must break the long vista of shining boards. Thus both rooms were arranged as for a dance. The piano is shoved into a corner, the chairs and sofas all backed against the walls. After dinner we sat in a long thin line, like school children, all round the room, and conversation was a little difficult in the circumstances. On Monday we had all the neighbourhood to dinner, and a courageous smart young Society man, anxious to help things along, brought forward one of the chairs and placed it in front of a sofa—so as to break up the formidable circle. He was six feet high and broad in proportion, but Sir Richard swooped down upon him in a moment, and cleared him away like a naughty boy. "He spoiled the Vista! The neighbourhood must enjoy the uninterrupted Vista." And the offender had humbly to take up his chair and replace it back against the wall.

A story was told of the Duchess of Somerset, a Sheridan and therefore with the keen Irish sense of humour. Having made a purchase at Marshall's, with which she was not quite satisfied, she returned next day and expressed her wish to change it. "Certainly, madam," said the polite shop-walker. "Can you point out the gentleman who sold you the article?" "Yes," said the Duchess, taking a deliberate survey of the "gentlemen" behind the counter, "yes, I think it was the bald-headed nobleman over there."

The conversation turned one evening on Jews, and the efforts they often make to shake off their Jewish names. Le Voy for the obvious Levi—and a lawyer taking, instead of his name Abraham, that of Abinger, giving occasion for the joke: "the learned counsel Mr. Abinger, *nez* Abraham."

Mr. Vaughan Williams told a story of Disraeli. He was talking one day to Judge Pollock, who particularly disliked him. "When I was Chancellor of the Exchequer," said Disraeli, "I found that the robes of office were handed on from one Chancellor to another. By the time they came to me they were half worn out, and by the time I went out of office they were nearly falling to pieces. I thought I should like to keep the old robes as a matter of curiosity. So I had some new ones made at my own expense, and nobly presenting them to my successor carried off the old ones myself. Now," said he turning to Baron Pollock, "should you call that petty larceny or not?"

"No," said the Baron quietly. "Oh, no! I should call it simply an interesting survival of hereditary instinct." (To wit, the love of "Old Clo'.")

Upon this entry follow a couple of catch verses noted down probably to assist the memory. Although old acquaintances they are worth meeting again; and next to them an entry under date July, given without indication of place, conforms to the saying that brevity is the soul of wit:

There was an old man of Chifu
Who wanted to catch the 2.2.
When he asked, "Am I late?"
They said, "No, you must wait ;]
'Tis a minute or two to 2.2."

There was a young fellow named Tait
Who dined with a friend at 8.8.
Story fails to relate
What this youngster named Tait
At this tête-à-tête ate at 8.8.

July.—Incessant fine weather. No rain. Heat almost unbearable. "Well," said a pious excursionist, mopping her forehead the while, "we can't be *much* 'otter than we are now—in *this* world at any rate! Can we?" And I really think she was right.

September 12th, 1901. Urbino (after visiting Chiavenna, Bergamo, Parma, Bologna and Rimini), Miss Emily

Stephens, Mr. Reeve Wallace. Sat up late telling creepy stories. Miss Stephens told how her great-aunt, aged over ninety, when a child, knew an old man at Carlisle who could never bear the smell of roast beef. For he, in his turn when a child, remembered the burning of the rebels after the Rebellion of '45. After the defeat of the Pretender his followers were tried at Carlisle—were hanged, and then their bodies burned, and in such numbers that the whole place was full of the sickening odour of roast flesh.

Mr. Reeve Wallace narrated a garrotting story. At the time when garrotting had become rather frequent, a distinguished surgeon was walking along a deserted London street on his way to perform an operation, when he suddenly felt the pressure of two hands upon his throat. He could not see his assailant, who had come up stealthily from behind. Without a moment's hesitation he slipped his hand into his pocket and pulled forth his dissecting-knife—newly ground and keen-edged. With one slash he cut right through the bones of the hands that were throttling him. He heard a groan—the grasp relaxed—the hands fell away from his throat—and the surgeon walked on. He never looked round, never saw the face of his unknown assailant; however villainous his intention he had been punished enough. "But," said he, "for many years I was haunted by the sound of that knife crunching through the bones of that man's fingers!"

Mr. Reeve Wallace, talking of artists and their sensitiveness to criticism, said that he had heard that Watts was at times positively rude when his artistic sense was ruffled. On one occasion a lady made the rather silly remark: "Do you know, Mr. Watts, I once preferred *that* picture to all your other works. But now I have seen *this* one, I really hardly know which I like best!" "Well," said Watts, "don't bother; fortunately it doesn't matter."

Certainly it is not always easy to interpret without guidance the correct meaning of some of Mr. Watts's allegorical pictures. When one of these pictures was being

inspected by a party of visitors to his studio, Mr. Watts stood a little distance away while his visitors one after another expounded his or her impression of its significance. "And what do you think is the meaning of it?" asked Mr. Watts of a young lady who had not spoken. "Well, Mr. Watts," said the girl, "I really don't know." "Then, my dear," said he charmingly, "you and I are the only ones who are in thorough agreement. You don't know what the picture means, and neither do I."

I told Mr. Wallace that I remembered seeing one famous picture by Watts when it first appeared at the Royal Academy—the famous picture representing a female figure sitting on a globe, her figure bent double, contorted—as it seemed to me—with an agony of grief. "What is the subject of the picture?" asked the lady who was with me, taking the catalogue from my hand. "I don't know," said I, "but from the figure's attitude I should imagine it to be an allegorical rendering of Despair." "No, it isn't," said my companion, who had now found the number in the catalogue; "it says here that it is the figure of Hope!" "Ah, well," said Mr. Wallace, "extremes meet!"

A guest in the hotel told me a rather good story of a young American with excellent introductions who came over to England, and was invited to a garden party given by a celebrated and titled physician. He took part in a game of croquet, at which he was no expert, and his red ball was sent repeatedly spinning to the far end of the ground by Miss Isabel, the daughter of the said eminent physician, who was playing with the black ball. It was the lady's turn to play, but she was saying some words of greeting to a new arrival, when across the lawn came the following: "Now, Miss Isabel, I guess we're waiting for another of your black doses! That's the kind of refreshment your father also deals in, I reckon."

Few faithful followers of racing fail in recalling an instance of some fortunate man who has dreamed a winner. Our author duly records an example of such

fulfilment of a dream related to her during this trip in Italy :

Miss Stephens told the following story, saying that it had been told to her by Lady Vivian. Lord Vivian, a racing man, woke on the morning of some important race : "Hallo ! my lady ! I'm in for a good thing. I've dreamed the name of the winner. I dreamed I met S—— and that he said to me : ' I'll give you a tip : put your money on Teacher.' " But was a horse of that name running ? When the morning newspapers came bitter was the disappointment ; there was no horse so named among the entries for the race. However, they started for the station, and there was Mr. S—— ; so they got into the same compartment with him. "But really," said Lady Vivian to him, laughing, "I don't think I shall speak to you ; you have so badly disappointed us." And she told him of her husband's dream. "You tell him to put his money on a horse called Teacher, and there is no such horse even entered for the race." "Oh, excuse me," said Mr. S——. "Here is the correct race-card. You will see ' Teacher (late Aldridge) ' ; and I quite agree that it has a chance." So their excitement was renewed. Lord Vivian ventured something on the horse, and the horse did win. But an American, to whom Lord Vivian had recounted his dream, won a large sum in bets, so large that he sent Lord Vivian a fine set of harness to commemorate his success.

The story may be all that is authentic ; but a cursory reference to *Ruff's Guide* supplies no confirmation. A horse named Teacher earned, indeed, winning brackets in 1891, but only after several unsuccessful efforts, and the race that it won—a £50 hurdle race at Worcester—would scarcely have afforded an opportunity for large betting transactions.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE CROWNING OF KING EDWARD (1902 AND 1903)

Lord Westbury's Witticisms—A Famous Joke—King Edward's Coronation—The Beauty of Queen Alexandra—The Crown of Edward the Confessor—The King's Operation—The Death of Mr. Augustus Hare—His Early Struggles—His Generosity—The Boer War Commission—The Profits of a Meat Company—War Office Orders—Last Words.

June, 1902.—The week before the Coronation of Edward VII. Went to Lyne; a pleasant party including Mr. and Mrs. Piggott, and Mrs. and Mr. Bence Jones, who said he was singing in a choir conducted by Richter the first time Richter came over to England. Richter could speak but little English in those days. The band was playing a pizzicato passage of one of Beethoven's symphonies. Richter let them go on about half-way, and then with a rap on the desk he stopped them. "Ach! you English do not blay zat right at all. You strike ze string wiz ze nail, when you should strike it wiz ze meat!" It was a queer way of expressing it, but the band understood and repeated the passage with a new softness and delicacy.

Mr. Piggott told us some amusing stories of the impertinence of the Chancellor Lord Westbury in the House of Lords. The late Lord Shaftesbury had asked a good many questions about some matter that had been under discussion. "The question is really a particularly simple one," replied Lord Westbury, "which I have already explained with, as I had hoped, sufficient lucidity. But if his Lordship will accord me his sole and earnest attention, I will endeavour to restate it in terms so simple as to be intelligible—even to his Lordship."

On another occasion there was a cry of "Speak up!"

Lord Westbury turned with a bow towards the quarter whence the interruption came: "I should have thought his lordship's ears would have been long enough to hear me, even at this distance."

There follows another legal anecdote, yet more often repeated than the two just quoted, but it is one of those few witticisms that can never stale, which it would be ingratitude to omit:

Then an excellent story of Sir Charles Bowen: A memorial of some kind was to be sent up by the Judges to the Queen, and Lord Selborne was desired to prepare the draft. When it was read in Committee the memorial began: "Deeply sensible as we are of our unworthiness, etc., etc." And a general demur ran through the assembly. A discussion followed, during which the silver voice of Justice Bowen penetrated the atmosphere of indignation with the suggestion: "How would it do to make it run thus: 'Deeply sensible as we are of each other's unworthiness?'"

-Other entries refer to incidents of the Coronation of King Edward and the operation that caused its postponement:

1902, *August 22nd. Hoar Cross.*—A small party—Lady Roden, a curious little lady who made herself look about ninety by wearing a voluminous brown wig, but who really could not have been so very old, as I heard the next day, to my great astonishment, that she was wanting a governess for her youngest daughter. Other guests were the Bishop of Lichfield and Mrs. Legge, and a pleasant Sir Robert and Lady Frances Gresley, a daughter of Lady Blandford and sister to the young Duke of Marlborough. All full of gossip about various details of the Coronation witnessed from different points within the Abbey. One saw this and one saw that, but we were all agreed that Queen Alexandra, despite her age, was by far the most beautiful woman there, and was a perfect vision of loveliness as she walked up the nave, bareheaded, with neither

jewelled comb nor tiara, but like a girl simply "coiffée en cheveux." The Queen had told the Archbishop that she would be obliged to wear "an arrangement in hair," and he replied, if so, she must have a little hole cut in the centre, so that the oil might reach her head—"he could not anoint a wig!" But when the moment of anointing came, the flask was a trifle tilted, with the result that a drop of superfluous oil found its way out beneath the chevelure, and trickled down her forehead. The Queen's self-restraint was commended in that she did not raise her hand to brush the drop away—"No! nor even to feel if her crown had been put on straight!" exclaimed Lady Roden with enthusiasm.

Nevertheless at her entry, and all the way up the nave, the Queen was by far the more agitated of the two, leaning on the Bishop of Winchester's hand for support, while the King looked confident and even triumphant. Another curious incident: when kneeling to receive the Sacrament, the Queen should properly have removed her crown, but forgot to do so in the excitement of the moment. First one and then the other Archbishop whispered to her to take it off, but she was unable to hear, until at last one of the noblemen assisting put up both his hands to his own head and made the gesture of lifting his coronet, and then the Queen saw and understood.

But the *most* curious story: the Duke of Marlborough's office was to carry the crown of Edward the Confessor, with which all Kings of England have been crowned. This crown is so heavy that its bearer is provided with a strap, worn round his neck, to diminish the strain of the cushion on which it lies, and so heavy that after the act of Coronation the Confessor's crown is exchanged for a much lighter crown which is made or re-set for each individual King. At the crowning of Charles I. the Confessor's crown fell to the ground, an evil omen followed by the fall of the monarch's head. Whether King Edward was made nervous by the evident feebleness of the Archbishop, and feared a similar catastrophe, one cannot say;

but he sent word that the Confessor's crown would *not* be used, and the Duke had to bear its burden until the whole ceremony was concluded. Thus in a sense—so far as the genuine crown of England is concerned—the alleged prophecies may claim fulfilment, that King Edward would never be crowned.

August 29th.—In conversation with Lady Halifax this morning she agreed that the Queen was a perfect vision of beauty as she walked up the Abbey—not a jewel on her head, but a blaze of diamonds beneath. What added to the effect was her reverent behaviour—her eyes fixed before her, seeing nobody. One was so accustomed to see her pass bowing, smiling and returning salutations, that her silent concentration of purpose was the more impressive. Yet she was much more agitated than the King, and when she knelt with him to receive the Communion one could see her shoulders shaken by her sobs. She said to the Archbishop of York, who told Lady Halifax, how different it was from the *last* time, meaning the Coronation *manqué*. "We were thinking then too much about the pageant, and not enough about the religious part of the Service." Mr. Erskine, Sergeant-at-Arms, said that there was about a quarter of an hour to wait while the procession was getting into order, and then the King was so far nervous that he would not talk about the Coronation, but stood chatting on indifferent subjects. The King showed great physical determination: after he was anointed he continued to hold both hands out until the very end of the prayer.

After the ceremony there was again a quarter of an hour's wait owing to some misunderstanding, the King supposing he was waiting for the Queen, whereas in reality she was ready and waiting for him. He talked cheerfully during this interval. The Commons made a wild rush round the Abbey to get to the door of departure, and there M.P.s and ladies in Court dress and feathers all stood mixed up with the police and soldiers, to the great amusement of the King.

The Queen's devotion during the King's illness was spoken of. It was necessary that he should *walk* to the operating-table. They were afraid to lift him for fear of any sudden jar which might occasion a rupture. The Queen entered with him and seated herself by him as he lay upon the table, holding his hand while the anæsthetic was being administered. She then made the doctors promise that she should be re-admitted when the operation was over, so that the King when he awoke should find his hand still clasped in hers.

A touching detail of the King's operation was repeated. When Sir Frederick Treves announced to him the decision arrived at, the King exclaimed: "But this is terrible!" "Yes, sir," replied Sir Frederick, "but it is the only chance of saving your life." "My dear sir," said the King, "you surely cannot suppose I was thinking of *that*!"

This is the last record in these notebooks of the author's "Memorabilia" of a visit paid to Mrs. Meynell Ingram. Indeed within a little more than a year the death occurred of that kind friend and generous hostess.

The last book begins sadly:

1903.—Early this spring came the sadness of the death of our dear, kind, faithful friend, Augustus Hare. We went to his funeral at Hurstmonceaux but, except that the beloved Holmhurst had been left to his cousin, for a long time we heard no more. In April we heard from his neighbour, Miss Rochfort, further particulars. At Easter she had two of Mr. Hare's "boys"—the company of lads to whom he had been so kind—staying with her; one of them now twenty-four years of age, who ever since he was a child had spent his Bank Holidays at Holmhurst. They took flowers to put on his grave on Easter Eve, and Mrs. Whitford, his old housekeeper, had had white rhododendrons planted there. His little dog Nero, now quite seven years old, although for a time ailing, was perky and well again.

Very few people understood the real nobility of soul—

the fortitude, the courage, the generosity—that underlay all Mr. Hare's little surface eccentricities. For instance, his parents had given him over to be adopted by his aunt, who promised to leave him her fortune. A few years before the death of his adopted mother came the failure of Sir John Dean Paul, and she was reduced to poverty. Augustus, young as he was, had already obtained some fame as an artist—his drawings found a ready market among the visitors to Rome at five pounds apiece, and he would sit and copy some views perhaps fifty times running in order to provide his mother with the little comforts she so needed. Then she died, and, instead of the fortune she was to have left him, she bequeathed to him £3,000 of debt. She was no blood relation, only the widow of his uncle; no creditor could have sued him had he chosen to repudiate the debt. But he never hesitated. He had loved her, and no man should be able to cast a slur on her memory. He determined to close the pretty home, and break up the establishment, painful as it was to part with servants who had served them so long. But when the servants heard of his intention they one and all refused to go—they had some savings, they said, and would need no wages for the present, and would serve him none the less faithfully. "After that," said Mr. Hare, when he told me his history, "of course I never could part with them, and they lived on with me until their death." For the truth of this incident I myself can vouch; for when we first went to stay at Holmhurst every servant in the house was doubled. The housemaid had her niece with her, because she was too feeble to do the work; the cook had a woman to lift the pots and pans; the aged coachman had a boy beside him on the box to catch the reins when they fell from his paralytic hands.

It was at Rome, while he was struggling with this burden of debt, that we first made Mr. Hare's acquaintance, and he appeared so penurious in his habits that I took quite a dislike to him. If we proposed to share a carriage he would say, "Thank you, I would rather walk."

If we ordered a comfortable lunch, he would content himself with a glass of milk and a roll. We little knew that he was saving every sixpence to clear his mother's good name. How mortifying such quiet self-denial must have been to one of his liberal disposition was shown by the change that came over him the moment that his self-imposed task was accomplished. When some years later he began to join us on our travels he said, "Now I will act courier, and you shall be housekeeper and pay the bills." Remembering our Roman experience I presented my first weekly bill with some little anxiety; but he scarcely looked at it—"Just tell me my share—that is quite enough."

He was liberality itself to all the young men of his acquaintance. Remembering the miseries and privations of his own youth, he made it a point of honour to befriend every lad he came across, to tide them over difficulties and to give them a start in life. His account-book was sown with entries—"£20 to So-and-so," "£40 to another," "lent £100 to a third." A young friend went to him the other day with "I want your help, Mr. Hare." "Certainly, my dear fellow," was the reply; "fifty pounds? Will that do?" The help required on this occasion was with regard to the perspective of a drawing; but the money was ready before it was asked for. When a sagacious friend protested against his giving away more than he could afford, he would just nod his head and say with a smile, "Oh, well! we are told the Lord will provide." Yet he informed me last Easter that his only assured income was £600 a year. So this generosity cost him labour and sacrifice. His great desire was to have a permanent home also in London, but he never accomplished it. Over and over again he accumulated a "nest egg" for this purpose, but he was swindled out of it, or gave it away, or it failed him. Such an instance occurred while we were in Sicily—some publishers failed, and with them went some thousand or two thousand pounds of his. It was a sharp pang, but within three hours it had passed. "Well, I must just set to work again," And that was all.

I owe Mr. Hare a debt of gratitude for all the pleasure he has contributed to my life. I feel a better woman from long experience of his patience, his buoyant spirit, his moral courage.

The inquiry that succeeded the Boer War disclosed a story of inefficiency in business organisation at the War Office and among officers of high rank that called for drastic reforms, which, however, were never more than partially applied. Instances of such inefficiency supply most of the remaining text of the final notebook :

October 2nd, 1903. At Benthall Hall.—Discussing the Boer War Commission various details of his own experiences were related to us by a captain in the Guards, who had been for two years out in Africa before being invalided home after an attack of fever. He described to us the greediness, arrogance, and total want of consideration for his men of a General whom their regiment for some time had the misfortune to be under. He had a passion for escorts and reviews; some fifty wagons were required to drag about the provisions, wines, cigars, cooks and cooking utensils for himself and his immediate staff, while the soldiers were at times short of food. When utterly wearied and footsore the Guards had just encamped, the General would send to say that the tents were not in correct line, and must be struck and put up again. The Commission complained of the want of sense of individual responsibility and resource in moments of emergency amongst junior officers and non-commissioned officers. The answer to this was that an officer who dared to take a line of his own would be a marked man—the superiors, often wholly inefficient, were jealous of any initiative in their subordinates. The lack of business capacity was amazing. I asked for an instance. “Well, there was a huge Meat Company, run chiefly by Boers, who realised an enormous profit out of it. An Extraordinary Order was issued, authorising this Company to buy up all cattle taken by us at 3d. per lb. And they sold

it back to us at 6d. per lb. perhaps the next week. On one occasion we had captured some 300 head of cattle, and the agents of the Company were down upon us instantly claiming to buy them up. But I said: 'No! I'll be hanged if I let you have them. Our men haven't tasted meat for a week.' The Boer agents reported me to Headquarters."

Some amusing War Office stories were told. One day came an order that all gas in the stables at a barracks at Aldershot should be turned out at ten o'clock. The captain applied for stable-lanterns as there was work that could not be finished by 10 P.M. No lanterns were sent, but later came an angry message from the War Office—what on earth did the captain mean by bothering about stable-lanterns when he had got the gas?

And another: an unfortunate regiment preparatory to embarking was ordered to occupy the barracks at some coast town. They arrived to find them in course of construction and for days had to sleep under canvas in pouring rain on marshy ground. At last the roofs for the buildings arrived, were fitted on, and the men got under shelter. Then down came a letter from the War Office. "What kind of roofs had been put on the barracks?" Answer: "Iron roofs, as ordered." Further reply from the War Office: "Iron roofs much too expensive. They must be taken off at once, and cheaper ones procured."

It is unnecessary to quote more of the slight anecdotes, similar to the above, that occupy the concluding pages of the diary.

Although, during the period that these notebooks cover, repeated frontier fighting and the South African Campaign had stirred the imagination of the country and affirmed the courage of her soldiers, they had not interrupted the peaceful flow of affairs at home or tested the unity of the British race. Politicians rather than soldiers held the stage. It was in years of prevailing peace that the author spent her life—and right well she lived it, honour-

ably and sufficiently according to her lights. She did not search for opportunities nor wait for great adventures. She did the duty to hand and did it well.

The last of the notebooks that has been preserved bears date 1903. Perhaps their author made no later entry, although her death did not take place for another five years. But her exceptional health and vigour she retained to the last. Death came with a snap. Endowed with unusual vitality and organising power, and with considerable musical ability, she used these gifts without stint in the service of her friends and of her poorer neighbours. Staunch and generous to friends it was her delight to employ her talents for their enjoyment, while she was indefatigable in her efforts to relieve the practical needs of the poor, and more especially of the children of the poor. Her faults were the shadows of her virtues, their very overflow and superabundance. She was born and lived in days when the activities and independence of women met with less encouragement and approval than now. But, while she had no quarrel with accepted conventions and customs, her initiative and force of will asserted themselves; they created for her her own individual pitch within the social settlement, where her practical ability and generous spirit of industry were not wasted.

If the notebooks which she preserved serve now to while away for some a tedious hour, or to awaken for others pleasant recollections, or to keep fresh the memory of a friend or acquaintance, she would have deemed her task in compiling them well rewarded.

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